EDUCATION

PBS 14

Saturday Review

APRIL 1, 1972 50¢

Who Killed the Peace Corps and Vista?

Cuba: Children Are the Revolution

THE NEW NATURALISM/DANIEL YANKELOVICH

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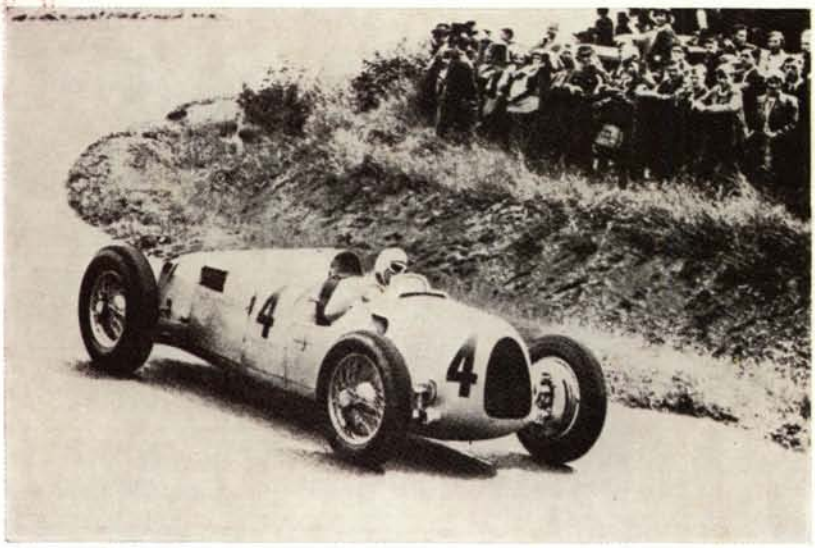

You don't win 18 Grand Prix without learning a thing or two.

On July 15, 1934, an incredible thing happened in racing. A Mercedes-Benz didn't win the Grand Prix. For that matter, neither did an Alfa Romeo or a Maserati.

It was an Auto Union car (that was Audi's corporate name back then), designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche and driven by Hans Stuck that thundered past the checkered flag first.

Five weeks later, we took the Swiss Grand Prix. And then the Czech Grand Prix. In fact, we chalked up a grand total of 18 Grand Prix. Plus 16 Hill Climbs. And even the coveted Vanderbilt Cup, held at Roosevelt Raceway, New York, where the great Bernd Rosemeyer and his sixteen-cylinder monster charged home to victory, with Rudi Caracciola's Mercedes and Rex Mays' Alfa trailing far behind.

We raced for glory and prestige and that "gut feeling" only drivers can put into words.

We also raced for knowledge. For what better way to test the mettle of a car than in a race, with all its grueling banks and curves, with the competition breathing down your neck.

Today we no longer race. But we've learned enough from yesteryear to have a lot in common with cars that do.

For example, our new Audi has rack-and-pinion steering which is the most direct steering system a car can have.

It's got a *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission that makes shifting quick and precise.

The Audi has independent front suspension so you get more control with fewer jolts.

And a rear axle with twin adjustable torsion bars for precise road holding.

Of course, the Audi also has quite a few features that racing cars don't have. Like front-wheel drive. And seats that are not only very plush, but also very comfortable. (They were designed by orthopedic surgeons.) And enough legroom and headroom for just about anybody's legs and head.

We're as proud of our car today as we were on that hot July day of '34 when we won our first Grand Prix. And we're as determined now, as we were then, to reach a standard of excellence no other car manufacturer can hope to attain.

And experience is indeed a great teacher.

The Audi®

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen

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The Armchair Explorers.

Next best to being there, television brings within fingertip reach the remotest crannies of man's world and history.

In April and May alone, television will take us and our children through ancient ruins in Mexico and Peru. To the frontiers of space with Apollo 16. On an ecological journey through Africa. To Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

Then, too, there are the beauties of a Bruckner symphony. The Sistine Chapel. Our great national parks.

There's much on television to share with your children in the months ahead, as can be seen from the more complete listing that follows.

Primary Elections. Coverage from Wisconsin (April 4); Pennsylvania (April 25); Alabama, Indiana, Ohio, District of Columbia (May 2); Tennessee (May 4); North Carolina (May 6); Nebraska, West Virginia (May 9); Maryland (May 16); Oregon (May 23).

Music of the Resurrection. Easter music sung by Sistine Chapel Choir, filmed in Sistine Chapel. Sunday, April 2 (1:30-2 pm).

Dig. Animated musical explaining earth's formation. Saturday, April 8 (12-12:26 pm).

Academy Awards. 44th annual Oscar Awards. Monday, April 10 (10 pm-conclusion).

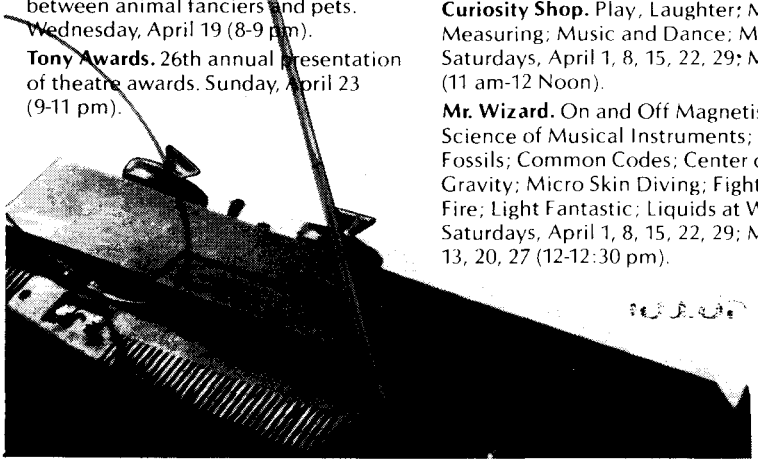
From Yellowstone to Tomorrow. Salute to national park system. Tuesday, April 11 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Apollo 16. Blast-off at 12:51 pm. Sunday, April 16.

In Search of the Lost World. Exploration of ruins in Mexico, Peru, Central and North America. Monday, April 17 (8-9 pm).

It Takes a Lot of Love. The devotion between animal fanciers and pets. Wednesday, April 19 (8-9 pm).

Tony Awards. 26th annual presentation of theatre awards. Sunday, April 23 (9-11 pm).



Church Architecture in the U.S. Who Do You Think You Are? presents uniquely American churches. Monday, April 24 (8-8:30 pm).

Surrender at Appomattox. Appointment With Destiny—Meeting of Grant and Lee. Monday, April 24 (8-9 pm)

Amnesty. ABC News Inquiry—Pros and cons of amnesty for deserters. Monday, April 24 (8:30-9 pm).

Jack Paar's African Diary. Paar's four months in Tanzania and Kenya. Tuesday, April 25 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Life, Death and the American Woman. Diseases that most menace women. Thursday, April 27 (10-11 pm).

Metropolitan Opera Salute to Sir Rudolf Bing. Starring famed Met artists. Sunday, April 30 (9:30-10:30 pm).

The Price. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Award-winning production with George C. Scott, Colleen Dewhurst, David Burns, Barry Sullivan. Wednesday, May 3 (8:30-10 pm).

The Masks We Wear. Who Do You Think You Are? looks at human behavior. Monday, May 8 (8-8:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Bruckner's Third Symphony, conducted by Dean Dixon. Sunday, May 14 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Emmy Awards. Annual honors for television excellence. Sunday, May 14 (10 pm-conclusion).

The Forgotten Mermaids. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Study of the manatee. Monday, May 15 (8-9 pm).

Secrets of the African Baobab. Nature study of wildlife-protecting tree. Tuesday, May 16 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The Itinerary. Documentary on Israeli author Elie Wiesel. Sunday, May 21 (4-5 pm).

Oceans. ABC News Inquiry—Report on deterioration of world's oceans. Monday, May 29 (8-9 pm).

REGULARLY FOR YOUNG VIEWERS

Curiosity Shop. Play, Laughter; Mind; Measuring; Music and Dance; Memory. Saturdays, April 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; May 6 (11 am-12 Noon).

Mr. Wizard. On and Off Magnetism; Science of Musical Instruments; Living Fossils; Common Codes; Center of Gravity; Micro Skin Diving; Fighting Fire; Light Fantastic; Liquids at Work. Saturdays, April 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; May 6, 13, 20, 27 (12-12:30 pm).

You Are There. Galileo and his Universe; Vision of Dr. Koch; Treason of Benedict Arnold; Record Ride for the Pony Express; Torment of Joan of Arc. Saturdays, April 8, 15, 22, 29; May 6 (12:30-1 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo (Starting April 3, HEW presents 3½-min. animated segments on health)/Watch Your Child—The Me Too Show/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week)

Friday: Chronolog I & II (appearing fourth Friday each month)

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Kid Talk/Comment/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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APRIL 1, 1972

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SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $12.00 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenu New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volur LV, Number 14.

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Send all correspondence about subscriptio and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1001

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Report on Groucho

On a recent lecture tour in California, I phoned my closest and not-to-be-too-trusted friend, Mr. Marx, who told me he had just turned eighty-one. A spry and agile-minded eighty-one, I discovered later. For years he had been telling me, and I believed him, that he was seventy-four. I was surprised at the way he flaunted his eighty-one. Doubtlessly expecting to hear, "You certainly don't look it."

I obliged him by saying it that evening when he invited me to his home for dinner. After all, what are friends for? Our friendship began, rather evanescently, about forty years ago, when I, as a lad (one-upmanship), was serving as drama critic on the Kansas City *Post*. For a week I sat at the feet of the Great Man seeking advice, trying to cull from his flow of rhetoric, sprinkled with outrageous puns, the essence of humor—what makes people laugh and why. The day he left town, Groucho handed me a long, narrow book. "To fit your overcoat pocket," the flap on the book read.

"Here," he said. "If you're thinking of sticking to the humor racket, you'd better read this."

The title of the book was *Is Sex Necessary?*—and that was forty years before Dr. Reuben was afraid to ask. The book was written in collaboration by the two greatests, Messrs. E. B. White and James Thurber. I still have it, treasure it, often read it. And there are torturous days when I wonder why I'm still sticking in the humor racket.

At eighty-one, and having fully recovered from a "major minor operation," as he told it that night, Groucho leads no sedentary senior-citizen existence. He is disgruntled with show business. As he secs it, show business has dwindled to appearing on talk shows at coolie wages. He has other commitments. He will lecture, appear in a one-man concert at Carnegie Hall this month, and has been invited to fly to Paris to be decorated with the Legion of Honor rosette. "Like Chaplin," he says. "Only he's richer than I am."

Aside from his public appearances, his private life goes on humorously apace. For him, all the world's a stage and everyone is a straight man. Stop him on a street corner, invite him to a small dinner party, telephone him, and the curtain rises, the footlights come aglow, and Groucho is on with quixotic quotable quips sprinkled with the unusual quota of pun upun pun.

If I am giving you the impression that here is a brash eighty-one-year-old upstart who is always trying to prove to all comers that he still has it, you are wrong. Often his humor is for his own private amusement, humor—sometimes even poignant, plaintive—that reveals a measure of the man himself. Some years ago I was in Hollywood on a picture-writing assignment. Groucho had learned of my coast trip. He wrote me, phoned, even telegraphed that I was to be a guest in his home. I told him I had made other plans, and he replied that our friendship was ended if I didn't accept his invitation to stay with him.

So, of course, I finally accepted and arrived early one morning. I found him seated at breakfast. The attendant came through with my suitcase, a small briefcase, and a portable typewriter. "Well," greeted mine host, looking at the luggage, "three bags? How long are you staying?" The maid offered me orange juice. I drank it, and she asked if I wanted more. I said, "No, thank you." Mr. Marx said, "I'm glad. Oranges don't grow on trees, you know." He handed me a key. "It's for the back door. We don't like writers coming in the front." OK, that's par for the Groucho course.

That evening when I returned from work, I found Groucho alone in front of a music stand with a guitar, softly singing Gilbert and Sullivan. He nodded and continued singing. A moment later, the maid came in and whispered something to him. He nodded, went on singing. Pretty soon, in came the maid followed by a man, his wife, and two small children. He nodded as they passed through to the rest of the house.

When he finished playing, I asked, "What was that?"

"That was *Pirates of Penzance*," he replied.

"No, I mean those four people who just walked through."

"Oh, that," he said. "A year ago my doctor told me I shouldn't walk upstairs. Since my bedroom and office are upstairs, I decided to sell the house. I ran an ad in the L.A. *Times*. Then Harpo came to dinner one night and told me how he had handled the stairs. He had installed an inclinator on the banister, and he rides up. So I bought an inclinator and didn't have to sell the house."

"There must be more to it than that. How about those people?"

"I never took the ad out of the paper. It's the only way I can get people to come see me." □

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You can save Luz Marina for $15 a month. Or you can turn the page.

Luz Marina Jacanamijoy.
An eleven year old Colombian child. Living with her parents and five brothers and sisters in a one-room house. The roof is straw and the kitchen is a fire outside. No electricity. No medical care. None of the things so many of us take for granted.

Yet for only $15 a month, you can sponsor a child like Luz Marina and really give meaning to those last three letters in her last name—joy. The joy she will know when she learns she can continue her schooling and not have to work in the fields full time. The joy her parents will receive, through an interest-free loan that will enable them to start their own self-help project. Like raising chickens to help raise their standard of living.

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That's how Save the Children works. But without you, it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

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Howard, Greta, Richard, and Mao

When Howard meets Greta
They'll meet behind curtains
And all will be possibly
(Nothing for certains)

When Howard meets Greta
There'll be certifying
That each is the other
(Not somebody trying)

When Howard meets Greta
Both must be undraped
(Not a sign of the meeting
Can be filmed or taped)

When Howard meets Greta
Not a word must be spoken
For words can be keys
(And a door might spring open)

When Howard meets Greta
They'll exchange preserved flowers
And preserves sealed in glass
(Like kumquats and hours)

When Howard meets Greta
Let light be subdued
(The moon has been walked on
The sun can be rude)

When Howard meets Greta
They'll speak softly of duty
(Of fame, time, and money
Of eyes, ears, and beauty)

When Richard meets Mao
The firmament shivers
(When Howard meets Greta
The universe quivers).

Harvey Jacobs

All-Purpose Title

Now that most of us have accepted "Ms." as the word to replace "Miss" and "Mrs.," I suggest a further step. Since "Ms." serves only to blur the distinction between a married and an unmarried woman, we need to do something about what is even more discriminatory or, to use the word of the day, chauvinistic. I mean the distinction that continues to be made between a man and a woman.

As long as we continue to use "Mr." and "Ms." we will perpetuate something almost as bad as racism and in some ways more fundamental. I have a suggestion for an all-purpose, all-sex title that will remove this last and most important instance of identification and discrimination. It is so simple and so obvious that I wonder that it has not been suggested before.

What I propose is that the title "M." be used for everyone—married or unmarried, male or female. "M." is the one letter that "Mr.," "Mrs.," "Miss," and "Ms." have in common. It therefore seems the natural choice for a title that would, at last, bring us all together. Except for the superstitious, who may worry because M is the thirteenth letter of the alphabet, everyone should be happy to accept it.

I am pleased also to discover that in Bantu languages the prefix "M-" means a human being, a person, an individual, and that is what we wish our common title to signify, is it not? By adopting "M." as our common title we would also, as a fringe benefit, forge a linguistic link with those who speak such Bantu languages as Zulu-Kaffir, Swahili, and Kongoese. Followers of the women's liberation movement will be additionally pleased to know that the Bantu languages pay very little attention to gender.

A further advantage of "M." is that, when spoken, it is free of sibilants, having none of the hissing and buzzing of "Miss," "Mrs.," and "Ms." To put it simply, the sound of "M." is that of a sonant, bilabial continuant, made by stopping the oral passage at the lips, the soft palate being lowered at the same time so that the sound is given a nasal resonance. There is a sort of humming about it, suggestive of bees, honey, hummingbirds, and other pleasant features of the garden. While saying "M.," one purses the lips as if preparing to give and receive a kiss.

May the day soon come when everyone—married or single, man or woman—bears the mellifluous title of "M." Mmmm. . . .

Richard Armour

Nothing New Under the Moon, Either

Manufacturers of water beds, while touting them as the greatest thing in bedding since the discovery of sex, modestly concede that they originated in England "years ago." This seems logical enough, considering Great Britain's long tradition of dominating the waves, but credit for this particular creation goes back further than that—by more than a thousand years.

It is reliably reported (by no less an authority than Will Durant) that Khumarawayh, Mohammedan caliph of Egypt and the playboy of his time (884-895), "taxed his people to provide himself with a pool of quicksilver on which his bed of inflated leather cushions might gently float to win him sleep."

E. V. Girand

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$6,700* Feature for feature and dollar for dollar, it's your best buy in a low-cost motor home.

Maybe you'll find a motor home with a lower **sticker price** than Winnebago's new D-18 Brave. But if you do, compare the standard equipment. Then start adding up all the **extra** money you'd have to spend to bring the other unit up to Winnebago quality.

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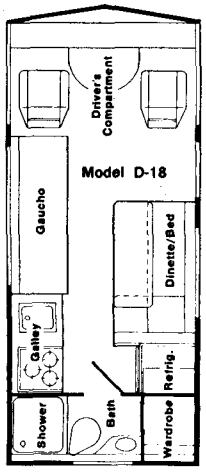

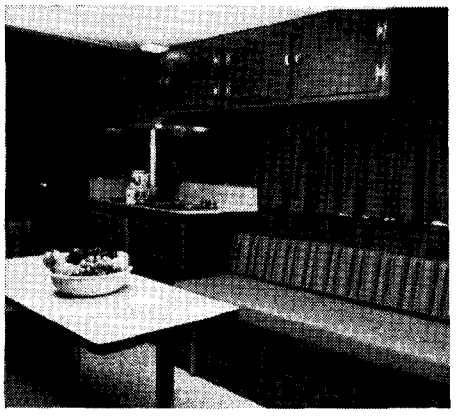

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Advertisement of the Week—as found by Mrs. Faye Leventhal of Chicago in the Lincoln (Nebraska) *Sun*:

WANTED: Good used baritone.

Just the thing for a bridal shower.

Food for Thought—as discovered by James McCauley of Corvallis, Oregon, from Sylvia Porter's column in the *Oregon Statesman*:

NEW YORK—What could possibly be the advantage of chewing on desiccated lover when you can buy and probably eat with pleasure regular fresh liver at far lower cost?

We give up. *You* tell us.

Advice of the Week—via Elizabeth Long of Washington, D.C., who came upon it in Ann Landers's column in *The Washington Post*:

Dear Raven: It will end where it began—in the home. It will happen when the so-called liberated woman discovers that the price was too high, and her most important job, the one with the greatest rewards, was right under her nose—and she blew it.

Bless you.

Story of the Week—from Marge Cook of Tenants Harbor, Maine, who spotted it in the Portland *Press Herald*:

PHOENIX, Ariz. (AP)—Svetlana Peters, daughter of the late Soviet dictator Josef Stalin, said Wednesday she had left her architect husband—only his communal way of living.

But her husband, who said Tuesday that divorce appeared inevitable, asserted Wednesday that his position was unchanged no matter what his wife said.

"I tttietaon shrdlu cmfwyp t," said William Wesley Peters, "but I believe I've made my position perfectly clear."

Etaoin.

Russell Kirk, the thinking man's conservative or the conservatives' thinking man—depending on which way you want to look at him—is a bright, bespectacled, round-faced fellow who thinks so fast his words have trouble keeping up. In his book *Eliot and His Age* (Random House), he makes the statement that "ours has been the Age of T. S. Eliot, as once there was an Age of Dryden and an Age of Johnson."

What, we asked Mr. Kirk, did Eliot actually stand for? "First of all," Mr. Kirk said, "he stood for the belief that we are part of a transcendental order, a divine heritage, that we live only as part of a realm of spirits—spirits in person, as it were, in the limitation of the flesh—and that this accounts for both the greatness and the tragedy of the human condition. Second, Eliot believed in tradition. He repeatedly emphasized, both in his poems and in his critical essays, the principles enunciated by the medieval schoolmen—Fulbert of Chartres, for example—who said that we are dwarves standing on the shoulders of the giants who went before."

But, we wanted to know, were these ideas either original enough or different enough to make Eliot an Age? Mr. Kirk nodded. "I think so. Eliot himself said you cannot make yourself an original—you can *only* be part of a tradition. Vergil and Dante are examples of this, Vergil expressing the religious tradition and Dante the medieval synthesis."

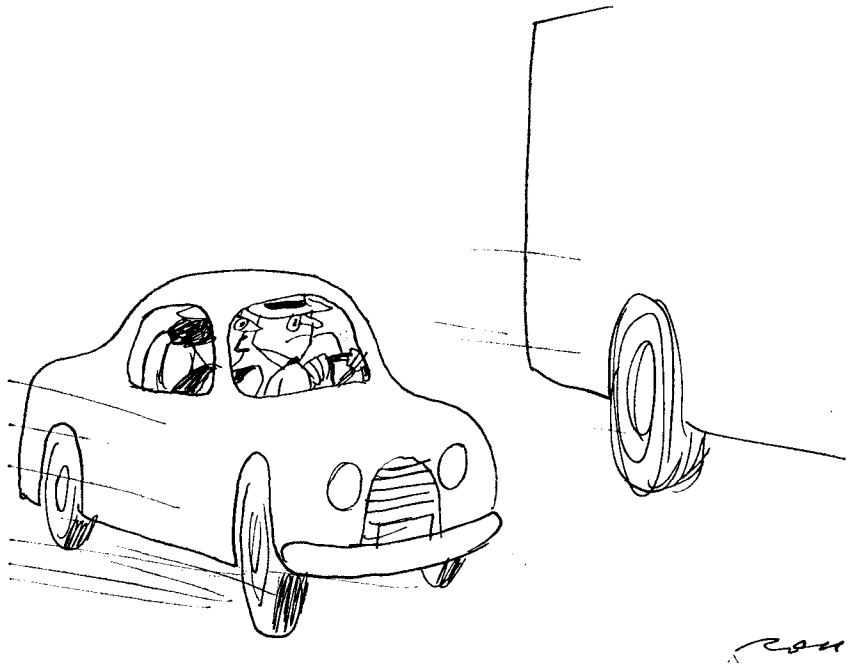
But weren't they giants in comparison to Eliot? we persisted. "Yes," Mr. Kirk said. "But really primarily because of Eliot's own modesty and self-mockery. Also, he seemed to be incapable of a really long work. I had always assumed, until Mrs. Eliot brought out her annotated edition of *The Wasteland* a few months ago, that Eliot's long version was better. Pound had edited it, you know. But I was wrong. Pound's taste was better than Eliot's—the fact is there was waste in *The Wasteland*.

"Pound thought his age," Mr. Kirk continued, "a dead age, and he deliberately set about to reinvigorate it by discovering new writers of power and getting them published and giving them money to support themselves. The fact is, until Pound came along, there wasn't anybody who would publish Eliot at all, in either England or America. Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, the dominant force in American poetry at the time, didn't like *The Wasteland*. She preferred Vachel Lindsay's *The Fireman's Ball*."

How, we asked, was Eliot as a publisher? "Well, his friend Frank Morley probably put it best. He said that Eliot wasn't apt to fight for anybody that any other publisher would publish, but he would fight for people that no other publisher would look at. On the other hand, he turned down his friend Orwell's *Animal Farm*. He didn't think it would enjoy popular success. Actually, as a publisher, he was very receptive, but he was very careful—the way he was in everything."

Did not Mr. Kirk think that this too might have detracted from his being the man of his age? Mr. Kirk shook his head vigorously. "No," he said, "I think it is more the fact that he seems so far from an age so materialized and secularized. In his own life he suffered very much. He was ruled by duty. Only the last eight years of his life, when he married Valerie—he married her when he was sixty-eight—was he really happy."

We asked him what he thought of the way Eliot is taught today. "I'm afraid it's too pedantic," Kirk said. "Eliot himself called it 'the lemon-



"Do you realize that all the money that we're saving on gas we're spending on chiropractors?"

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squeezer school of criticism'—the kind where you distill everything but you don't get the poem. He also deplored what he called the 'school of sources.' Actually, people think the kids today would be put off by the tradition and the religion in Eliot. And they may have been—until recently. But the fact is Eliot was primarily concerned with human feeling and emotion, and I think that the questing spirit of youth today is coming back to Eliot's own questing spirit."

Mr. Kirk first met Eliot in 1953. Born in Plymouth, Michigan, the son of a locomotive engineer, Mr. Kirk now describes himself as "about the only one left who works full time as a writer of serious books and critical essays. Did he support himself at it? we asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but just. Of course, I have a lot to support. I didn't marry until I was forty-five, but I have three girl babies, and I also support my father, stepmother, and aunt."

Was he a believer in Eliot's dictum that if you were an American and wanted to be an intellectual, you had to be an expatriate? "It would be easier," Mr. Kirk conceded. "But I find it possible," he paused again, "if you live away from New York." Mr. Kirk lives where his family has lived for five generations, in Mecosta, Michigan, in an ancient house called Piety Hill, complete, he told us, with ghosts and haunted room. "Two months ago," he said, "we had a young lady houseguest from England. She was in our second-most haunted room, and in our most haunted bed. When she woke up one night, the door flew open and there was a man standing there. She cried out. By the time we got there, of course, he had ephemeralized. But she distinctly remembered he had a high collar, a check coat, and an expressionless face. We checked the family album, and sure enough we found my great-uncle Raymond. He always wore a high collar and a check coat, and in the last year of his life, because of a brain tumor received when a lunatic in the insane asylum where he worked had hit him on the head, he had an expressionless face." □

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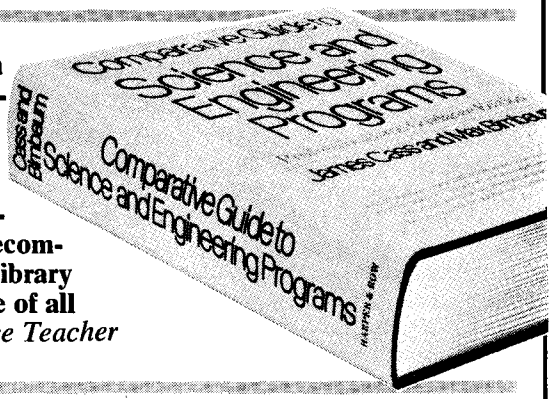

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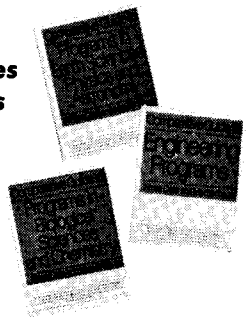

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Dorian: A New Picture

Joe Layton has been big in show biz ever since 1959, when Jerome Robbins gave him a go-ahead to choreograph an Off-Broadway revival of the musical *On the Town*, Robbins's first great hit outside the world of ballet. In the dozen years since Layton made a big success of the modest revival, he has choreographed, staged musical numbers, and even directed a raft of shows. He has become a major figure in the musical theater. Now he has turned his energies toward ballet itself. For Britain's Royal Ballet, he created *The Grand Tour*, which, unfortunately, will not be in the troupe's repertory for its April 24-June 3 season at the Metropolitan Opera House. For our own City Center Joffrey Ballet, now in the final days of its regular spring season at the City Center 55th Street Theater, Layton provided the new *Double Exposure*.

Double Exposure is an updating of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, the Faustian novel that tells of a man who retains his youth and physical beauty while, over the years, his painted portrait reflects his aging, his corruption of others, his sins. Layton has replaced the painting with a huge photograph of a nearly nude man, a photo that succumbs to the ravages of a man's life. The youth himself, while innocent, is made aware of his bodily allure by a photographer who gets him to take off his clothes and who photographs him from every angle. Today's Dorian becomes involved not only with vanity but with dope and sadism, and, sexually, with the male as well as the female.

Since Wilde's theme has a pictorial center, one would think that it was ideal for ballet adaptation and that a modernization process would be not only possible but pertinent. *Double Exposure* could have been a powerful, absorbing ballet. It is not. It is not, because Layton's choreography fails to provide solid portraits of Dorian, the Photographer, the Leader of the sinners, or the lesser characters. In a ballet such as this we do indeed need to see revealed the inner man, motivations as well as overt actions. Choreographically, it is a fragmented piece, not an episodic ballet, which would be valid, but one of tantalizing bits.

If I seem to dwell upon an unsuccessful ballet, it is because Layton has long since proved his abilities as a showman and because the genre of his ballet—that is, the use of theater images, rather than dance action, for stage effect—is becoming increasingly important. The trend itself is strong, but Layton, in this ballet, failed to reach his goal.

The Joffrey company had two casts. In one, Dennis Wayne was Dorian; in the other, Dermot Burke. Of these two splendid young dancers, Wayne was the superior, for he injected into his portrayal a sense of urgent curiosity about his constantly shifting exposures to sensual experiment. Burke, dark and handsome, was more withdrawn from the violent proceedings and, as a picture, came out more negative than positive. But neither had much to work with in a highly publicized ballet that is part of a trend but by no means in the vanguard of ballet-as-theater.

The Joffrey season, as I indicated in an earlier report, has been the most rewarding in the company's history as resident dancers at the City Center. Established productions looked and were danced better than ever before, and of the new additions, if *Double Exposure* tantalized and failed, two other stagings were both successful and sunny. These were Eliot Feld's *Meadowlark*, made for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and later danced by Feld's now-disbanded company, and *Chabriesque*, a brand-new work by the Joffrey's principal choreographer, Gerald Arpino.

Meadowlark has sometimes been criticized for changing moods in midstream—from elegant gaiety to horseplay—but, after all, it is based on courtly fun and, historically, the somber *pavane* was customarily followed by the dashing *galliard*. It is, then, an enchanting piece. Enchanting, too, is *Chabriesque*, which may not be much more than fluff in body and breezy exits and entrances in form but which is spirited and has an absolutely captivating relating of the male and female forms (innocent, of course!) in swirling lifts, swift embraces, dartings, and dashings. As one might guess, the score for *Chabriesque* is derived from Chabrier (unfortunately, it is held to two pianos). *Meadowlark* basks in Haydn. And *Double Exposure* is cursed, as was Dorian, by a double exposure involving music of Scriabin and electronic music by Henri Pousseur.

And now for some capsule comments. Since Martha Graham's withdrawal from the stage after more than fifty years as a professional dancer, the entire world of dance wondered about the future of her repertory of masterpieces. The Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance recently embarked on a project designed not only to preserve but to renew Graham creations for young dancers. Programs of Graham dances and of new choreographies have been and will be given through May 28 at Miss Graham's headquarters, 316 East. Mary Hinkson and Bertram Ross, both Graham stars, are directing the project, and the preview program that I saw promises well for the future of an enterprise dedicated not only to the genius of Miss Graham but to the continuation of her worldwide influence in the field of modern dance.

In the ethnic dance area, let me note that the Ballet Folklorico de Mexico, founded and directed by Amalia Hernandez, had one of its most delightful seasons at the City Center—Indian reconstructions, Hispano-Indian celebrations both religious and secular, contemporary folk dances. It was so successful that S. Hurok insists that the groups return next year despite a tightly booked worldwide tour.

In out-and-out Spanish dance, Luis Rivera gave Manhattan a taste of his own Tabasco-flavored performing, but his program bogged down, because he had so few dancers that the musicians had to take over a big portion of the program. They were good, but when one goes to see dancing, listening is merely supportive. With José Molina, it was different at Carnegie Hall. The music was great, but dancing predominated, and Molina himself was fiery, and his ensemble, beautifully trained and magnificently costumed, had the "Olés!" bouncing from wall to wall. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 264

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The bite of — — — — is like a poisoned knife;

More cruel still, this pain that — — — — her life.

The clinics and the — — — — have had their day,

And none could make her illness — — — — away.

A.S.

(Answer on page 70)

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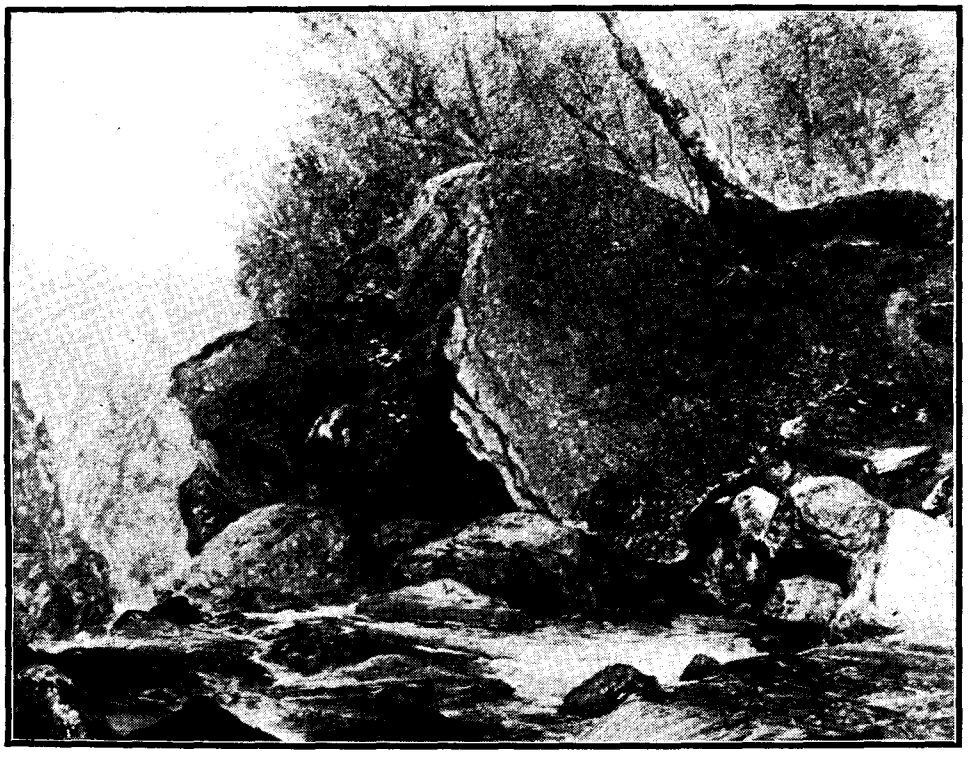

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Pieces of the Apollo

When the Apollo Theater went to the wreckers, every intellectual in Collegeville wanted to bid for the masks of comedy and tragedy some forgotten artisan had carved eight feet high and about two feet thick from a slab of some curious black stone and had set into the facade of the theater well above the marquee. Glower and grin had made a long grimace of it in their time, looking down successively on traveling drama companies, minstrel shows, approximate opera, vaudeville, silent flicks, vitaphone, Technicolor, family wide-screen, foreign art films, and—in a last lost effort to stave off the wrecker—semi-pornos.

For three-quarters of a century those masks were the most notable things in a town whose most notable things ran to the plain ugly rather than to the grotesque. I always felt a moment of pleasant relief on turning away from the adamant and enshrined stupidity of the doughboy monument in our Yokel Square and then letting my eye travel to the wild glare of those two masks cavorting across the facade of the Apollo.

That doughboy is a monster and a weight upon the public soul. His face always makes me think of a wedge of apple pie sliding out of an inverted soup-bowl helmet and into the collar. It isn't really wedge-shaped. It was carved in the round after someone's demented notion of what a human face might be, but the soot that stains village stones has formed a dark V along the face and down and over the collar as if the piece of pie were leaking the sweet juices this specimen had been given instead of blood.

If you take care to ignore the dark V and to study the face in the round, it is even more appalling—even more appalling than the girl-scout angel of victory that stands behind the boy hero, her wings outspread, her stained face to heaven, her left hand holding a book of honor and her right holding a laurel crown above her oaf of glory. For it was, in fact, pure oaf the sculpture had sold us. Tom Swift crucified could not have wasted nails more blandly. "Golly gee, Mom," it seems to say as a total mortal utterance, "it sure is a pleasure and a privilege to die for you."

The pleasure of turning from that mortal fraud to those grotesque masks was in their gleeful abandonment of all false pretenses. The doughboy defrauds human sentiment. The masks on the Apollo seemed to refute his fraud by offering two inhuman grimaces that somehow managed to be more human than his monumental pieties.

Perhaps that is why our town intellectuals made such a thing of wanting to buy those masks. I had always sensed a taste for the grotesque in them. Even for them, however, the grotesque carried eight feet high, at least five feet wide, and about two feet thick seemed a bit much, unless you accept the intellectual premise that too much is the only possible statement of anything.

The owner of a gay bar bid for them as décor. The owner of the Hara Kiri Krishna Coffee House also wanted them as décor, though he spoke of them as meditative life forces. One professor urged his university to buy and mount them as "untutored epiphanies of the essential disjunction of human experience." My kids called my attention to his public letter in the *Patriot-Clarion* and were impressed by the power of his concept.

I have to admit I did not understand it. I am a son of a man and woman, a husband, and in my turn the father of three untutored epiphanies now verging on manhood or womanhood and so to their own place in a troubled but essential and sequential line from Adam and Eve, who made the mistake of starting in a garden and ended up with only the world and their dissatisfaction with it. Beware first memories, son of man.

There have, God knows, been times when I found myself feeling not only disjunct but nonessential, even to myself. I even found the mood to be pleasantly self-indulgent. Then the kids began to feel that way, too, and since someone had to stop it, and since they wouldn't, I did. Someone in the scene has to think such sequences as family, house, table, food—think it and mean it and imagine a possible act of love in preserving the sequence.

Somehow these thoughts blend in my mind with the fact that I found in an old newspaper file an account of a large marble head of Apollo that had once stood in the lobby of the theater. I could find no one who remembered seeing it, but the old account described a piece too large for easy moving. Quite possibly it was stored away in a cellar or storage room, and, with everyone hot to bid for the grotesque, I might just manage an Apollonian bargain. I wasn't at all sure I wanted the thing. It might turn out to be another doughboy. But I did want a look at it, and I got permission to hunt around for it.

I didn't find it. It occurred to me with a force like allegory that heads of Apollo are harder to come by than grimaces.

The wrecker was my friend Mr. Rindl, and it was he who finally found Apollo. In the meanwhile it was Bill Edlington, the heir to the local brickworks fortune, who bought the masks. Bill is no Symbolist. He wrote a conjunct and literal check and in his own special sense of things had the masks mounted on a wall of his pool patio and had the two enormous grimaces smoothed level on the inside to serve as a two-part outdoor bar, dedicating it impartially to comic and to tragic drunks. Bill had discovered pop art.

Soon thereafter some thoughtful students blew up the university carillon in support of whichever great cause was uppermost that week, and everyone not at the brickworks forgot about the masks. It became the new symbolism to collect bell fragments—"appalling yet necessary talismans," the same professor wrote of them, "of a past unity and resonance now shattered and mute in the universal fragmentation of man's commitment to his ideals."

As I say, it was Mr. Rindl who found Apollo. He brought me the right ear, a polished fragment exactly three inches wide and an eighth short of seven inches long. He apologized for the fact that the ear was the only discrete fragment left. Apollo, it turned out, had never moved. His place had been in a cozy niche that was later bricked up, then painted, then covered with various drapes while Apollo slept on forgotten. When the wrecker's ball slammed through the wall, it had blasted Apollo to white unallegorical gravel, from which Mr. Rindl rescued that one unified piece.

So ends the monumental. Publicly, we're down to our dismal doughboy for a last memorial. Bill Edlington, of course, has his house-of-horrors bar out on the patio and the bad taste to be proud of it. And I have Apollo's right ear without being at all sure what I should think about it. It does make a handsome paperweight, but when have I ever needed a paperweight? The former site of the Apollo Theater is now an extension of the A&P parking lot, and I keep feeling that should signify something. It all does seem disjunct enough in its own nonessential way. I confess to thumbing Apollo's ear now and then as if it were a feely-sculpture. I am not ready to suppose that rubbing it can mean anything, but who knows what might not rub off? Catch your piece of the gods any way you can.

Perhaps one of them—perhaps this piece of one—can show me how to move out of this ugly town. All he has to do is show me some other to move to. But is there another? □

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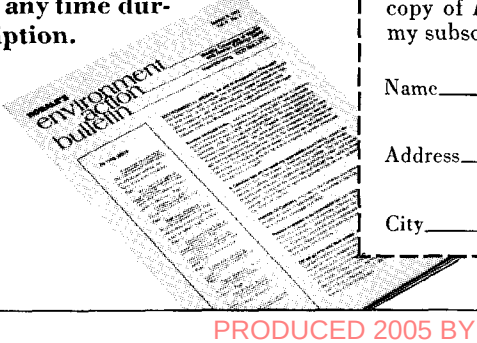

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Letters to the Editor

Tenure

Re: "Why Teachers Will Oppose Tenure Laws" [*SR*, March 4]. While many in the educational profession may have found Myron Lieberman's article to be a radical departure from their treasured preconceptions, this was not so for those of us connected with nonpublic education.

Most of the 263,000 teachers in our nation's nonpublic elementary and secondary schools have none of the basic rights that are *protected* (not *granted*) by tenure laws. Many of these educators are still subject to capricious or unfair dismissal. Some administrators in a budgetary squeeze believe that replacing a teacher with years of experience and a "high" salary with a novice teacher at a lower beginning salary is an easy way to cut costs. The danger is even more prevalent in the nonpublic schools, since most teachers there work with only a verbal contract or a brief written agreement that gives the teacher no rights other than to be paid the salary set by the school.

In those instances where nonpublic school teachers have achieved the rights of tenure through negotiated contracts, apparently administrators have been forced to be more concerned with the quality of the teachers employed and re-employed during any probationary period.

Until and unless the right to bargain for a means of protecting their rights to a secure position (given satisfactory performance) is safeguarded, teachers and their organizations will not, as Mr. Lieberman predicts, oppose tenure laws. Perhaps that right may be better safeguarded by the upcoming decisions in the cases that prompted the article, but, until we see such safeguards, tenure laws not only must remain but must be extended and reinforced—especially in a situation that sees a surplus of teachers competing for positions.

John J. Murray,
Director, Department of Nonpublic School Teachers,
American Federation of Teachers,
Washington, D.C.

Myron Lieberman spends considerable time arguing that in place of tenure "negotiated contracts will give better protection."

This may be true. But left unasked is what happens when the teacher is driven, not by a spirit of professionalism, but by the dictates of a professional union official. More important, what happens to academic freedom when the primary criterion for the right to teach is the payment of dues to a teachers union (which will be spending a substantial portion of that dues dollar for political purposes)?

The threat of total control of the education of our children by an unprofessional group of professional union officials is real. In the words of Professor Kurt L. Hanslowe of Cornell University and the former assistant general counsel of the United Auto Workers, ". . . the union shop in public employment has the potential of becoming a neat mutual back-scratching mechanism, whereby public employee representatives and politicians each reinforce the others' interest and domain. . . ." The right of free choice for our teachers is now being fought for in the courts and legislatures across the country. We are truly facing a decade in which we will decide whether there will be freedom to teach or a policy of "no dues, no job."

Hugh C. Newton,
Alexandria, Va.

Free Schools

Re: "Free Schools: A Time for Candor" [*SR*, March 4]. Jonathan Kozol's reference to the building of an Iroquois canoe lacks perception and fails to illustrate irrelevant learning in the free school movement. The primary goal of making a canoe out of a log is not to produce a marketable commodity but rather to present students with an opportunity to implement their theoretical knowledge and improve their abilities to function well within a group.

Arthur W. Chickering, in *Education and Identity*, contends that it is helpful for students, at least in higher education, to hammer abstractions into material form. "Experiences of designing, modeling, and building, of learning the requirements, limitations, and possibilities inherent in different materials, may not only enrich understanding of abstractions but also be transferred productively to more abstract concepts," observes Chickering.

Involvement in projects ranging from canoe making to geodesic dome building can result in meaningful learning, thereby enabling students to respond more effectively to their needs as well as to the needs of their society.

William M. Tecku,
University of Wisconsin,
Plattesville, Wis.

The staff of Pinehenge School hastens to reply to Jonathan Kozol's comment that free schools suffer from a lack of direction and a paralysis of will. We at Pinehenge are thinking about that and have not reached a decision.

The Staff,
Pinehenge School,
Waterford, Me.

Jonathan Kozol's article is a realistic approach to attacking "the loneliness and isolation of an oppressive social structure at the grass-roots level." However, one crucial question looms darkly in the minds of us who are eager for the next generation to have those learning experiences that we were denied.

What type of world does the low-economic child with a free school background enter after he leaves the informed structure of his elementary school education? For economic reasons, most will attend a state or community college where the standard power apparatus still lords it over the personal development of the young student. This is indeed a tragic fate for a young person who has been shown that there is a better way to learn than by employing the traditional technique.

As a student in the New College at the University of Alabama, I have recently adapted to a free school atmosphere after years of trudging to the blackboard to write what the teacher had written in the same place the day before. I can hardly imagine the frustration and despair of a student who is forced to make an opposite

"Gifted class, indeed! One is gifted in science, but can't read; one is gifted in reading, but won't even try math. . . ."

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adjustment for the sake of long-standing educational custom.

If we are to enlighten the adults of 1990, let us give attention to those who are emerging in 1972. Otherwise, the halls of ivy may crumble before the "new" shipment of bricks arrives to reinforce them.

Barbara Ann Duke,
University, Ala.

U.N. and U.S.

I congratulate you on Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Our Fair Share at the U.N." [*SR*, March 4].

I am sure all of us appreciate the defects and problems associated with the United Nations and its various agencies and organizations. But with all those known faults, the world cannot get along today without a forum such as that the U.N. provides.

I am a member of a scientific panel in UNESCO, and I have had an opportunity to observe firsthand the consequences of a small amount of seed money spent in developing nations.

If one stops to think about the truly great problems facing civilization today, the amount spent by the U.N. in trying to solve some of these problems is not out of line. As is so of other international activities, many of our citizens are prone to criticize. Except for a few dedicated people, however, we Americans have not assumed the responsibilities that go with our being a great nation exerting world leadership.

J. R. Porter,
Professor and Chairman,
Department of Microbiology,
University of Iowa,
Iowa City, Ia.

Where on earth does Richard L. Tobin get the idea that the United States is so well off that 31.5 per cent of the U.N. budget is less than our fair share? My 1971 *World Almanac* cites a total public and private debt for this country of one trillion seven hundred million dollars!

Elmer DeHoff,
Richardson, Tex.

The Chemistry of Salt

In John Lear's "Radioactive Ashes in the Kansas Salt Cellar" [*SR*, Feb. 19], the statement was made: "The salt molecule is constituted of chlorine and sodium atoms, and sodium burns intensely in the presence of water." If this were true, every time I add salt to my soup sodium would burn intensely and explosive hydrogen gas and poisonous caustic soda would contaminate my soup. To add to the horror, a cloud of noxious chlorine gas would send me choking from the dinner table.

However, salt is composed of sodium and chlorine *ions*, and for this reason I am able to salt my soup safely and to my heart's content.

Wiliam R. Van Slyke,
Marble, Minn.

John Lear replies: *Mr. Van Slyke assumes that the chemical reactions occurring at elevated temperatures in a radioactive dump will be the same as the reactions that occur at the temperature at which he eats soup. Actually, the temperature at the center line of a radioactive waste capsule is estimated at 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit. Salt melts at 1,470 degrees Fahrenheit. How far above the melting point will salt molecules be dissociated into their constituent atoms? What will happen in the presence of water after that? Those are the pertinent questions.*

Busing North and South

Re: Ronald P. Kriss's editorial "The Split-Level Presidency" [*SR*, March 11]. I was a supervisor in the state departments of education in Mississippi, Montana, and New York before the racial issue was what it is today. After thirteen years of visiting schools and seeing children bused, I believe anything we can do to reduce busing works to the advantage of children and their families. Why continue to make the South the whipping boy for the nation's ills? Attack national problems as a national issue.

Lelia Massey,
Delaware, O.

Young and Eager

As a Harvard graduate who is currently finishing his doctoral work at the University of Massachusetts School of Education, I read with interest Henry S. Resnik's description of these two institutions "Are There Better Ways to Teach Teachers?" [*SR*, March 4]. Whatever their respective shortcomings, I am far more excited and fulfilled in Amherst than I was in Cambridge. Harvard's strength—its institutional maturity and solidarity—is also its major weakness, confining its faculty and administration to minor changes within traditionally acceptable frameworks. The University of Massachusetts is young, eager, and visionary. Here is a School of Education that will admit, ignorance about the best way to train teachers and therefore implement more than a dozen alternative teacher-training programs.

Dwight Allen's revolution certainly has not produced a nirvana, but I honestly believe it is the best chance this country has for effectively reforming its educational system.

Philip R. Christensen,
Amherst, Mass.

A Cryptic Message

Literary Crypt No. 1493 [*SR*, Feb. 26] seems to contain an error: "FYJ KY FJMYGS" deciphered reads "aid oi advice" instead of "aid or advice." But perhaps it would be more challenging if an error were always included in order to make deciphering more difficult!

Ingrid L. Solem,
McLean, Va.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Queries should be sent to "Reader Services." Manuscripts or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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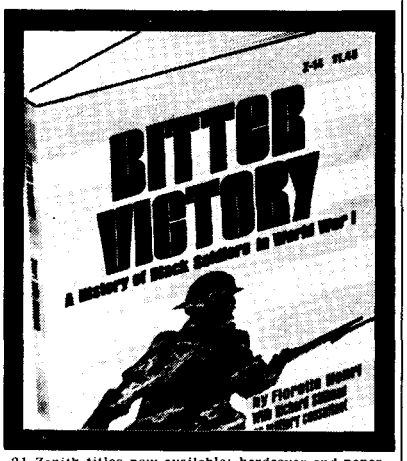

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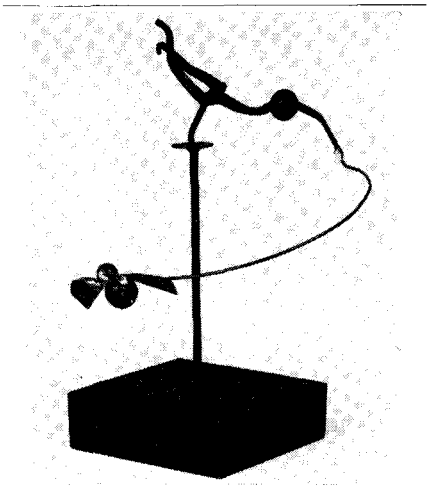

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Second Coming of Scott Joplin; Sills in "Stuarda"

As may sometimes happen with a creator who is phenomenally popular in his lifetime, Scott Joplin has been little sung and not much honored since his death in 1917, save by the coterie who revere him for "Maple Leaf Rag." But a revival sparked by the publication of his collected works by the New York Public Library is under way. The scholarly Joshua Rifkin has recorded and performed his works in public, and the ultimate in honors has accrued with a one-man show of Joplin in the McMillin Theatre of Columbia University under the sponsorship of The Performers' Committee for Twentieth-Century Music.

It is doubtful whether so wide a variety of Joplin's rags, waltzes, and vocal writing has previously been heard on Manhattan Island. That it was prepared and performed by the enterprising Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, neither of whom could claim more than thirdhand knowledge of Joplin's earthly existence, was an inescapable factor in the outcome. Their remoteness from the source of the style brought on some overrefined, not to say effete, effort in the group of rags each played at the piano. But the enthusiasm they generated among a group of young singers and dancers later on, and the response aroused from a mostly student audience, testified mightily to the enduring power in Joplin's music, no matter how great the time between creation and re-creation.

Animation picked up and participation began to flow from the stage to the audience when Miss Seltzer, at the piano, was joined by Harold Cromer, a Mickey Rooney-sized singer and dancer. Cromer happens to be black, which added to the illusion that perhaps he had some sort of privileged access to Jopliniana. But it was his loose-jointed, good-natured, sung-and-strutted versions of "The Pine Apple Rag Song" and the all-conquering "Maple Leaf" (with text) that inspired the audience, for the first time, to a rhythmic off-beat applause. It left little doubt that, whether called rag, jazz, or rock, there is a value in 4/4 that can storm forts and conquer mountains. Joplin's rags don't quite swing, in the classic sense, but they have a latent energy that can amount to as much.

More bodies and voices were added to the excerpts from *Treemonisha* that followed. Joplin thought of it as an opera, which it may well be. But to judge from the excerpts offered with piano accompaniment, its celebration of such subject matter as "The Corn Huskers," "We're goin' around," and "Aunt Dinah has blowed de horn," might well qualify it as an early instance—on a folk level—of what has lately come to be called a musical. The talented company of youthful performers recruited by Sachs, who directed, reached top effect in "A Real Slow Drag," a combination of song and hoedown to which the audience responded with amusement and delight.

For real period flavor, the evening reached its high point in a series of excerpts from the *Red Back Book of Rags*. Played by a nine-piece pit band in orchestrations discovered by Vera Brodsky Lawrence, the prophetess of Joplin's second coming, in the possession of veteran New Orleans musician Bill Russell, they might be the basis on which an astute choreographer could rear a native dance group to rival Igor Moiseyev's famous Russian folk ensemble.

The New York City Opera's latest venture with a Donizetti opera begins well, with Ming Cho Lee's familiar setting for a gallery in the Palace of Westminster. That it also shows Pauline Tinsley in the equally familiar robes of Queen Elizabeth doesn't mean that Beverly Sills, who made the robes familiar, has let her faithful followers down. It means, rather, that the New York City Opera's ongoing cycle of Donizetti operas dealing with English royalty has reached Phase II, with Sills in the title role of *Maria Stuarda*.

What follows in Ming Cho Lee's artful blend of old and new scenic elements is almost as historic as Mary Stuart herself. That is nothing less than the first New York production within living memory of Donizetti's forty-second opera. Carefully staged by Tito Capobianco, with a particularly chilling final blackout of the executioner raising his ax to sever Mary's pretty head from her guilty body, it brings to life another segment of an operatic experience long denied to the world at large.

To the world in small contained on the Italian peninsula, Donizetti's Tudor trilogy has had some greater reality, but hardly to the point of establishing durable precedents in a contemporary context. *Maria Stuarda* thus continues —from the New York City Opera's prior experiment with *Roberto Devereux*, which recounts the Lord Essex phase of Elizabeth's love life—the search for a realization of Donizetti's musical purpose that would engage the attention of a contemporary audience.

This could, conceivably, take a variety of forms from academic to exotic. In the current circumstances, which relate to the popular appeal of Beverly Sills, the style of treatment has taken the inevitable, perhaps the inescapable, trend to the florid.

On stage, Miss Sills is doing very much the same as she did on her ABC recording—which may be very well for her, but not necessarily for her present associates. In addition to the embellishments, involutions, and convulsions of the vocal line, which Donizetti wrote into the score, the edition in use has been expanded to include terminal high notes wherever a cadence permits, and however undesirable they may be. Some are well sung, particularly by Miss Sills; some are not (by others). But to the extent the additions contravene the written intent of the composer, they corrupt his style and blunt the force of the musical exclamation points (high notes) he inserted where *he* thought them purposeful.

Two specific instances may be cited as indicative of the general practice. For an audience with an insatiable appetite for Miss Sills's ever responsive high register, it can be a fun evening, come what may. But it was less than a fun evening for Miss Tinsley, a British soprano not previously heard in New York, who was forced to engage in the high-note competition or lose musical, as well as monarchical, face. She drove her serviceable but not exceptional voice hard through all the written necessities of Elizabeth's part but foundered on an ill-advised, unwritten high E-flat. It was flat all right, but it wasn't E.

Another questionable consequence of editorial updating came in the superb last scene, the one culminating in Maria's execution. It embodies a beautiful choral prayer, in which she is a sometime participant. That is to say, she is a sometime participant in the score described as a *"Riduzione per Canto e pianoforte dell'autore"* ("Reduction for voice and piano by the composer"). As it is heard at the New York State Theater, it contains written-in, sustained tones for Maria in the range of high B-flat and C, which converts those passages to a Mascagni-like ensemble decades before the composer of *Cavalleria rusticana* was born.

The role of Leicester demands a stronger, more vibrant voice than John Stewart's, though his effort earns high marks for application. Richard Fredricks as Talbot and Michael Devlin as Cecil, Lord Burghley, engaged sympathy but did not arouse esteem. Charles Wilson's conducting was of the sort that preserved order but did not challenge Sills's pre-eminence. □

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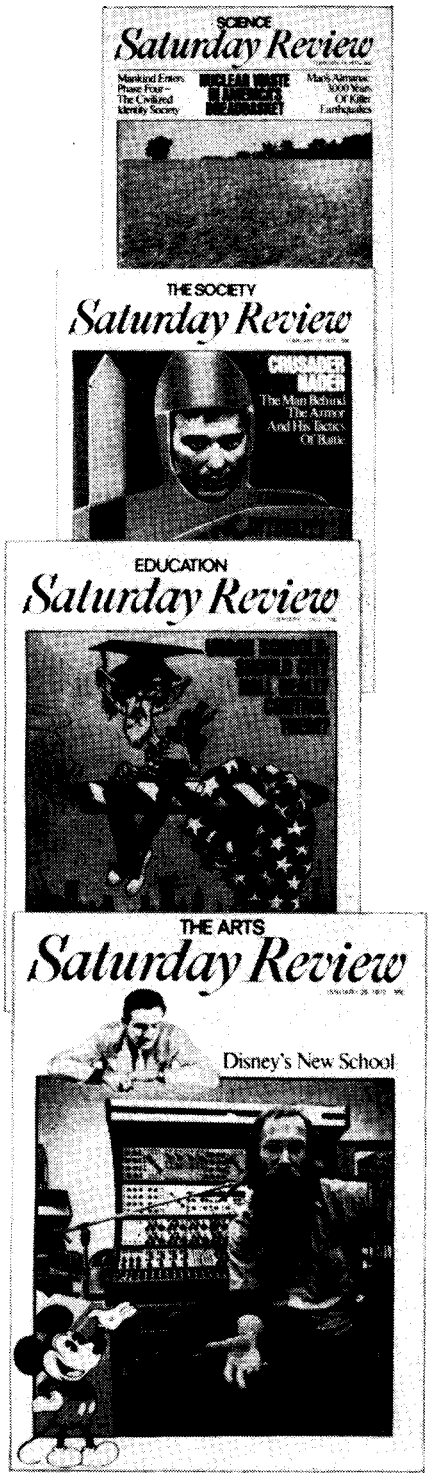

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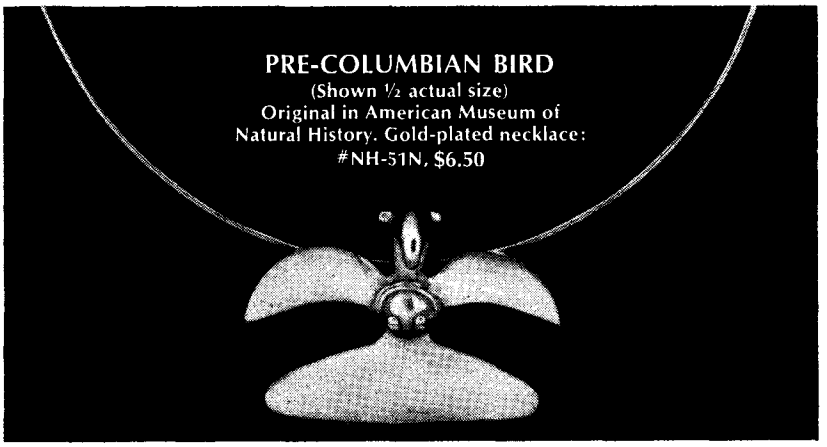

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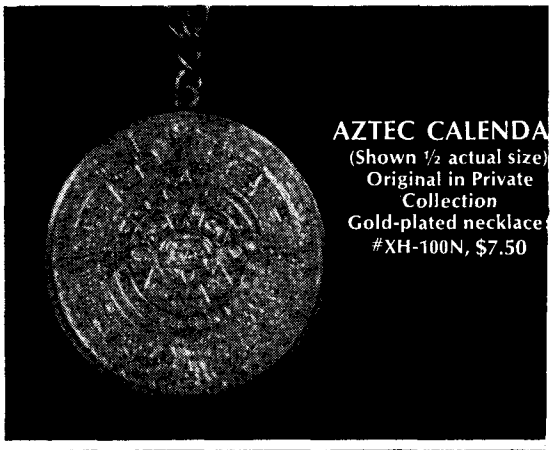

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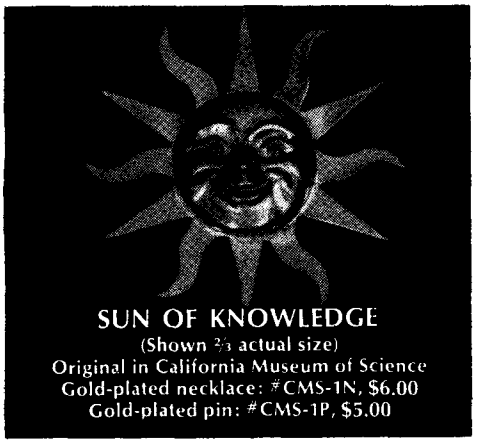

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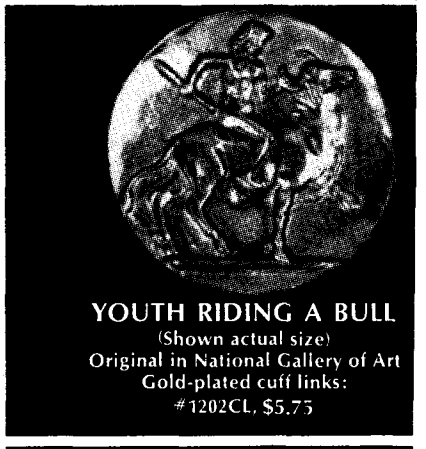

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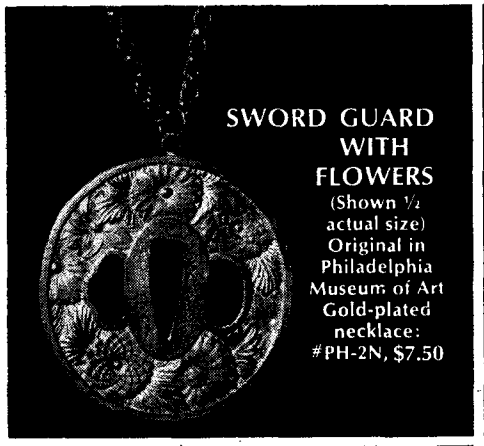

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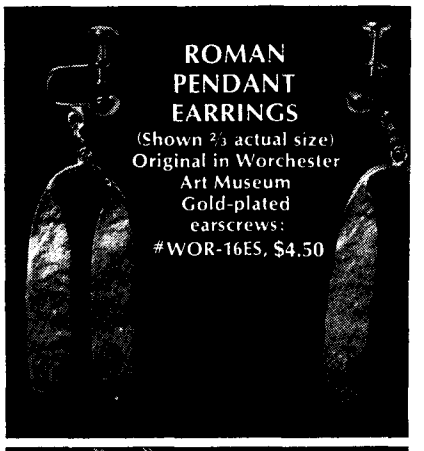

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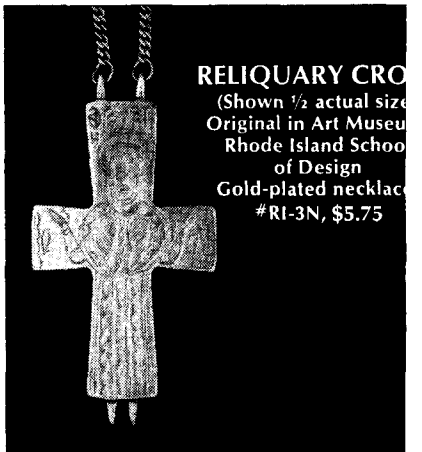

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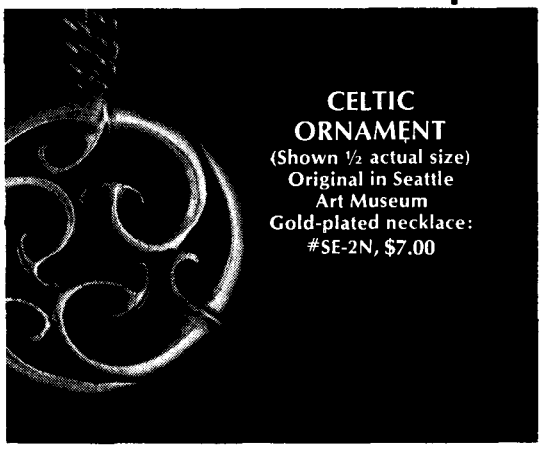

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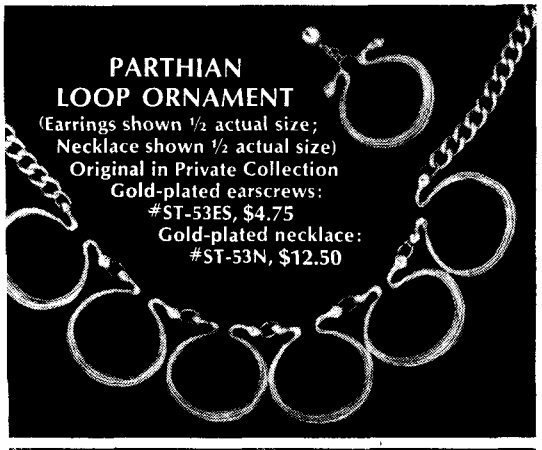

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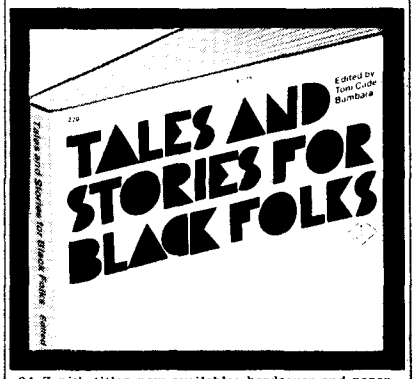

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Resurrection of a Poet Lariat

I am sure the CBS television network did not offer the sponsorship of *Will Rogers' U.S.A.,* its March 9 program reviving the wit of the famous Oklahoma comedian of the 1920s and '30s, to the American Newspaper Publishers Association (ANPA), but the industry group would do well to consider picking up the tab for a repeat performance of the show.

James Whitmore, a professional actor who starred in *Black Like Me* and played Mr. Jones in *The Law and Mr. Jones* on ABC in the early Sixties, has successfully toured the country this year with a one-man road show re-creation of Rogers. The sixty-minute, on-camera characterization of the engaging, grinning "poet lariat of the Ziegfeld Follies" (as Rogers dubbed himself) would make a superb public relations gimmick for the newspaper industry, although the ANPA has never sponsored a television program, so far as I know. Falstaff Beer went to some pains to produce appropriate commercials showing fun-loving cowboys at work and play, but think of what the ANPA could do with the great theme of Will Rogers's career—"All I know is what I read in the papers."

It was evident to the audience at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, where the program was taped, that Rogers knew many things worth knowing. His observations ran the gamut from politics to war to automobiles to women. Obviously selected for their contemporary quality, they still rang true and were quickly grasped and relished by the on-camera audience. It was equally evident when he uttered the famous line, "I never met a man I didn't like." Rogers's jokes about Presidents and high public figures were superficially benign, but barbed with bittersweet truths, as are all witticisms of genuine satirists.

Speaking of American military adventures abroad, Whitmore drawled in his Rogers imitation: "What would we do if the Chinese sent a gunboat up the Mississippi with marines on it. All they'd have to say is: 'We're protectin' our laundries in Memphis.'" Questioning the proverbial statement, "Women don't like war," Whitmore's voice dropped a few levels to sobriety as he quoted Rogers: "Somehow the pride in a mother's eye is greater if she's told that her son died in war than if he was run over by an automobile." Calvin Coolidge was mimicked hilariously, and Congressmen and political conventions were ribbed. It was both delightful and sobering to realize how little things have changed on the American scene since this genial people's sage chewed his wad of gum and skipped through his little rope tricks. ("Notice how there's no such thing as a big rope trick," he said.) His gentle laughter was often pierced with second sight as he took a Cherokee Indian's revenge on the white man's civilization (Rogers was part Indian).

Whitmore's performance is a tour de force. He comes on as himself, introduces Rogers to the young viewers in the audience who may never have heard of him, then takes off his coat, puts on a big hat, sticks some gum in his mouth, slouches, drawls, toys with a lariat, and finally he's off, sustaining interest for the better part of an hour. The small stage is furnished with only some Rogers memorabilia. Clearly recognizable to the television viewers were photographs of Presidents Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge, a Western saddle, and numerous paintings of American Indians. Whitmore's irascibility, sense of timing, and persuasive physical resemblance vividly brought to life the essential spirit of Rogers.

All of this brings me back to my original suggestion to the ANPA to sponsor a repeat showing. Of course, it's not true, as Rogers alleged and Whitmore reiterates, that all Rogers knew was what he read in the papers. That was a bit of p.r. image-making, and he was no amateur at that game. Newspapers in his time provided the common level of rapport that united and endeared him to his readers and listeners.

Today, if Rogers were still with us, he would no doubt maintain that "all I know is what I see on TV." That, too, would be merely an aphorism, enabling Rogers to identify himself with the so-called average man, who, as the p.r. merchants of television assure us, gets most of what he knows from the living-room tube. But by comparing newspapers with television, the ANPA could drive home an undeniable truth. If Rogers were alive today, he'd probably be on television instead of writing a newspaper column. Then, like all the other present-day sages on the tube —the Cronkites, Sevareids, Reasoners, Chancellors, Smiths, and Rathers—he could with winning candor declare: "All I know is what I read in the papers." □

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Yes, the Democrats Can Beat Richard Nixon

BY JOSEPH NAPOLITAN

What it will take, says this campaign strategist, is some negative thinking, imaginative use of polls and media, and a running start.

I start by assuming that Richard Nixon can be defeated in 1972. There are some elections that cannot be won—even on a Presidential level. I'd put the 1964 Johnson victory over Goldwater in this category; I don't see any way that Goldwater could have beaten Johnson that year. But I do think Nixon can be taken in 1972—that's not to say he *will* be, only that he *can* be.

Right now, of course, the Democrats are preoccupied with the internal problem of selecting a candidate, but I hope, and indeed I urge, that at least the leaders of the party concern themselves with the more distant but also more crucial matter of winning the general election once the candidate has been nominated. I say this now because what happens between the present time and the Democratic nominating convention in July will have incalculable impact on the outcome of the election. The status of the war in Vietnam and the economy of the country are the two major variables, and my crystal ball is murkier than most people's, so I wouldn't even hazard a guess about how those important factors will have developed by November 1972. But if I were to lay out a program to defeat Nixon, I would start now, and this is what I would do.

First I would plan a negative campaign. That is, the thrust of the effort would be aimed at influencing people to vote *against* Nixon rather than *for* my candidate, whoever he might be. Any incumbent President in turbulent times must run on his record, or be forced to run on his record if he tries to seek another avenue. The powers of the Presidency are awesome, the resources of the President are unmatchable by the party out of office, and the staff and services provided by the federal government are far too rich for the out party to match, particularly if the out party still is trying to pay off its 1968 debts.

But there is one big disadvantage to running as the incumbent: You must accept responsibility for what has happened to the country in the four years of your stewardship.

I'd begin my campaign planning with polls. Starting immediately, I would try to make arrangements with the leading political polling firms, Democratic state committees, and Democratic candidates for statewide and Congressional offices to include a brief series of questions in all their polls about the Presidential election. The polling firms might have to get the permission of their political clients to include the questions, but this really shouldn't be a problem. If I were running a statewide campaign for a Democratic candidate in 1972, I'd certainly want a pretty clear look at the Presidential contest anyway. Even if it became necessary to pay the polling firms a few hundred dollars for adding the questions, and I don't think we would have to, it still would be worth it.

There are certain *kinds* of questions I'd like to see included in all polls, starting immediately, with exactly the same wording in each poll, and presented to demographic cross sections as similar as possible in each state. First I would list the candidates and ask the respondent if he had heard of each and

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Political consultant Joseph Napolitan was advertising director for the Humphrey campaign in 1968. This article is adapted from his book *The Election Game and How to Win It*, to be published this month by Doubleday. Copyright © 1972 by Joseph Napolitan.

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"The thrust of the effort would be aimed at getting people to vote against Nixon rather than for my candidate."

whether he regarded them favorably or unfavorably or had no opinion. Next I would ask him what he felt were the major accomplishments and failures of the Nixon administration. Then I would have him select who he thought would make the best Democratic candidate. Finally I would have him choose between Nixon and several of the more prominent Democratic contenders.

Obviously, this wouldn't be a survey in depth, but it would give the Democratic National Committee, which bears the ultimate responsibility for organizing the Presidential campaign, a constant and standardized flow of information from the various states. The DNC can feed this information to a computer and get figures and comparisons, broken down regionally and demographically (by age, for example, or by race, sex, income, education, religion, and so forth). And all for free, or practically nothing.

I can readily understand Presidential candidates' reluctance to share their private poll information, but if they would all agree to provide the national committee with this kind of information, with the understanding that all the candidates for the nomination would have access to it, they'd all benefit, and so would the committee.

Another thing I'd do now is line up half a dozen good polling firms, concentrate on the states that need to be polled, and assign them some specific states and dates. For example, I'd want a full-scale poll in the field about a week after the Democratic nominee is selected, probably another one the first week in September, and a third about the second week of October. I wouldn't assign more than three or four polls to any one polling firm, because none of the firms I know of can handle a lot of states simultaneously and turn out high-quality work on time. The questionnaire should be prepared at the DNC and the demographics be selected by someone appointed to supervise polling operations for the DNC so that the polls would be compatible and easily matched. Polling firms use various age breakdowns. My firm happens to use these: twenty-one through thirty, thirty-one through forty, forty-one through sixty, over sixty. We make a ten-year breakdown between twenty-one and forty, because those under thirty really grew up on television, those over thirty weren't as influenced in their childhood by television. In 1972, obviously, the eighteen- through twenty-year-olds should be included, and I'd put them in a separate category, to measure what impact, if any, they will have in the Presidential election. The breakdowns for income, education, and other factors also should be standardized.

I wouldn't advocate any national polls, because we don't have a national election; we have a series of state elections, and there are many states that the Democratic Party need not poll in 1972.

We tried to do some selective polling in 1968, but by the time we got going—after Labor Day—it was too late to achieve maximum effectiveness. We were in the awkward position of being forced to produce our media materials before the poll results were in hand. But if the Democratic National Committee follows the outline I've presented, or something similar, it will have the best set of polls ever produced for a Presidential candidate.

Another project I'd get started on early would be the selection of target states. We wasted a lot of money in 1968 because of poor advance planning; there's no excuse for allowing this to happen again in 1972.

Picking the target states is easy. In 1968 Nixon won thirty-two states with 301 electoral votes, Humphrey won thirteen and the District of Columbia with 191, and Wallace won five with 46. The clear and obvious Democratic targets for 1972 are the thirteen states Humphrey won in 1968—Connecticut, Hawaii, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas, Washington, and West Virginia—plus the states Nixon won that the Democrats have a reasonable chance to carry in 1972. This is the critical list, and on it I would place, in order of importance, California, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Missouri, Wisconsin, Delaware, and Alaska. Those eight states delivered 137 electoral votes to Nixon in 1968; today, because of census reapportionment, they're worth 140. The states Nixon carried in 1968 now total 305 electoral votes instead of 301; Humphrey's states drop from 191 to 188; Wallace's from 46 to 45.

If the Democratic candidate can carry the thirteen states Humphrey carried in 1968, plus as few as three of the states Nixon carried (California, Illinois, Ohio; or California, Illinois, New Jersey; or California, Ohio, New Jersey), he can accumulate the 270 electoral votes needed to win, regardless of what Nixon and any third- or fourth-party candidate may do. I don't see this as an impossible task.

The keystone state is California. That's the battleground for 1972. Gainer of 5 electoral votes—booming it to 45 while New York drops back to 41—California is the prize that could decide the election. A Democrat could win without California by carrying Humphrey's 1968 states plus, say, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Missouri, and Alaska, but it would be more difficult.

Of the states that Humphrey lost in 1968, I would say New Jersey, Missouri, and Alaska will be the easiest to swing into the Democratic column in 1972, closely followed by Delaware. California, Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin will be tougher—much tougher, but worth fighting for.

With the objectives clearly defined so early in the game, this is the time to begin tooling up in the target states—for whoever the Democratic candidate may be. Special television programs can be developed for these states. Registration drives should begin at once in Democratic strongholds in these states, among blacks and young people and the poor. The votes aren't hard to identify, but unless they are registered they won't do the Democratic Party any good in November.

I may give the impression here that I am writing off certain states, and I am. There are at least a dozen states I'm willing to concede immediately and avoid spending any money in at all, unless that money is raised in the state to be spent there. This may be a cold-blooded position not calculated to win friends among state chairmen and committeemen and -women, but, to tell the truth, I'd rather win the election than make friends. (It's amazing how friendly everyone gets to be after you've won.)

There are some states that Nixon carried in 1968 that a Democrat conceivably could win in 1972—other than the eight I already have listed—but none in which I see the Democrats with a strong chance. Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee possibly—but if I had my druthers I'd much rather place emphasis (i.e.,

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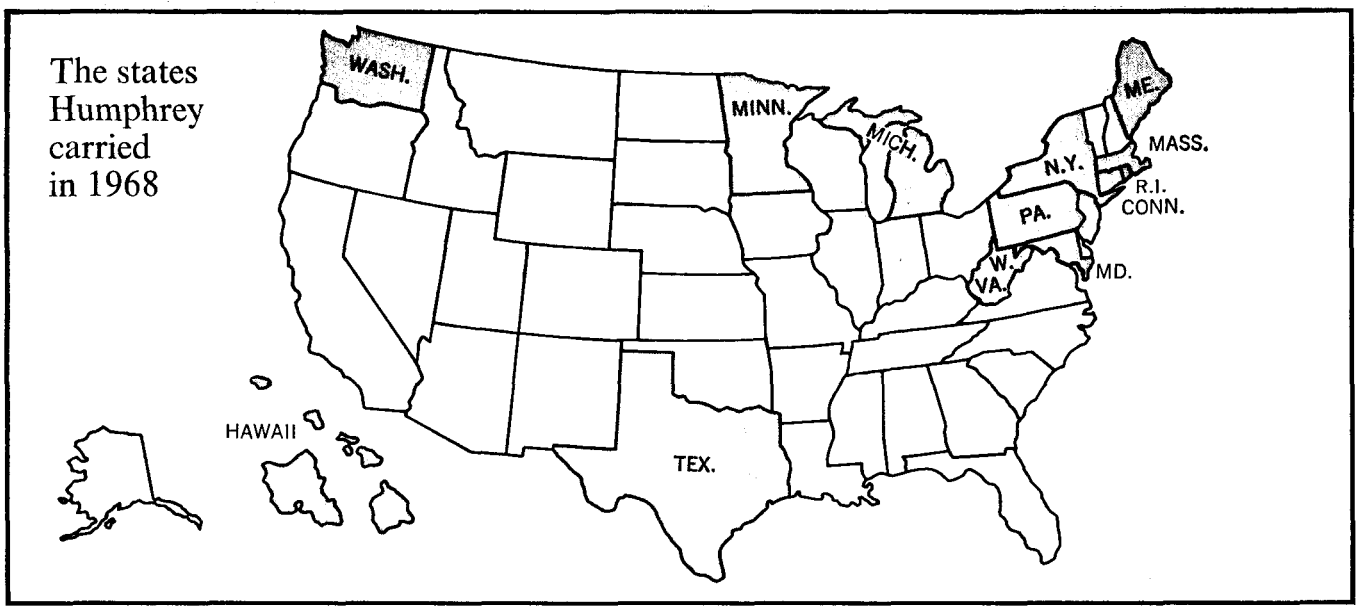
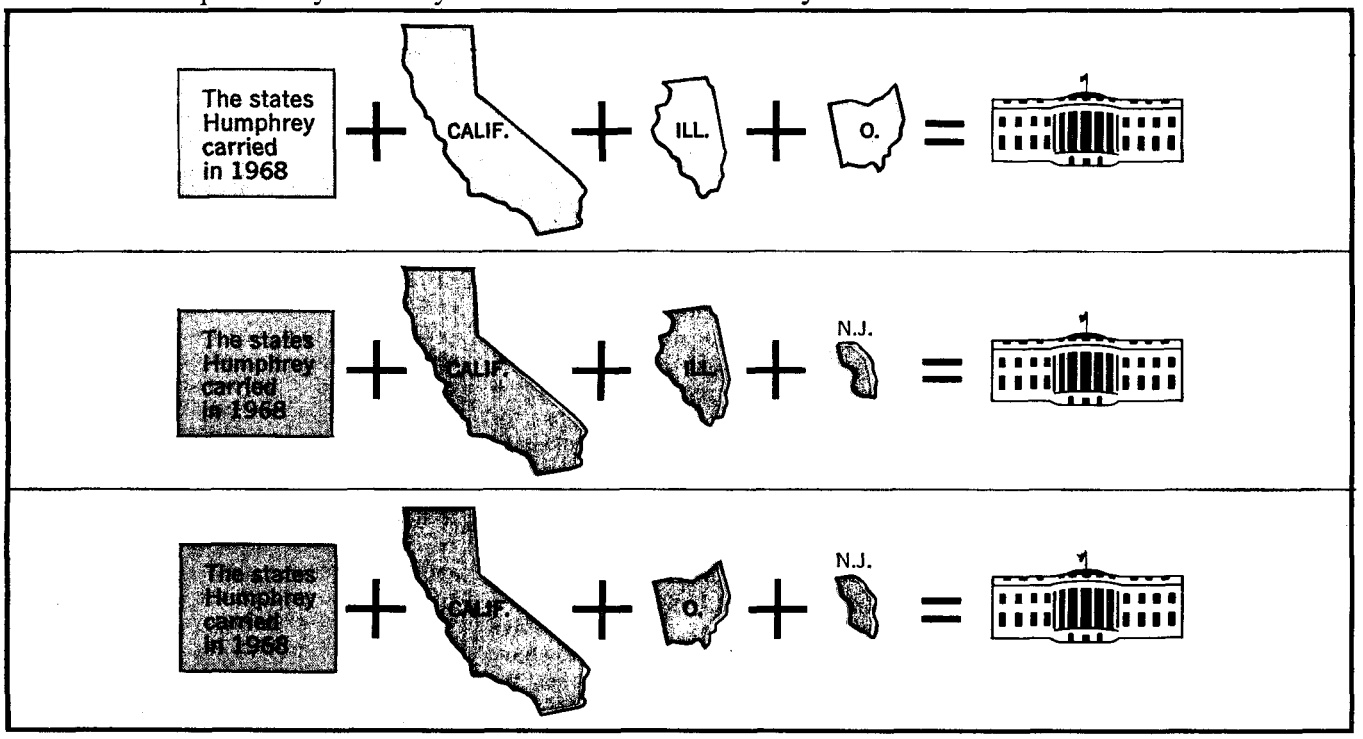
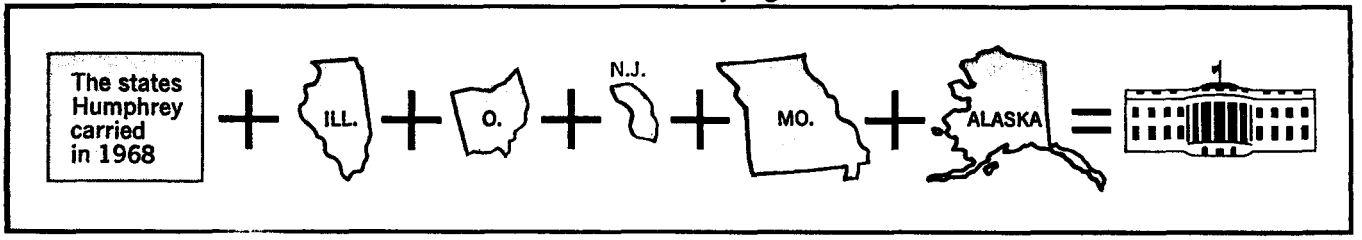
"If I had my druthers, I'd much rather place emphasis (i.e. money) in states where I hada better chance of winning."



California is probably the key to a Democratic victory in 1972.



But the Democrats could also win without carrying California.



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"By Labor Day, the operation should be ready, the research completed, the techniques perfected."

money) in states where I had a better chance of winning than I do in these places. And I wouldn't bother with the Wallace states at all. It's conceivable a hawkish Democrat such as Senator Jackson might pull off one or two if he wins the nomination, but I wouldn't bet on it. And who knows at this point whether there will be a third-party candidate (Wallace) or maybe even a fourth-party nominee (Gene McCarthy or John Lindsay). But, for planning purposes at this stage, it really doesn't make much difference, because there is a minimum number of electoral votes required to win—270—and efforts should be directed at carrying enough states to accumulate that number of votes.

If this is going to be a negative campaign—and I don't see how it can be any other kind unless Nixon is not the candidate—then the DNC computer should be put to use right away. I'd begin feeding it every public statement Richard Nixon has made since he became a Congressman, properly coded and categorized. I'd also add the statements of Spiro Agnew and any other Republicans who might be targets of one sort or another in 1972—for example, Republican National Chairman Robert Dole. Then when I (i.e., the DNC, any of the Presidential candidates, eventually *the* Presidential candidate and his running mate, or any other prominent Democratic speechmakers) wanted to demonstrate the inconsistencies of Nixon's actions with his words, I could just punch the right buttons on my computer, and it would print out the material I needed

This information-retrieval system can be a tremendous boon to speech writers, copywriters, film and radio producers, and local Democratic candidates. It's just a question of assembling, coding, storing, and retrieving. I assume something like this has and is being done, because the information it can provide, literally on a moment's notice, will be invaluable to the campaign.

My major interest in campaigns is political communication. This involves the use of mass media, particularly television and radio, but other media as well. When I became advertising director of the Humphrey organization late in the 1968 campaign, I tried to implement some of my theories on the use of media in a Presidential election, with a fair amount of success. But the shortage of time and funds caused us to fall short of our goal. We have the time now, and I expect there will be enough money around to finance an adequate campaign—not as much as the Republicans will have, but enough to cover the necessities if it is spent properly.

I would try some new approaches to the use of media in the 1972 election, some of which can be initiated before we even know who the Democratic candidate will be. In fact, there is no reason why the candidates could not be informed what is being done (notice I said "informed," not "consulted"; you don't produce good media by committee in consultation) on their behalf. Presumably, the eventual candidate might want to scrub everything, but I doubt it if the material I envision is produced the way it should be; and even if he doesn't want to use it, it will be prepared in such a way that Democratic candidates for Senate, the House, and statehouses will be able to make use of it.

Suppose I had carte blanche to organize and implement media planning and structure for the 1972 Presidential election: What would I do?

First I would take the seven big states I feel are essential to win in 1972—California, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, and Texas—and get some tough research done on how the Nixon administration has failed to solve the problems in those states. I would deal in hard specifics, with problems directly related to the individual states. In New York, for example, this could include the massive problems of welfare and drug addiction; in California, the rampant unemployment in aerospace and the erosion of natural resources.

I would find out not only what the problems are and how the Republican administration has failed to solve them but also what solutions have been presented by the Democrats. We should also note that California, New York, Illinois, and Michigan have Republican governors, and that Pennsylvania and Ohio had Republican governors until the start of 1971.

As soon as I had assembled my research, and probably concomitantly, I would engage three or four of the best television documentary producers to make a thirty-minute film on each state. These films should be suitable for both Presidential and regional candidates. Wherever and whenever possible, attractive local candidates should be included in the film.

By the late spring or early summer of 1972 I would have a package of half-hour documentaries for use in the major battleground states, specifically relating to their problems, revealing Republican failures and outlining Democratic programs. Remember one thing: We should never underestimate the intelligence of the American voter or overestimate the amount of information at his disposal. We should be giving him solid chunks of anti-Nixon information preparatory to presenting our own constructive proposals.

While I was producing these state documentaries, I also would be working on some *problem* (or, if you prefer, *issues*) documentaries on the major problems facing the country: lack of job opportunities, drug addiction, education, pollution and conservation, education, welfare, and poverty. Again, these would be definitive studies that would document Republican failures and present Democratic programs, and they'd work for whoever the nominee might be. I can't see that there would be sharp differences among Humphrey, Muskie, McGovern, Kennedy, or Jackson programs on drugs or poverty or protection of natural resources or education.

The basic footage could be filmed in the spring and early summer; after the candidate is nominated, he can be worked into each of the films, and there could be time and space provided for tie-ins with local candidates.

These problem-oriented films could, if desired, be shown on national network television, although I would be more inclined to make local purchases within states so that we would be paying for only the states we wanted to reach and not for states where we have no chance of winning anyway. I'd have all these films ready to go on the air by Labor Day, and perhaps run one a week for the next five or six weeks, making them available to state committees and candidates within each state for additional showings at their convenience and expense.

As soon as the candidate is nominated, I'd begin work on a biographical documentary of him and, perhaps, his running mate. This would be for use

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"I wouldn't advocate any national polls, because we don't have a national election...."

later in the campaign, say from the middle of October on.

From all these films—the state documentaries and those on problems—five-minute programs and one-minute spots also could be culled. The candidate would go into the campaign armed with the greatest assortment of television weapons any candidate for President anywhere has ever had. What would this whole package cost? About $1-million—or something less than 8 per cent of the total Republican television time budget in 1968, around 15 per cent of what the Democrats spent on television in the past election. And there would be some offsetting gains: Candidates for senator and governor might be induced to pick up part of the tab by acquiring the films they considered most useful to them in their own races and adapting them to their personal needs.

The key to the success of this project is the quality of the materials produced, as it so often is. That's why I would try to get a lock on the best film producers as early as possible and put them to work on these films before they get so committed in other races that they don't have time to work on the Presidential election. This happened in 1968, to Humphrey's detriment.

Nixon made much better use of radio in 1968 than Humphrey did. For 1972, a series of low-key, factual five-minute radio programs on important issues can be prepared early, utilizing the best speech writers in the Democratic stable, and go on the air during the summer. The cost is low, and the impact can be high.

I'd also make use of the *losing* Democratic contenders in films, perhaps a series of five-minute programs not unlike the one made with Humphrey and Ted Kennedy in 1968. These would not be used nationally but shown in the states where the losing candidate is particularly popular. For example, if Senator Jackson doesn't make it, a five-minute film of him and the Democratic nominee discussing the problems of the state of Washington should have favorable impact in that state. The same would be true with Harold Hughes in Iowa, Birch Bayh in Indiana, Kennedy in Massachusetts, George McGovern in the Dakotas, Humphrey in Minnesota, Edmund Muskie in New England. Not too costly, and potentially useful.

I'd get the best political time buyer available and have him chart the states where we wish to make our biggest push and outline budgets and potential time buys in those states. Buying network time isn't as difficult in a Presidential election, because the networks are, by law, forced to make equal time available to each of the Presidential candidates. The time buyer's skill can best be used within key states.

There also are some more esoteric areas of electronic communication that I would want the Democrats to take advantage of. One is instant reaction, and the other would be the establishment of videotape and radio files. I would establish an "instant-reaction" electronics team, a group of television and radio specialists who could capitalize on an event virtually instantaneously, be it a statement, a speech, or a piece of news, and through electric feeds make it available to the networks and key stations throughout the country. Often this could be news material offered to the stations for use on news programs; in other cases, paid spots produced in twenty-four hours or less and worked into previously purchased time.

No one knows when news that could affect the outcome of the election will break, or even when an opponent will commit a gaffe that could be capitalized on. Under conventional systems of producing television and radio spots, it takes days, sometimes weeks, to turn out reaction spots. Under the system I envision, these could be done in hours. What it takes is an alert electronics team, standing by twenty-four hours a day, ready to act on literally a moment's notice. The problem here really is not so much one of implementation, but of proper planning and having the right people ready to move when they must. I am convinced that the cost of such an operation would be far less than the value we would realize from it.

For years candidates have maintained newspaper clip files; sophisticated ones are beginning to use computer retrieval systems similar to the one I mentioned earlier. But now it is time for candidates, at least for Presidents, to establish data banks of video- and audiotapes—not necessarily or exclusively of their opponents, but also of news events. These can be used for recall, to capitalize on the information already inside everyone's brain. Consciously, we tend to forget fairly rapidly; subconsciously, we retain information for much longer periods, possibly forever. The audio/videotape banks would permit our television and radio producers to create instant recall of major events and to capitalize on both the emotionalism and the rational reactions that surrounded these events during the time they were taking place. For example, no one who lived in New York in July 1970 is likely to forget the suffocating smog that smothered the city for a few days during the middle of that month. Utilization of newsfilm clips and commentaries would instantly recall those horrendous conditions and could trigger the rage and frustration New Yorkers felt during those days.

These electronic data banks could be extraordinarily valuable in preparing television and radio materials for the Presidential election—but the time to start assembling them is *now*, not after the candidate has been nominated in the middle of July 1972. A candidate who goes into the campaign armed with this kind of backup material, and the availability of instant reaction facilities, possesses a big advantage over the candidate who doesn't, and this is the kind of thing the party apparatus can be doing prior to the election. By Labor Day 1972 the operation should be organized and ready to go, the material assembled, the technologists in place, the research completed, the techniques perfected.

This whole operation obviously requires planning, direction, and financing. The last may be the toughest, but I think it's not a question of whether the Democratic Party can afford to do it but whether the party can afford *not* to do it. And, in the long run, I don't think the program I have outlined would cost any more than the haphazard media programs both parties have had in the past; intelligent reallocation of resources would provide maximum value for every dollar—something we did not receive in past elections.

In any event, one aspect of the campaign has worked out well. Former Attorney General John Mitchell will run Nixon's campaign again. Anyone who can manage Nixon from a fifteen-point lead to a seven-tenths-of-a-point victory in seven weeks is too good a friend to lose. □

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Editorial

A National Primary: Building a Bigger Circus?

Well, George Wallace was every bit as good as his word. He said he would "jolt those liberal editors to the eyeballs," and jolt them he did—and a good many other people. His Florida victory was no surprise, given his skillful exploitation of such issues as crime, taxes, foreign aid, and particularly school busing to achieve desegregation (which the state's voters rejected by a resounding 3-to-1 majority). But the magnitude of his victory was a very disagreeable surprise indeed. In a field of eleven candidates, he won 42 per cent of the vote, luring not only the dirt farmers of the north and the citrus growers of the central region but also urban dwellers across the state. Wallace's triumph will probably lead to one of two things: a replay of his disruptive third-party candidacy in 1968 or, perhaps worse, a trade-off of his delegate votes for a major role in selecting the Democratic slate or shaping the party platform.

Even though Hubert Humphrey was a poor second with 18 per cent of the vote, the fact that he emerged as runner-up does guarantee that from now on, as he put it, "You'll just have to include me in." If he follows up his Florida showing with a strong run in the April 4 Wisconsin primary, he might find himself not merely included in but rated as the man to beat. Washington Senator Henry Jackson also came out of the balloting with at least some cause for cheer. Third place and a mere 13 per cent of the vote are something less than a landslide victory but are enough to ensure that Scoop's will be a name to reckon with.

But for the other eight contenders, the Sunshine State brought nothing but storm clouds. Edmund Muskie's fourth-place finish, with a scant 9 per cent of the vote, followed a victory in New Hampshire that came perilously close to being a defeat. Florida by no means knocks Muskie out of the race, but it does seriously dim his hopes of going to Miami with the Presidential nomination all wrapped up. South Dakota Senator George McGovern, whose chances were never very strong, was badly weakened by a sixth-place finish in Florida, and even a good performance in Wisconsin next week may not be enough to propel him back into real contention. New York Mayor John Lindsay nosed out McGovern for fifth place. But Lindsay had been hoping for 20 per cent of the vote, got only 7 per cent, and might just as well start thinking about 1976 or else lower his sights and shoot for the Vice Presidential nomination this year. Which might be what he had in mind all along, and would not be too bad a showing in any case for a man who just joined the party. The other also-rans—Brooklyn's black Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, former Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, Congressman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana, and Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles—had never convinced more than a few people that they were serious candidates anyway.

Aside from Wallace, Humphrey, and Jackson, perhaps the only politicians for whom Florida was not a disaster are a couple of Senators who are not seeking anybody's nomination. They are Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana and Vermont's George Aiken, dean of Republican Senators. On the eve of the balloting, the two proposed a Constitutional amendment to create a nationwide primary that would be settled by a runoff if no candidate won at least 40 per cent of the overall vote. They introduced the measure at least partly because of the frenetic scenes that had just been played out in New Hampshire and Florida—hordes of reporters pursuing candidates through snowbound squares and sun-dappled shopping centers, mobile television units careening from press conference to kaffeeklatsch, candidates desperately adapting their positions to the diverse audiences that confronted them. "What is happening in Florida," said Mansfield, "gives one cause to suggest that the winter quarters of Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey have failed to close on schedule this year."

The Senator's irritation is perfectly understandable. Yes, the New Hampshire primary was—and has been for years—a winter carnival. Yes, Florida was—and will continue to be—a citrus-scented circus. And yes, there's much, much more to come. Where there were only fourteen primaries in 1968, there will be two dozen this year, including contests in the District of Columbia and, improbably enough, the Virgin Islands. Campaigning in only one-third or one-fourth of those primaries is enough to exhaust, exasperate, and impoverish even the most indefatigable, patient, and well-heeled politician—unless, of course, he decides to focus all his attention on the Virgins and happily abandon any hope of winning the nomination.

Clearly there is a very strong temptation to say: Let's do away with these absurd charades. But is a national primary really the answer? To be sure, it would reduce the total campaigning time and spare all of us the fatigue that generally sets in by September of a Presidential election year—just when we should be listening most closely to the candidates. It would cut campaign costs if adequate controls were clamped on spending—a very big if. It would compel candidates to formulate national policies, rather than policies tailored to tiny audiences. A national primary would, moreover, discourage those who simply want to pick up some exposure on the cheap by entering a few primaries.

But consider the drawbacks. With only one shot at the nomination (two, counting the possible runoff), most candidates would undoubtedly jump the gun and, one way or another, begin campaigning long before the official starting date. That would ensure their—and our—utter exhaustion long before polling day. In a national primary, the dark-horse candidate would probably have less, rather than more, of an opportunity to score an upset. Under the present system, he at least has time to make himself known by doing well in the early primaries; with only one shot at winning, he would have almost no chance of doing so unless he proved to be an absolutely compelling TV figure.

Which raises what may be the most important point of all. A national primary, by its very nature, would force candidates into an almost total reliance on TV. To the extent that this would reduce the freak-show aspects of current primary campaigns, it may be a good thing. But it might also saddle us with Presidential nominees chosen more for their mellow voices, good looks, and smooth on-camera performances than for their intellectual qualities.

After the Florida results were in, George Wallace said something that, for a change, merits serious attention. "I knew I was winning all along," he said, "because the real victory was in what I made the other candidates say." He was referring to the fact that his strong anti-busing stand persuaded several of his rivals to alter their positions—to their discredit. That told us something worth knowing about the candidates, something we might not have learned without the chaotic rough-and-tumble of the present system. A national primary might eliminate some of the circus atmosphere that now prevails, but it might also eliminate something of value. Besides, by putting all those one-ring shows under a single big tent, we might be doing nothing more than building a bigger circus.

Ronald P. Kriss

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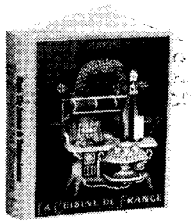

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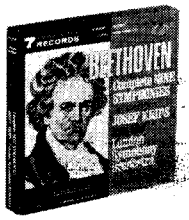
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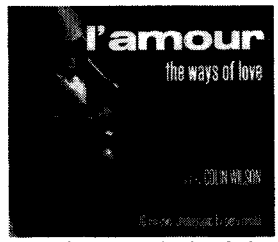

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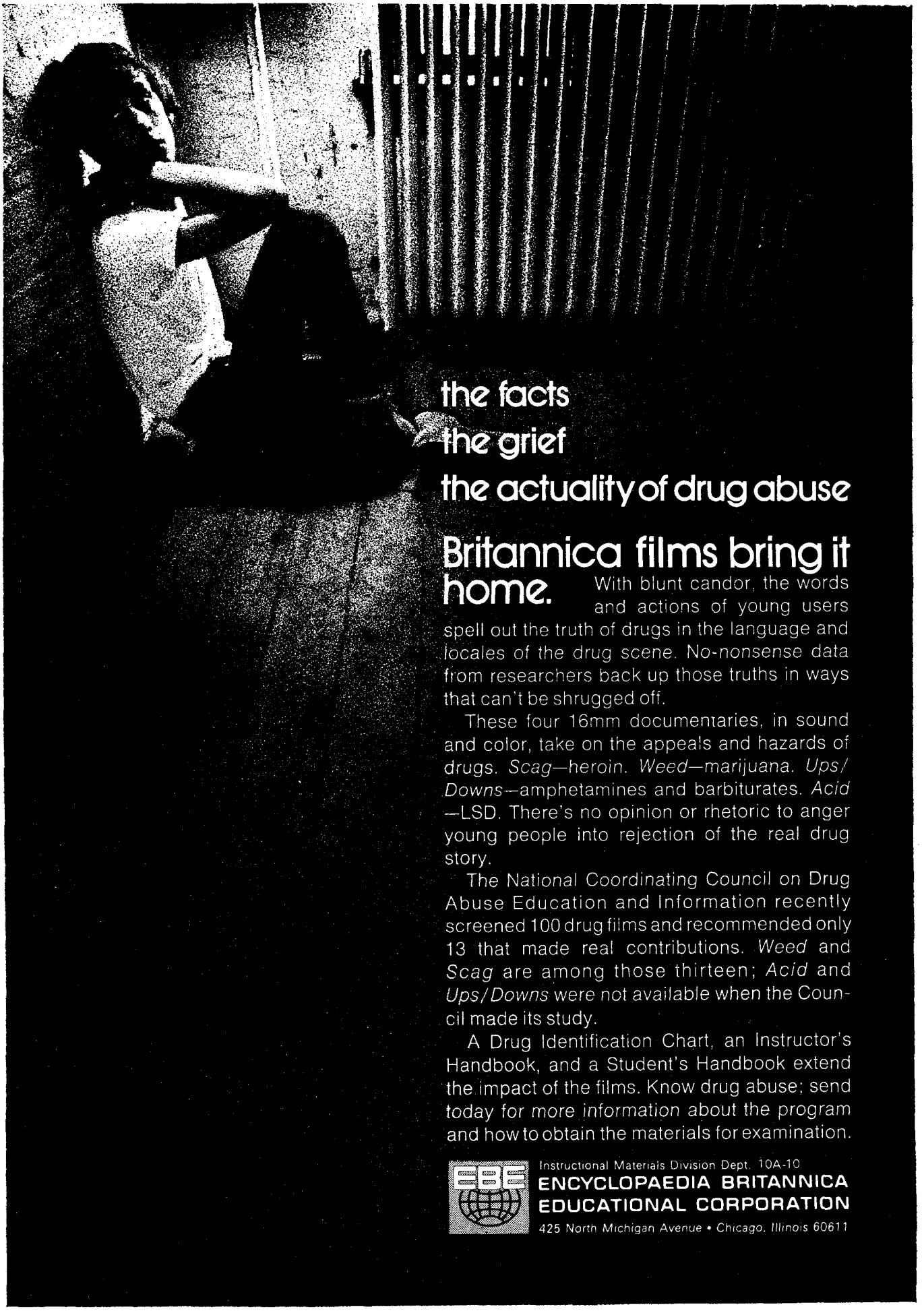

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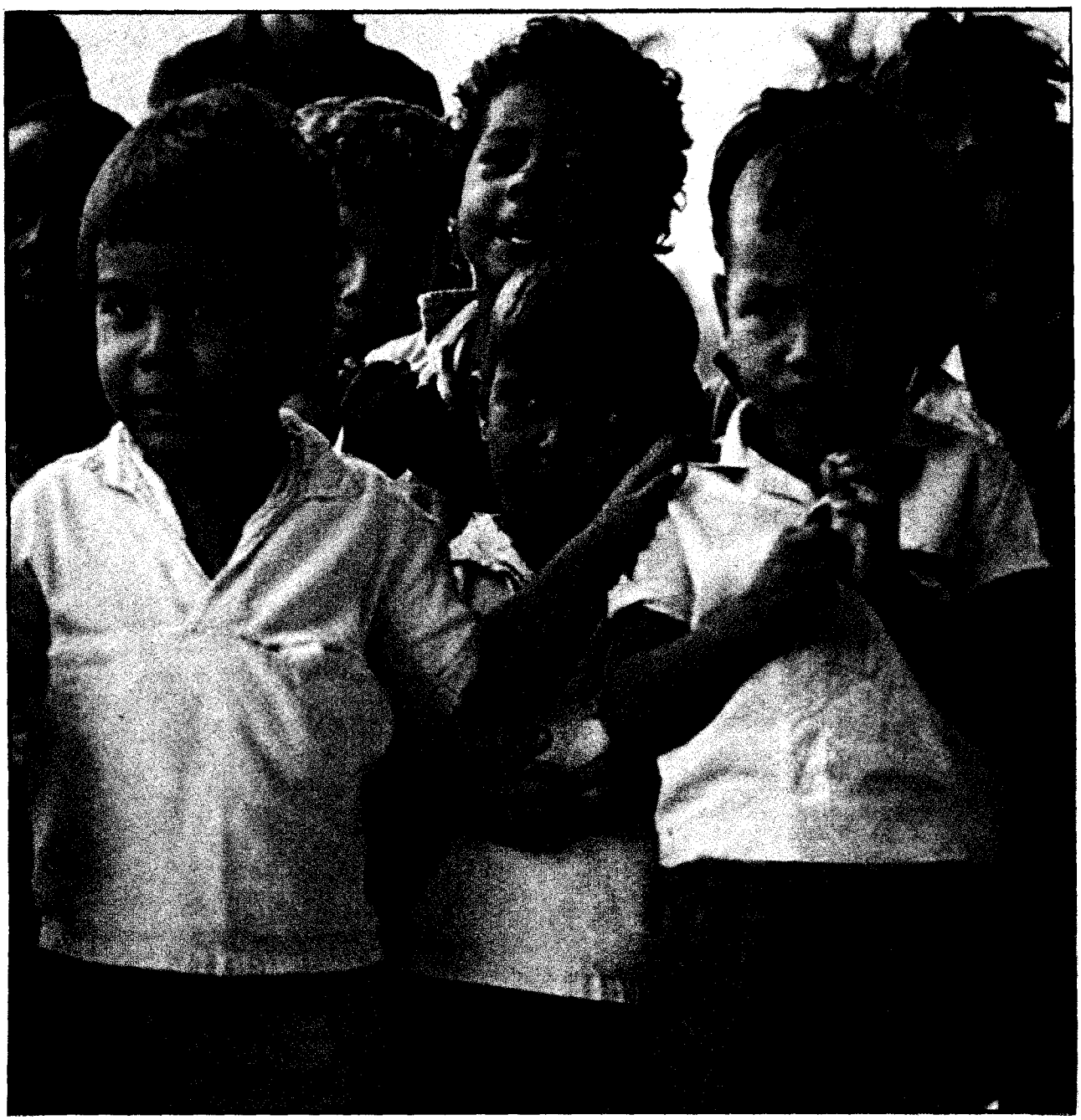

Education is a many-sided story. From the impact of the youth movement on the nation to day care in Cuba (above), and from student power in a happy high school in Westport to the desegregation problems in Nashville and Jackson, variety is the key, as the following pages reveal. There is, too, an occasional element of sadness, as exemplified by the impending fate of two old liberal performers of a decade ago, Peace Corps and Vista.

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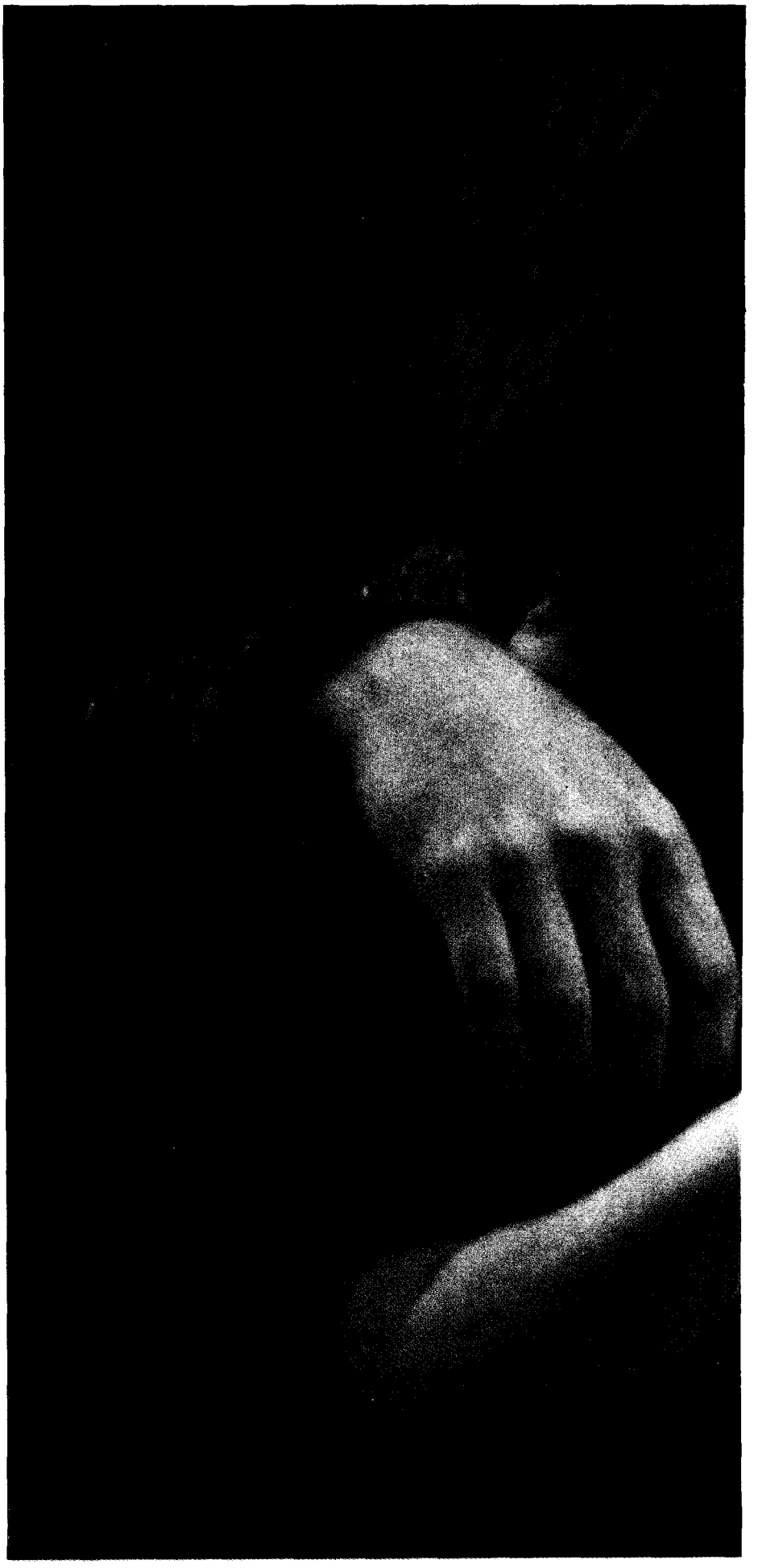
THE NEW NATURALISM

Our children are urging us to stop our frantic rush to bend nature to the human will and to try instead to restore a vital—and more humble—balance with nature.

BY DANIEL YANKELOVICH



Since my colleagues and I first began to study the revolution in campus values in the mid-1960s, I have been reminded of Alfred North Whitehead's dictum that "great ideas often enter reality in strange guises and with disgusting alliances." Whitehead was referring to the emergence, three millennia ago, of the idea of the essential equality of men. But our studies have led me to wonder whether the college student movement might conceivably harbor an idea of comparable importance. Should its claim to transform our moral sensibilities and national life-styles be taken seriously? Were we witnessing a new chapter in an authentic and serious movement in American cultural history or merely a nervous spasm elicited in response to the unsettling events of our time?

In the course of our research with college students, I have come to regard these questions as the most crucial

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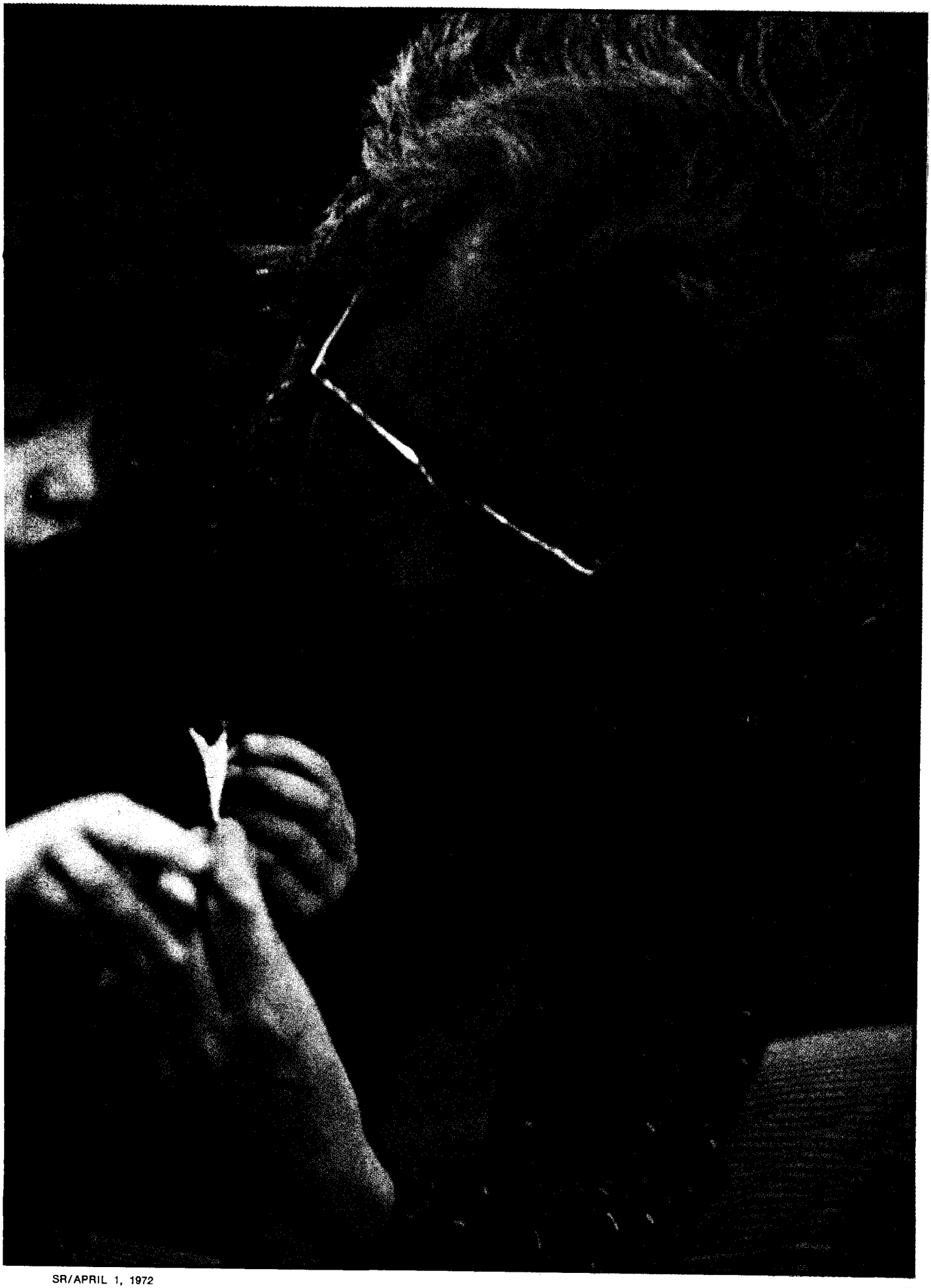

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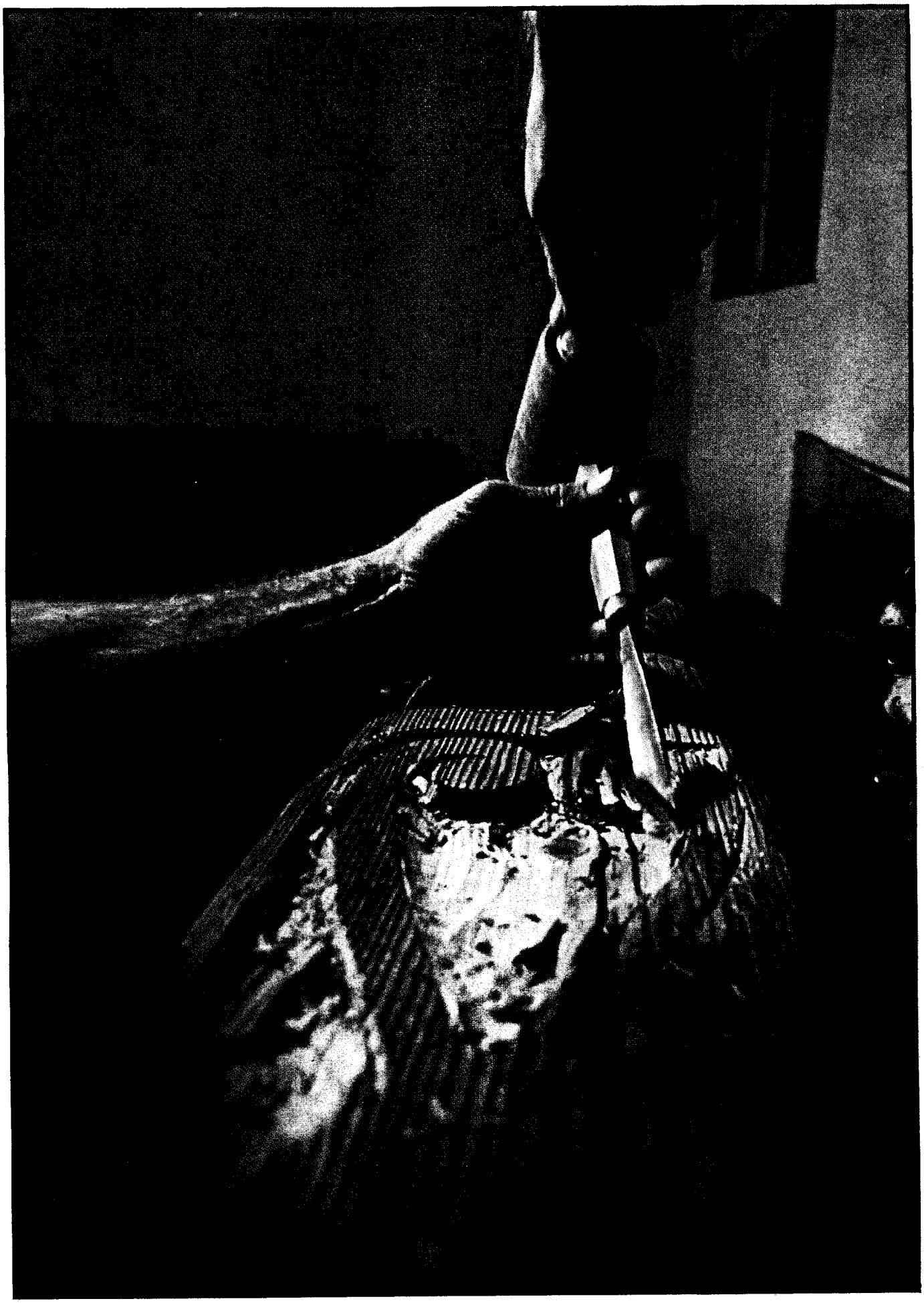

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ones that can be raised about the student movement. Critics of student protest, offended by long hair, rioting, open sexuality, and challenge to authority, see mainly the strange guises and disgusting alliances. Devotees of the counterculture, on the other hand, romanticize the movement, hailing each new aberration as the inspired expression of a great idea. But is it not possible that both sets of judgments, even though they seem to contradict each other, form a single truth? Is it not likely, as Whitehead implies, that any important new idea as it struggles to be born will assume transitional forms, some of them ugly and contaminated by passing circumstances?

My own conclusion is that Whitehead's formula holds true for the student movement: It does harbor a great idea, and that idea has entered current American reality in many strange and misleading guises. Conceptually, the movement's central idea is neither wholly original nor yet a platitude. It has, in fact, recurred as a theme of our civilization many times over hundreds of years, though it has probably not been urged in so compelling and novel a form since the time of Rousseau.

Unless the student revolution is to be confined to enclaves of elitist dropouts with well-heeled parents, it must somehow learn to coexist with the technological thrust of our society.

The essence of the idea is that we must initiate a new stage in man's relatedness to nature and the natural. In the hierarchy of values that constitute man's conception of the *summum bonum*, the student-led cultural revolution elevates nature and the natural to the highest position. Whatever is natural is deemed to be good; whatever is artificial and opposed to nature is bad.

But what is truly natural and what is opposed to nature? The answer is by no means self-evident. We have identified almost twenty meanings of the concept "natural" as the student movement defines it. Some meanings are obvious, others are subtle. Some are superficial expressions of life-styles that students experiment with and then abandon like so many one-night stands; other meanings are fundamental to man's existence. To be natural, in the student lexicon, means:

¶ To push the Darwinian version of nature as "survival of the fittest" into the background, and to emphasize instead the interdependence of all things and species in nature.

¶ To place sensory experience ahead of conceptual knowledge.

¶ To live physically close to nature, in the open, off the land.

¶ To live in groups (tribes, communes) rather than in such "artificial" social units as the nuclear family.

¶ To reject hypocrisy, "white lies," and other social artifices.

¶ To de-emphasize aspects of nature illuminated by science; instead, to celebrate all the unknown, the mystical, and the mysterious elements of nature.

¶ To stress cooperation rather than competition.

¶ To embrace the existentialist emphasis on *being* rather than doing or planning.

¶ To devalue detachment, objectivity, and noninvolvement as methods for finding truth; to arrive at truth, instead, by direct experience, participation, and involvement.

¶ To look and feel natural, hence rejecting makeup, bras, suits, ties, artificially groomed hairstyles.

¶ To express oneself nonverbally; to avoid literary and stylized forms of expression as artificial and unnatural; to rely on exclamations as well as silences, vibrations, and other nonverbal modes of communication.

¶ To reject "official" and hence artificial forms of authority; authority is to be won, it is not a matter of automatic entitlement by virtue of position or official standing.

¶ To reject mastery over nature.

¶ To dispense with organization, rationalization, and cost-effectiveness.

¶ To embrace self-knowledge, introspection, discovery of one's natural self.

¶ To emphasize the community rather than the individual.

¶ To reject mores and rules that interfere with natural expression and function (e.g., conventional sexual morality).

¶ To preserve the environment at the expense of economic growth and technology.

The counterculture is well named. As Kenneth Kenniston noted, it defines itself, at least in part, in terms of what it opposes. And what it opposes constitutes a huge part of our culture. Yet, as the varied definitions of nature and the natural suggest, the positive side of the counterculture is the more significant one. Three themes in the new naturalism of the student movement stand out—the stress on community, the apparent anti-intellectualism, and the search for what is sacred in nature.

It is a mistake to think of new student values in conventional political terms. The student movement is generally identified with political radicalism, and many of its views come from radical theorists. But some of its leading ideas, especially those relating to community, have deep roots in conservative tradition. If we trace liberal and conservative ideologies historically, we can distinguish them by their opposing positions on the fundamental philosophical issues of equality, authority, and community. By these criteria, the students' cultural revolution is liberal/radical on equality and authority, but conservative on community. It is such novel juxtapositions that make the student movement interesting; at least

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some of the old stereotypes are being rethought along fresh lines. Community was an idea of pivotal importance in the last century, especially in conservative thought. Historically, the human bonds conveyed by the idea of community formed the conservative image of the good society, in contrast to society dominated by individualism. Robert A. Nisbet, in *The Sociological Tradition*, describes the idea of community developed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as follows:

> [Community] encompasses all forms of relationships which are characterized by a high degree of personal intimacy, emotional depth, moral commitment, social cohesion, and continuity in time. Community is founded on man conceived in his wholeness rather than in one or another of the roles, taken separately, that he may hold in a social order. It draws its psychological strength from levels of motivation deeper than those of mere volition or interest, and it achieves its fulfillment in a submergence of individual will that is not possible in unions of mere convenience or rational assent. . . . Fundamental to the strength of the bond of community is the real or imagined antithesis formed in the same social setting by the noncommunal relations of competition or conflict, utility or contractual assent. These, by their relative impersonality and anonymity, highlight the close personal ties of community.

The task of restoring, preserving, and creating new forms of community has, in fact, haunted Western civilization since the Middle Ages. It is as if the great victories won in modern times by Protestantism, individualism, rationalism, science, and industrialization all were gained at a terrible cost—the sacrifice of community. In the headiness of newly won freedom, democracy, and material progress, the cost was minimized. Yet, as our modern history unfolds, the *élan* of our technological/materialist society wears down. A terrible loneliness and a sense of isolation break through at the society's greatest points of vulnerability. In our present culture, many of the human bonds of community, bonds seen as so necessary to the spirit as to be constitutive of all that is humanly natural, have come apart. We will not enjoy ordinary human decency, repose, and stability until we restore them.

Some such notion of community—its roots in human nature, its pivotal importance, its opposition to individualism, and its terrible absence in our society—lies at the very heart of the student conception of nature and the natural. The student movement believes that our society suppresses the values associated with community as ruthlessly as the cramped moral codes of the Victorian era suppressed sexuality.

Perhaps no aspect of the students' cultural revolution is as poorly understood—and as widely misinterpreted—as student mistrust of rational, conceptual, calculative, and abstract modes of thought. Faculty scholars, in particular, are appalled at the seeming anti-intellectualism of the counterculture with its stress on sense experience and what often seems to be an ideological commitment to inarticulateness. The scholarly professor of English literature begins to wonder about his own sanity after a long day's experience with the glories of the English language reduced to a repetitive series of "like," "you know," and "freaked out." The historian questions his own commitment to the past after spending months with students for whom only the present and the future seem to exist. Time itself loses its ordered sequence, becoming a patternless series of leaps from one sensory immersion to another.

The student movement reserves its most brutal shock, however, for those logical-minded managers, technologists, engineers, professors of business administration, planners, accountants, experimenters, and quantifiers for whom rational, orderly, and logical methods are the royal road to truth. To these professionals—and they are the men who keep our society running—student disdain for rational procedures is incomprehensible. In such attitudes, should they be generalized, they see the destruction of all they have built. And they are probably correct. Even within the counterculture itself, the disdain for technique takes its toll. Commune-baked bread is often hard, flat, and tasteless; the belts fall apart (and, after all, how many belts do we need?); and commune-based law firms that reject disciplined thought win few cases. As our society is presently constituted, service to one's fellow man, offered with compassion but without knowledge, can be a menace to both giver and recipient. Carried to its extreme, rejection of concepts, technique, professionalism, know-how, and methods of rationalization can be sloppy and self-defeating. Unless the cultural revolution is to be confined to enclaves of elitist dropouts with well-heeled parents, it must somehow learn to coexist with the technological thrust of our society. If the new naturalism is to have a constructive impact on the society, it must presuppose the existence of an affluent economy with a technological base. Charles Reich to the contrary, Consciousness III cannot thrive unless Consciousness II also thrives. The relationship between them is symbiotic, not mutually exclusive.

> Even within the counterculture, disdain for rational procedure and disciplined thought takes its toll.

With these qualifications duly registered, we come to our main point, namely, that the student critique of the rational, the technical, and the abstract is not mainly a negative rejection of these methods. Indeed, it is not a *vote against* them but a *quest for* other modes of understanding. Some of the greatest philosophers of our century, notably Ludwig Wittgenstein, Martin Heidegger, Whitehead, and others, have performed their own critique of so-called rational thought and have arrived at conclusions not that different from those embraced by the counterculture. Though they come from widely divergent traditions of philosophy, these seminal thinkers agree that our equation of abstract logical thinking with knowing, with truth, and with rationality itself is based on a series of fallacies built into the epistemological foundations of modern Western philosophy and science. The marriage of abstract thought and quantitative methods—what might be called McNamaraism, even though McNamara himself has now transcended his own methodology—creates a remarkably restricted mentality. When applied to certain narrow problems of logistics or conditioning pigeons in the laboratory, McNamaraism can be excellent. But it fails utterly when social/political reality is to be understood. The argument can be made that rigid adherence to McNamaraism, far from being the essence of rationality, is itself a virulent form of irrationalism. There is surely something bizarre about the evangelical dogmatism of the B. F. Skinners and the other Dr. Strangeloves of our era who, skimming the surface of reality and imposing upon it the most doctrinaire of a priori premises, insist upon their approach as the one and only True Method. As one among many competing ideologies, McNamaraism/Skinnerism deserves to be heard, but let us not commit the error of equating what they are doing with the very definition of reason and rationality.

The mathematician Marston Morse once said, "The creative scientist lives in 'the wildness of logic' where reason is the handmaiden and not the master . . . it is only as an artist that man knows reality."

Morse's viewpoint, shared by many creative scientists, often after long introspection about how their discoveries were actually made, is that the logical, orderly, abstract processes of explicit reasoning are merely the surface manifestations of rationality. They presup-

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pose other, less well-organized forms of experience that arise out of an immediacy of involvement, a total engagement of the mind and senses with the subject being studied. This type of involvement is the opposite of detachment and sequential logic. Without it, technical reason is doomed to perform its sterile operations in a vacuum. Reason is trivial when cut off from its grounds in direct experience.

The counterculture grasps this important truth, even though it chooses to ignore the complementary truth that direct experience undisciplined by technical reason can also be a treacherous master, leading to slovenly mysticism and, ultimately, to a breakdown of communication. Both forms of thought are as necessary to create understanding of reality as both sexes are to create new life.

In leaving this difficult subject without further discussion, I resign myself to inevitable misunderstanding. I have discussed it at length in *Ego and Instinct* (Vintage) for those who have an interest in these arcane matters.

The search for the sacred in nature—the third major theme in the student movement's system of ideas—has many of the same characteristics as the concerns with reason and the nonrational. There is the same partial truth, the same unrealistic turning of one's back on what has already been accomplished, but also there is the same unerring aim at one of the most dangerous and critical imbalances in our American culture. The point can be conveyed, as my colleague William Barrett points out, by contrasting a windmill with a bulldozer. The windmill has to accommodate itself to the wind and the terrain. To fulfill its function as a windmill, it makes use of the region even as it accommodates itself to it. It also makes use of the wind. But it uses the wind in such a way as not to consume it. The wind continues on and remains the wind. The windmill can use the wind only by giving itself to it; it lets the wind be wind. The bulldozer is a human artifact of a very different kind. Its name appropriately conveys the idea of power: It does not accommodate itself to the objects of nature, but overpowers them. It bursts through obstacles, pushes them aside, levels them. The word "leveling" is significant here: As it levels, the bulldozer reduces trees, hills, and terrain into a uniform rubble. This rubble, of course, can become the site on which roads and houses are built. The human habitat is thus extended a little farther. All of this we unquestioningly call progress. The bulldozer has powers of transforming the conditions of life quite beyond the feeble attempts of the old-fashioned windmill.

But power is accompanied by responsibility. The uprooting of trees leads to soil erosion, inadequate drainage, and easy flooding. A superhighway becomes a congested procession of automobiles and trucks belching fumes and noise. Nearby communities, which once had a life of their own, are transformed into mere traffic intersections. The bulldozer has the power not only to create new conditions of life but also to disrupt the whole fabric of life, which already has a balance of its own. A fateful burden weighs upon the wisdom of the men who make use of it.

By contrast, a mistaken windmill has no such frightening potential. Perhaps the windmill has been put up in the wrong place to catch enough of the wind, or it is too far for the convenience of the neighboring farmers. But no permanent damage has been done. The mistakenly built windmill has not disrupted irreparably the life of the community around it. It need not even be taken down. It may be left where it is, an attractive, though not very useful, edifice gracing a landscape. On the other hand, the consequences of the misuse of the bulldozer are not so easily amended. In some cases, indeed, they may be irreparable.

The great idea embodied in the student movement, the mass media to the contrary, is not that of political revolution.

The windmill may well be a symbol of an archaic past—gentle, old-fashioned, and somewhat ineffectual; but the bulldozer is not necessarily a mark of progress in human evolution; and our human freedom does not reside in our manipulating our natures and our environment any way we wish (as Sartre, Marx, and myriad other thinkers have urged). Just as we should never use people merely as tools but regard them as ends in themselves, so now we must extend this moral imperative to nature. If human life is to be regarded as sacred, so is nature itself sacred. It cannot and must not be bulldozed into oblivion.

It is in this sense that the student movement rejects the sharpness of the dichotomy between man and his environment, devaluing the artificial works of man and elevating instead the natural environment to the status of the sacred.

It should be clear, then, that the great idea embodied in the student movement, the mass media to the contrary, is *not* that of political revolution in the classic sense of an overt transfer of power from those who now wield it to those who carry out the revolution.

Since the early 1960s, the campus has served as incubator for two kinds of social change—one political, the other cultural. Up to now, the two have interpenetrated each other, with the political side being the more prominent. Our research has shown that the tide of political radicalism on campus shifted direction in 1971, receding from its 1970 high. Although the number of students who identify with the New Left has not diminished significantly over the past several years, the campus as a whole is far less politicized today than in previous years. The question now is, what will happen in the future? Will some new event, such as a flare-up in Southeast Asia, a new political trial, or a weakening of the economy, rekindle radical political passions on campus? If a new charismatic leader suddenly appeared on the scene, could he readily convert student cynicism and frustration into renewed political commitment? Might a skillful shift in New Left tactics recapture the allegiance of the college student body or win adherents outside the campus—among blacks, Vietnam veterans, or unemployed workers? In short, has the major thrust of the campus-led political revolution merely paused before renewing itself or has it entered a period of decline? How deep *are* the roots of student political radicalism?

Our interpretation of the student movement suggests that the campus-based political revolution is over for the foreseeable future, while the cultural revolution—the new naturalism—will continue to grow at an ever increasing tempo.

Our sons and daughters on campus are urging us to stop our frantic rush to bend nature to the human will and in its place to restore a vital, more harmonious—and more humble—balance with nature. Discouraged about not being heard by the larger society, many students have turned in on themselves, seeking to live a more private life. But great ideas work by a covert underground process. Just when the students have abandoned their evangelism and activism, the seeds of the idea that now flourishes on campus have taken root in the larger culture. Before the decade of the 1970s has passed, the new naturalism will become a powerful force, nationwide in scope. □

Daniel Yankelovich, professor of psychology at New York University and president of the research firm bearing his name, is the author of *The Changing Values on Campus*, to be published this month in paperback by Simon & Schuster. This article, a shorter version of a chapter from his book, presents the results of a survey on student attitudes that his organization carried out for the JDR 3rd Fund.

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R.I.P.: PEACE CORPS AND VISTA

BY WALLACE ROBERTS

PORTLAND, Oregon, April 1, 1973—Peace Corps and Vista, that charming couple of liberal hope who danced, sang, and chatted for millions of Americans during the Sixties, died last week in a Portland, Oregon, nursing home, penniless and without friends. The cause of death in both cases was reported to be lack of support, but it was understood that this attack was complicated by advanced stages of trivialization.

Peace Corps, the elder of the famous pair, was born of Confused Generosity and Good Intentions in Hyannis, Massachusetts, on December 6, 1960. Vista, his constant companion and colleague during the last half of his career, was the offspring of Genuine Concern and Co-optation and was born in Washington, D.C., on March 26, 1966. Together the couple gave Americans many hours of relief at a time when things seemed darkest. What Counterculture, with its famous progeny, Woodstock and Alternate Life Style, was for the children, Peace Corps and Vista were to their parents.

For more than half the decade, Peace Corps alone dazzled the imaginations and warmed the hearts of many. He was a dashing figure, exotic, yet mundane, in a straightforward, innocent way. When he was later joined by Vista, his domestic counterpart who did so much for those who had never heard of Peace Corps, the pair became one of the most popular in the Liberal Circle. They were invited to fashionable dinner parties, where they were constantly invoked as the Hope of This World. They made several guest appearances on *Meet the Press*, where they gracefully accepted the apologies of their interrogators for having to ask tough questions. They were also the only couple ever to be honored two years in a row by Americans for Democratic Action. They stood for all that is best in Americans, and a grateful but troubled nation reached out to them, the last straws held out by the ever-elusive figure Domestic Tranquillity.

Circumstances surrounding the death of the team are clouded by Managed News, the Portland County Coroner, who has insisted that there be an autopsy for the advancement of political science. Meanwhile, rumors are replete, a few even suggesting that the deaths were due to other than natural causes, specifically conscious neglect. Coroner News has emphatically denied such a possibility, but until his report is made public, which is not expected to happen for another week when he presents it to the authorities, the speculation will undoubtedly continue. Our correspondent has, however, pieced together the following account of the last days of Peace Corps and Vista, based on numerous interviews with acquaintances and relatives of the deceased, as well as their critics and detractors. He has also had access to some of the preliminary reports made to Coroner News by the attending physician, the staff of the ACTION Nursing Home, and eyewitnesses.

Peace Corps and Vista moved into the ACTION Nursing Home on July 1, 1971, after languishing for more than two years in obscurity, playing to small audiences in the supper clubs of suburbia for a half and sometimes a quarter of their former income. At the peak of their fame they had been able to command fees of almost $200-million for a single fiscal year's engagement, but in their last days they considered themselves fortunate to get enough bookings to live on. In the end, even though they adapted gracefully to the more modest style demanded by their cramped quarters, they were playing to near empty houses.

Neither of them was ever known to speak harshly of the public for its great change of taste that put them and so many of their friends from the Reform Movement out of jobs. In fact, Peace Corps himself once said in an interview after the announcement of the loss of the War on Poverty, "It wasn't anyone's fault. We tried to make people happy, to forget their wretchedness for a moment, and I think we almost succeeded beyond what we had any right to expect. But people are impatient, and who are we to question their right to that?"

The move into the nursing home was made with just the amount of fanfare necessary to attract notice but not enough to convince many that anything really serious was wrong. Nevertheless, it was accepted without any real objection, partly because Peace Corps and Vista were simply not worth worrying about anymore, and partly because the thing today is to shuffle old ideas aside without admitting that they were naïve or inadequately considered or just bad. You can't simply shut them away, but clearly they no longer are the big box-office attraction they once were, and letting them troupe around small-time circuits only underlines the fact that they are regarded as has-beens; so you have an announcement.

Richard Nixon, President of the National Political Performers Guild (which administers Peace Corps's and Vista's pensions and insurance policies), made the announcement of their move into ACTION on March 20, 1971, in Lincoln, Nebraska, before an audience carefully screened of possible troublemakers. He praised Peace Corps and Vista for their service to the politics industry and to the great American audience. He said that without their generous, unsolicited efforts both America and the World would be less happy places. Now, the time has come, he said, "to forge an alliance of the generations" by moving Peace Corps and Vista into the ACTION Nursing Home.

Mr. Nixon emphasized this was not a forced retirement for the two old performers. He said they would remain active, and to illustrate this he said he was also moving Foster Grandparents and Retired Service Volunteer Corps plus equally unknown old performers from the Small Business Administration into ACTION along with Peace Corps and Vista. He said he realized that none of these other performers had quite the fame of Peace Corps and Vista, but the best way to ensure that all performers can keep on giving the public what it wants is to group them according to type. Since all of these de-

Peace Corps and Vista appearing at a Scarsdale supper club in early 1971: "In the end, they were playing to near empty houses."

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pended on volunteering, they should all be in the same nursing home that would, in his words, provide "a new volunteer service corps that will give young Americans an expanded opportunity for service."

The announcement was followed by months of planning and more announcements about how well the planning was proceeding and about what great places modern nursing homes were. Mr. Nixon appointed a promising, young dues-paying member of the Performers Guild, "Just Plain Joe" Blatchford, to take over as director of ACTION and, with appropriate ceremony, swore him into office. Among the rumors sweeping Portland this week is one that implies that the death of Peace Corps and Vista happened either directly or indirectly at the hands of this man.

Those who say "directly" assert that Blatchford was too intent on being promoted to the directorship of the state Mental Institution to do a good job of caring for the elderly. Those who say "indirectly" claim that there was deliberate intent on the part of the Performers Guild, which had instructed Blatchford, accordingly, to let the old troupers die by mismanagement under the guise of reorganization.

Neither rumor is true. Blatchford's record is spotless, and the public records of the Performers Guild show no such intention, even though it is known that a number of its members are not mourning the deaths.

"Just Plain Joe," as he asks everyone to call him, has an honest but abashed desire to serve his fellow man. In an interview with this reporter, Mr. Blatchford waved off the charges that he craved stardom himself or that he was the hatchet man for the Performers Guild. "We are at a point in history," he said, "at which it is absolutely necessary for government and society to rekindle this magnificent thing that Americans have—the willingness to do something.

"The point of leverage in ACTION is that it's primarily staffed by the person who leaves his private life and job for one or two years. It costs government less than $5,000 or $6,000 a year for dedication greater than the professionals give. In addition, you get feedback; we have 23,000 volunteers who are not paid to be yes-men. They are volunteers who will walk off the job. They'll tell you what's wrong.

"It's good for this nation's mental health. We've been through the war, the urban riots, and campus disturbances, and now we have college graduates who are asking, 'What can we do?'

"Remember, it was one man who invented the miracle rice, and it's the Peace Corps volunteers who are teaching people how to grow it. *Sesame Street* may lead to a new idea in early childhood education, and it's the Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand who are doing it. What we're doing is spreading attitudes. There are Peace Corps types around the world, and now they are coming from other countries."

And so it went for more than half an hour. We were interrupted twice by members of the nursing home staff who had to confer with the director over financial problems; indeed, it seemed as if the whole staff of ACTION was more concerned with their own economic survival than with caring for their patients, a condition that bolsters the statement that Peace Corps and Vista died from lack of support.

Dr. Troubled Economy, the ACTION staff physician who was with Peace Corps and Vista to the end, said in his report to Coroner Managed News that it is true that the patients did lack support and that this technically was the cause of death. However, he went on, "Lack of support is a disease like pneumonia; that is, it doesn't usually exist unless it is brought on by a more fundamental weakness, such as simple exhaustion or an even more debilitating but slower acting disease. In the case of Peace Corps and Vista, the disease was a once rare but now quite prevalent form of diminution called trivialization."

Asked to explain in layman's terms just what this disease did to the body, Dr. Economy said in a telephone interview that trivialization attacked the soul and, by fragmenting its relatively few parts into millions of tiny duplicates, made them, in effect, useless. This brought on, he said, severe side effects, such as ennui, insecurity, frustration, and, in a few cases, despair or fear. "Together, all of these amounted to disenchantment, which in simple political terms means lack of support."

At that point in our conversation, Dr. Economy was recalled to the dinner party he was attending at the Portland County Country Club, but he referred this reporter to Professor False Dichotomy, who holds the Walt Disney Chair of Social Pathology at the University of California at Nevada City, for a more complete and thorough description of the effects and causes of trivialization.

Professor Dichotomy said, "Trivialization is a disease of the primary mythologizing system. Its basic cause is an obscure virus, hitherto regarded as benign in terms of human biochemistry. The common name of the virus is Soaring GNP, and the method of infection is through media pollution, particularly on the *Six O'Clock Report* or in the "modern living" sections of the newsweeklies."

Professor Dichotomy said that the conditions that favor the Soaring GNP virus, and upon which it depends for sustenance, are the simple Machiavellian devices of disarming potential enemies by using their own weapons "combined with the spongelike quality of this society that leads it to latch onto whatever idea is the latest. No distinctions are made between fads, fashions, and genuine ideas. All are indiscriminately popularized and, hence, rendered useless, since they all appear equally valid and valuable."

Vista herself had some understanding of her affliction. In a letter she wrote to her parents in Weymouth, Massachusetts, four years ago, she said, "I know that Peace Corps and I are really watered down ideas of fundamental change, but I think that although no real power will change hands through our efforts, we can do some good in small ways."

And in April of 1972, just a year before she died, Vista again wrote her parents, "I fear we are useless now. We can't even cheer the faithful following that grows smaller every day; they all seem to prefer the up-and-comers like Ecology. I feel wretched and miserable —I want to do so much, but I'm so weak and tired all the time."

Miss Placed Idealism is a nurse at the ACTION Nursing Home, and yesterday she described the therapy that had been administered to Peace Corps and Vista since they entered the home. "They were both pretty debilitated when they got here," she said. "Peace Corps's bookings alone had dropped from 42,000 in 1966 to 19,000 in 1970. There wasn't much we could do for them, but we tried. We put them both on a strict diet and tried to feed them specialized material that would be more receptive to their audiences. They began to respond to treatments, and bookings took on a slight increase in the last few months."

What then finally killed them? Why did they suddenly succumb? "I don't really know," Miss Idealism said. "No one does, and anyone who pretends to know is fooling himself. Trivialization is a strange disease. It can lie dormant for months and even appear to be defeated by treatments; then suddenly the patient just pops off, apparently in this case because the disease had progressed further than any of us expected. You just can't fight the ratings."

You just can't fight the ratings. To the generation that took *The Greening of America* to heart, those gentle democrats who believed there were rational solutions, Peace Corps and Vista were symbols of a way out, of Hope itself. Any public is fickle, but the politics industry is, perhaps, the most fickle of all. Whatever the coroner's verdict, the real cause of their deaths, and the obscurity that preceded them, is our own perception that they were only what we made them. □

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REPORT CARD ON SOUTHERN SCHOOL DESEGREGATION

BY JOHN EGERTON

By almost every statistical measure, the public schools of the South are now more desegregated than those in all other parts of the country. The U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's (HEW) statistics for 1971-72 show that for the first time a smaller percentage of black students is attending all-black schools in the South than in the North and West.

This, of course, is a recent development. In 1968, more than two-thirds of the South's black students were in all-black schools; this year, according to HEW figures, only 9 per cent are. In the thirty-two Northern and Western states, 12 per cent of the black students attended all-black schools in 1968; this year, 11 per cent do. Today, more black students (44 per cent) are in majority-white schools in the South than in the North and West (28 per cent).

If statistics alone could constitute the entire record of the Nixon administration's performance, the results would indeed be impressive. But the dramatic numerical changes of the past three years (changes, incidentally, that resulted from court action far more than from enforcement by the administration) are neither a true reflection of what the Executive branch has done—and left undone—nor an accurate measure of the extent to which racial discrimination persists in the nation's schools.

Since President Nixon took office, both the Justice Department and HEW's Office for Civil Rights have abandoned any pretense of aggressive enforcement in the field of school desegregation. HEW Secretary Elliot L. Richardson, on more than one occasion, has strongly implied that the job of eradicating segregation and discrimination in the schools of the South is just about finished, and the President himself has gone so far as to threaten the jobs of federal officials who dare to disregard his personal objections to busing as a means of reducing racial isolation. To every new indication of the persistence of racial discrimination—white flight from the cities, the growth of private "segregation academies," widespread demotion and dismissal of black educators, anti-busing hysteria—the administration has shown itself to be either unwilling to press remedies or, on the issue of busing, opposed to the remedies at hand. On March 16 President Nixon went on television to declare a moratorium on busing and to announce his proposal for legislation that would deny to the courts authority to order new busing. Congress, too, has not been slow to hop on the antibusing band wagon. Last month, by a narrow margin of 50-47, the Senate defeated the Griffin proposal that would have forbidden the courts to require busing to end school segregation and adopted instead the milder Scott-Mansfield compromise that would bar the use of federal funds for busing unless requested by local authorities. School desegregation—or, more precisely, school busing—promises to be a major domestic issue in this election year.

In its almost two decades as a national issue, school desegregation has been a matter primarily affecting the Southern and border states that once required segregation by law. Now, it is an issue almost everywhere. In fact, except for a few Southern cities, it may be more of a preoccupation in the North and West than in the states where it all started. "Nobody is worried about the South anymore," a Northern Senator's top aide recently remarked. "Everybody here is worried about Detroit and the other Northern cities. The assumption is that the South has put it together, that segregation is a dead issue down there."

That assumption is both premature and inaccurate, as the Florida and Tennessee Presidential primaries clearly show. Unquestionably, the long years of pressure by civil rights organizations, the courts, and the federal government (in the Johnson years) have produced substantial changes in the schools of the South. The blatant injustices that once were everywhere to be seen are now less frequent and more isolated. Yet it is doubtful that there exists a single school district in the South (or, for that matter, anywhere in the nation) where the black or brown minority has attained total equity—where not a single index favors whites simply because they are white. Many districts have done just enough to satisfy the courts and HEW, and the minorities' less than equitable status has become the new status quo.

Two Southern cities—Jackson, Mississippi, and Nashville, Tennessee—offer some especially interesting comparisons and contrasts, not only with each other but with the rest of the urban South and with cities throughout the country. Jackson, long a fortress of die-hard white supremacy, is in the midst of some monumental changes. Nashville, "the Athens of the South," came to its desegregation crucible last fall with assets that could have made it a national symbol of progress; instead, it is mired down in controversy and conflict.

First, Jackson. In the eight years it took the Jackson School Board to roll up a hapless record of no wins and eleven defeats in its court fight against integration, the few white citizens there who had the temerity to speak openly in support of desegregation were regarded by most whites as Communists and traitors. It is little short of astonishing, then, that when a new plan using busing to desegregate all the city's public schools was put into effect last fall it had official and explicit encouragement from the Jackson Chamber of Commerce.

On the surface, for the chamber to play an activist civil rights role is almost as mind-boggling as if Senator

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James Eastland joined the NAACP in a protest march. What led to that surprising turn of events, though—and what has happened subsequently—amounts to something less than total conversion.

Two years ago, the Jackson school system's 40,000 pupils included about 22,000 whites—a 55 per cent majority—who under "freedom of choice" attended schools almost devoid of blacks. When a court-ordered desegregation plan was implemented in midyear, the steady trickle of white students into private segregated academies became a flood. By the following fall, almost 9,000 whites had fled the public system, the schools remained heavily segregated, and blacks constituted 60 per cent of the total enrollment. When the Supreme Court's *Swann* decision sanctioning busing was handed down, attorney Melvyn Leventhal of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund had the Jackson School Board in court.

Further white exodus from the public schools seemed certain. Meanwhile though, the city had a new Mayor, Russell Davis, a new school board attorney, George P. Hewes III, and two new faces on the five-member board—the first black and the first woman. When the president of Allis-Chalmers, a heavy-equipment manufacturer, came to town looking for a new plant site, he told the white establishment that his firm would not be interested in Jackson if segregation and a deteriorating school system were to be part of the bargain. The Mississippi Research and Development Center and the Jackson Chamber of Commerce, facing some new economic realities, began to talk about the importance of saving the public schools.

Finally, last summer, attorneys Leventhal and Hewes went back into court with a negotiated compromise plan that would desegregate the schools by reorganizing grades, rezoning districts, and busing more than 9,000 pupils—some 7,000 more than were then being transported. In addition, the agreement called for immediate planning for construction of two large educational parks to serve all of the city's fifth- and sixth-graders. A few of the system's fifty-four schools would remain majority-white, but almost all would be reasonably close to the overall racial ratio. For his part, Leventhal agreed to a three-year moratorium on litigation in return for a good-faith effort by the school board to implement the plan.

Jackson thus got out of court for the first time since 1963. In the weeks preceding last fall's school opening, a special task force of the Chamber of Commerce began campaigning for public support of the school system; a new superintendent, Dr. Brandon Sparkman, was hired; and, for the first time in memory, some of Jackson's most prominent white and black citizens seemed to be working together toward the same objective—an integrated school system. Mississippi Governor John Bell Williams, incensed by it all, attempted to cut off state aid to the Jackson schools, but his maneuver was promptly brushed aside by the court.

Mississippi's largest city may well be on its way to quality and equality in its school system.

When school opened peacefully last fall in Jackson, the event was treated as a happening of almost miraculous proportions by national media commentators. Jackson has bought busing without violence, they were saying, and it was true; and the bus burnings in Pontiac, Michigan, offered a startling contrast. But the implication that Jackson *had done it*, past tense, and that it was all over was misleading. The reality was that Jackson's adjustment to thoroughgoing desegregation had just begun.

Enrollment is down to about 29,600 after the departure of 1,500 more whites this year, and the system now has a 64 per cent black majority. Yet metropolitan Jackson's population of 200,000 is only 35 per cent black. There are twenty-seven private schools in Jackson and surrounding Hinds County, and although several of them are desegregated Catholic and Episcopal schools, most are all-white. The Citizens Council, still a force for white supremacy in Jackson, has more than 5,000 white students in a network of six schools; and Jackson Prep, now in its second year, has almost 1,000. Its backers resent comparison with the avowedly segregationist Citizens Council schools, and in one ironic sense they have a point: Jackson Prep is expensive, elitist, and its student body and faculty include neither blacks nor low-income whites.

There is no way of knowing whether the 10,500 whites who remain in the public schools are going to stay, or whether many of those who have left will return. Whatever the case, Superintendent Sparkman gives visitors and residents alike the impression that he intends to build quality and stability into the system: "Most people in this nation seem to believe that when a school system becomes majority-black it can't have high quality. A lot of people want that to be true. I don't believe it myself. If a community's power structure wants to have a good school system, it can have it regardless of the racial composition. We can be a model for the nation. It's imperative that we, or some other city, show that it can be done."

If Jackson is going to be that city, it has its work cut out. Conversations with whites and blacks whose opinions about the local education picture are widely divergent give some indication of how difficult the job will be. Some impressions:

- Many white leaders who express support for the public schools have their own children in private schools, and the same is true of an undetermined number of public school administrators and teachers.
- Outspoken bigotry is less prevalent than it once was, but large numbers of whites seem to retain a conviction that blacks as a group are inferior, that white supremacy will prevail, and that segregation will someday be restored—and many of them assume matter-of-factly that almost all other whites agree with them.
- If there is fairly general approval in the black community of the direction in which the Jackson schools have been moving, there is also some disillusionment. Some blacks complain that the changes have required more sacrifice of them than of the whites, that blacks have had little voice in determining the nature of those changes, and that white teachers and administrators are generally so insensitive to the needs of black children that they often do more harm than good. And there are blacks as well as whites who —albeit for opposite reasons—express a preference for "freedom of choice."
- The absence of a tenure law in Mississippi and the power of principals in most school districts to hire and fire teachers cause deep feelings of insecurity in many blacks, even though Jackson is under a court order to maintain an overall black teaching staff of about 45 per cent. Sparkman has held his principals fairly close to the required ratios and has appointed a few blacks to his administrative staff. Nevertheless, demotion and dismissal of black professionals have been widespread in school systems throughout the state, and the fear is often expressed that one way or another the same thing will ultimately happen in Jackson.
- The relative quiet in the schools following implementation of the compromise desegregation plan seems to have produced a relaxation in the resolve of both whites and blacks to complete the job. About one-third of the schools remain substantially out of balance with the overall racial ratios, construction has not yet begun on the two proposed educational parks, and

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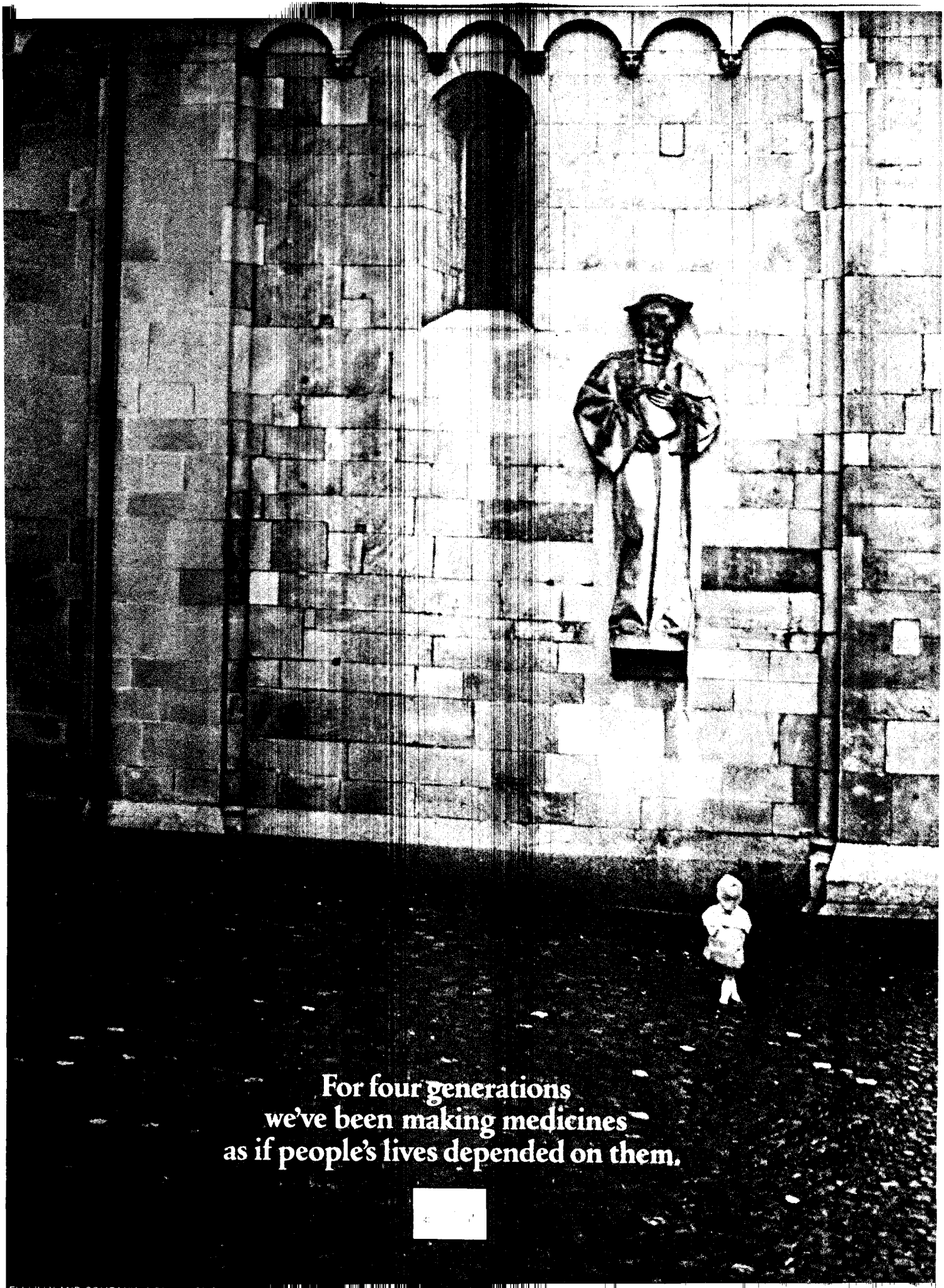

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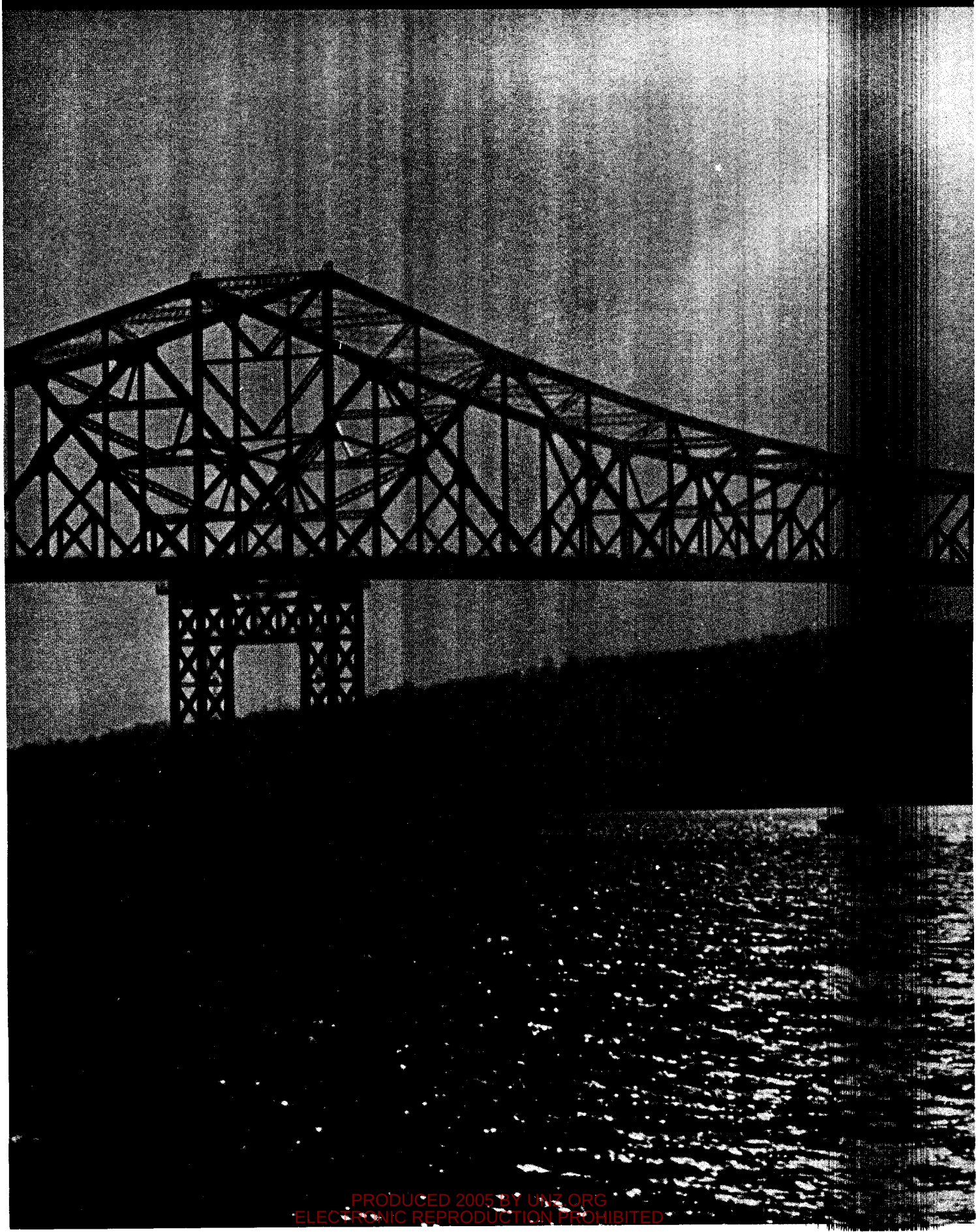

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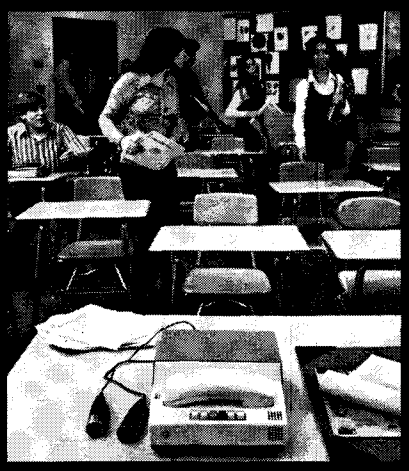

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the Chamber of Commerce's special task force is less visible and active than it was a few months ago.

Right now, Jackson's schools appear to be in a delicate state of balance between the past and the future, between segregation and integration. If a start is made on the educational parks, if black teachers and principals gain a sense of confidence that their jobs are secure, if new teachers and administrators hired by the system raise the overall levels of quality and sensitivity, if an upcoming school board appointment continues the trend toward biracial strength in that important body, and if white flight to private schools has peaked out and begins to reverse, then Mississippi's largest city may be on its way to quality and equality in its school system. But if these things do not happen, Jackson could find itself on a downhill slide toward an all-black system controlled by whites.

Superintendent Sparkman, who appears to have a broad base of support from both black and white segments of the community, maintains a soft-spoken optimism about the future. In spite of the federal government's refusal to help finance the new educational parks, he says a start on that project is ensured and that all of the system's fifth- and sixth-graders will be in the new facilities before the end of the 1972-73 school year. Eventual conversion to the park concept for all Jackson students is something Sparkman declines to discuss, but that possibility exists.

The superintendent believes the exodus of whites will soon begin to reverse itself, and his expectation that the system will eventually level off at about half-black and half-white is shared by a surprisingly large number of Jackson's public school supporters—though not by many whites active in the private school movement. In any case, it should be clear by next fall whether Jackson's start toward integration is going to be continued or aborted.

In Nashville, a different set of circumstances is in motion. A federal court in 1955 approved a grade-a-year desegregation plan for that city's schools. Fourteen years later, after the city and surrounding Davidson County had been combined into a single governmental unit, all of its black schools and about one-third of its white ones remained almost completely segregated, and sixteen formerly all-white schools were resegregating as a result of white flight.

That dismal record prompted state Senator Avon Williams, an attorney representing the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, to seek a new hearing in court, and federal Judge William E. Miller subsequently ruled in the summer of 1970 that Nashville (or Metro, as it is now commonly called) must come up with a new desegregation plan. Since then, Nashville has been in an almost constant uproar over its schools. In chronological order, these have been the highlights:

> The less than equitable status of black students and teachers has become the new status quo.

- Under the guidance of a new director (superintendent) of schools, Dr. Elbert Brooks, several citizens committees were formed to help the school board meet the court order, but the board then submitted a plan that was acknowledged to be inadequate.
- Without ruling on the merits of the board plan, Judge Miller ordered a delay pending a Supreme Court decision in the *Swann* case. Senator Williams appealed, and the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals (to which Miller subsequently was elevated) directed a new district court Judge, L. Clure Morton, to hold further hearings.
- At the conclusion of the highly disruptive hearings, Judge Morton rejected both the school board's piecemeal plan and a plaintiff proposal calling for racial balance in every school. He then appointed a team of experts from HEW to draw up an alternative.
- The HEW plan called for pairing of schools and busing, leaving none of Metro's 141 schools majority-black but retaining thirty with a black enrollment of less than 10 per cent. Before the plan was submitted to the court, it was personally approved by former Attorney General John Mitchell and HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson; Tennessee's Republican leaders—Senators Howard Baker and William Brock and Governor Winfield Dunn—also previewed it and acquiesced.
- With some minor modifications, Judge Morton ordered the HEW plan implemented at the beginning of the 1971-72 school year.
- Busing became the primary issue in a summer political campaign to elect a mayor and forty council members for Metro. Incumbent Mayor Beverly Briley, scared within an inch of his political life by a challenge from busing foe Casey Jenkins and half a dozen other candidates, used the threat of a budget cut to force the school board—by a majority of one—to appeal Morton's decision. The city was permeated with an air of antibusing hysteria, and Briley managed to beat Jenkins in a runoff only by matching his opponent's rhetoric of defiance. "Communism is creeping into this city," the dapper young Jenkins told a cheering throng of 15,000 whites. "It is creeping into our political offices, into our churches, into our homes, and our lives." He called for a boycott of the schools.
- The Nixon administration, having prepared and approved the Nashville school desegregation plan, then made full implementation of it all but impossible by refusing to permit the use of federal funds to buy the necessary additional buses. An overburdened bus fleet, which had transported 34,000 students the previous year, began operating on staggered shifts to handle an additional 13,000. There was a boycott lasting about two weeks, and by October, when the furor had subsided a bit, official enrollment was tabulated at 88,500—a decrease from the previous fall of 7,000 students, virtually all of them white. Private and parochial schools, including six new segregation academies, have enrolled about half of those who fled, while most of the remainder are either in schools in surrounding counties or have dropped out altogether. In the Metro schools the black minority is now 27 per cent—up three percentage points from last year—and a dozen schools are majority-black as a result of the white flight.

And there the matter stands. Government at every level—local, state, and federal—steadfastly refuses to provide the school system with funds for new buses, the existing fleet of 211 vehicles is inadequate with no relief in sight even for next fall, and the city's political leaders are still holding out hope that their appeal, now pending in the circuit court, will bring a reversal and a return to the segregated schools of the past.

Few other urban communities in the United States could have approached the issue of school desegregation with as many assets as Nashville. To begin with, it had Metro—a single political jurisdiction and a single school system encompassing both suburbs and inner city. The location of its black population—a stable 20 per cent of a total of almost 500,000—presented no insurmountable logistical problems in the development of school desegregation plans. The city's traditions of Southern conservatism and white racism were generally considered less rigid than those of the Deep South. It had the supposedly liberalizing influence of a large academic community, at the center of which were three nationally prominent institutions—Vanderbilt and Fisk universities and George Peabody College for Teachers. It had a large middle- and upper-class population, including a substantial black middle class. It had the Nashville *Tennessean*, a Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaper with a progressive

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reputation. And it had some individual citizens nationally recognized for involvements that would seem harmonious with a move toward integration: Mayor Briley, the "architect" of Metro and past president of the National League of Cities; schoolteacher Helen Bain, president of the National Education Association; Congressman Richard Fulton, a consistent voter for civil rights legislation; Ernest Campbell, co-author of the now famous Coleman Report; Alexander Heard, Vanderbilt's chancellor and board chairman of the Ford Foundation; and Winfield Dunn, one of the so-called New South governors.

Many an American city can only be envious of so much potential strength, and in some respects Nashville has used it to good advantage. But so far what has happened in the school system is unimpressive and disappointing, a story of missed opportunities. With over a decade to prepare for the inevitable, Nashville still was not ready when the inevitable finally arrived.

The reasons for Nashville's school crisis are numerous, but if there had to be a single explanation, it would be the failure of leadership. At every level of political and educational decision-making, from the President of the United States to the principals in the schools, the selfish interests of adults have prevailed over the basic needs of children. On paper, Nashville now has less racial isolation in its schools than all but a handful of American cities. But, in fact, it is victimized by a desegregation plan that is less comprehensive and less equitable than it should have been, by a school hierarchy that has become resigned to a mechanical shifting of bodies but not to the much larger task of changing attitudes (including its own), and by a power structure still dreaming of a reprieve from the courts or a rescue by the President. Overt and opprobrious racism is no longer fashionable—the familiar disclaimer is constantly heard: "We're against busing, not integration." Yet the result is the same: The white resistance at last has found a sophisticated means of opposing the drive toward equal educational opportunity by minorities and the poor without resorting to the language and tactics of the past.

Under the circumstances, the Nashville school system has managed to hold itself together surprisingly well. Through March, the buses were still operating. There have been few racial incidents in the schools, and in many of them some heartening adjustments to the new reality have been reported. Many students, parents, and teachers of both races have worked diligently and at considerable sacrifice to make the plan succeed. There are more black teachers and principals in the system now than there were four years ago. And the loss of 7,000 white students, high as that number is, represents only 10 per cent of last year's white enrollment. Nashville is nowhere near the level of white desertion that Jackson has experienced, and there apparently is some reason to expect that the number of transfers will not increase and that some who have left will return.

But it will take far more than an absence of racial friction in the schools or an end to white flight for Nashville to pass its school crisis. The desegregation plan places an inordinate burden on blacks, but it has been whites who have fought so hard to defeat it. In their reporting on the schools, the city's newspapers and television stations have been inadequate at best, biased and unreliable at worst; and, editorially, their leadership has been unenlightening, negative, or simply nonexistent. No broad-based community support for quality integrated education has developed (one public poll showed three-to-one opposition to it, with or without busing), and in the school system itself those community attitudes of resistance are reflected at every level.

Conversations with a large number of people who are involved in the schools bear out the point. Said one white principal: "A very small minority of principals are prepared to meet this challenge. Most of them are authoritarian, rigid, and prejudiced. And we get no real help from the central office. All they tell us is what we can't do—never anything positive or affirmative." An embattled teacher, trying against the odds to cope with twenty-five sixth-graders placed in the lowest track of an elementary school, attempted unsuccessfully to get her faculty colleagues to try heterogeneous groupings. Now she's trying to make the best of a bad situation. Even it, she says, is better than segregation by race.

Four of the nine members of the school board seem committed to making desegregation work, and on occasion they have been able to muster a fifth and deciding vote on some important issues. But the Mayor and the council hold the purse strings, and in the past two years they have made punitive cuts in the board's proposed budgets. The central administrative staff of the school system seems hardly more amenable to desegregation and equity than the council. "We still don't understand the magnitude of the task," said one top administrator. "We've shifted bodies around, but we're still doing business as usual, still equating desegregation with integration. The only success we're having is due to the ability and integrity of a few classroom teachers."

Now another political season has opened. Senator Baker, seeking reelection, has been one of the leading Congressional proponents of a Constitutional amendment prohibiting busing, and he has been urging the Justice Department to join in the appeal against the Nashville desegregation plan. Former Attorney General Mitchell's personal approval of the plan ten months ago would make opposition to it difficult now, but consistency has not been a characteristic of the administration's school desegregation policy, and the President himself has shown some interest in Justice Department intervention in the case.

But even if the federal courts should withstand the political pressures on them and leave the plan intact, Nashville seems certain to begin another school year next September—two months before the general election—with no more buses than it has now. "We're still paying for last summer's madness," an elementary school principal remarked, "and now it has started all over again."

Even without the persistent problem of racial inequality, the nation's public school systems would have more than enough trouble to face. Far too many of them lack the flexibility, the funds, or the farsightedness to generate widespread public confidence and support. But the sobering fact is that forty-six million American youngsters are enrolled in the public schools, and for the vast majority of them no realistic educational alternative exists. For that reason it remains a truism that racial equality in the society at large can never be fully achieved until it has been permanently established in the public schools—which are, for better or worse, a central and indispensable pillar of the society itself.

Few if any of this country's public school systems have attained an ideal state of racial integration, and there will be no special magic in it when they do, for, of itself, integration is no panacea. But some of those communities that have spent decades trying to maintain segregation—where an ideological preference for it still prevails among whites—have begun to see that it simply will not work. However difficult desegregation may have been, and however distant full integration may still be, many Southern school systems have moved far enough in that direction to realize that the past is dead, and some of them may be beginning to see total equity as an asset to be prized.

In any event, those communities where court action and persistent pressure have brought an end to segregation are not apt to look sympathetically on cities and towns where it is allowed to continue, or on a federal government that has lost the resolve to finish what it started. □

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WHAT HAPPENED WHEN A HIGH SCHOOL TRIED SELF-GOVERNMENT

BY SUSAN JACOBY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT LERNER

Instead of waiting for students to come to him, James E. Calkins, Staples's energetic principal, goes to them. He begins each day in the school's cafeteria, talking with students about their concerns and ways to improve the school.

An unusual high school governing board that includes students, teachers, and administrators was a major issue in a board of education campaign last fall in Westport, Connecticut. A conservative candidate, speaking before the students of Staples High School, said one reason for his opposition to the school's governing board was that student members could not possibly feel free to speak their minds in the presence of teachers.

"You're lying," said one student in the audience. "Some of my best friends are teachers."

One of the most tangible accomplishments of the Staples Governing Board (SGB), now in its third year, has been the discovery that students and teachers can work side by side as equals.

SGB is not a traditional student government, concerned primarily with proms and pep rallies. Composed of ten students, seven teachers, and three administrators, it is an attempt to give students a voice in cooperative educational decision-making. Subject to the general authority of the local school board, the SGB is authorized to legislate in a wide variety of areas: curriculum, student-behavior codes, school-community relations, and extracurricular activities.

The board exercises more influence than an outside observer would have expected from a group that includes both high school sophomores and vice principals. Voting does not break down along student-faculty lines; educational "conservatives" and "liberals" are found among both faculty and student representatives. Significantly, the inadequacies of the SGB resemble those of other local governing bodies more than those of a traditional student government. Because the board exercises some measure of real power, it is confronted with real governmental problems.

Last winter when the SGB passed a bill calling for major changes in the school's system of final examinations, the proposal aroused considerable opposition from both students and faculty. The principal exercised his right of a "suspensive veto," which can be overridden by a 75 per cent majority vote of the SGB. The governing board is now hard at work on an alternate proposal that would be more agreeable to all. "One day it all clicks," says Jeanne Spinner, a talkative senior who has served on the board since it was established. "You're listening to the radio about something going on in Congress and you think, 'Aha, I really know what they're talking about. I've been through something like it.' The SGB really gives you an idea of the pressures that exist in a democratic government."

Westport is a wealthy suburb some fifty miles from New York, with a population of about 27,000. Most houses are advertised in a price range between $60,000 and $150,000. The community is virtually all white; Republicans outnumber Democrats about two to one; and about a third of the population is Jewish. (The high proportion of Jews in Westport is attributable mainly to the fact that most neighboring suburbs in Fairfield County were developed under restrictive real estate covenants.) The town has always attracted creative and performing artists, and its cultural bent is reflected in the schools. Performances by the award-winning high school drama society draw audiences of more than 5,000. Outside lecturers cover a wide range of topics: John Ciardi may be lecturing in an English class, Yale University chaplain

Susan Jacoby is a free-lance writer and the author of *Moscow Conversations: Friendship and Fear*, to be published later this year by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.

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Old-style student councils seem irrelevant as kids become concerned with seriou

William Sloane Coffin at a Vietnam moratorium demonstration.

The Westport school system has 7,200 students; Staples's enrollment is nearly 2,000. Between 85 and 95 per cent of Staples graduates are college-bound, and deficiencies in vocational programs are a sore point with Westport's blue-collar minority. Interest in the schools is predictably high in such an achievement-oriented community. School board campaigns are partisan, but the majority party is prohibited by law from occupying more than three seats on the five-member board.

There were two major issues in the school board campaign last fall: "permissiveness in the schools" and Project Concern, a program in which thirty black students from nearby Bridgeport were bused to a Westport elementary school. Project Concern had triggered a school board recall movement supported by the local chapter of the John Birch Society. (A Democratic school board had been elected in 1969 for the first time in anyone's memory.) Both the Republicans and candidates running on a "Conservative Action Party" ticket cited the SGB as an example of undesirable permissiveness. One of the Conservative Action candidates, Mrs. Nancy Cuseo, visited Staples, decided she had been wrong about the SGB, and took the unusual step of reversing her public stand. "Parents weren't even aware that they had the right to sit in on meetings of the SGB," Mrs. Cuseo says. "A big part of the problem was lack of communication, which led to the circulation of all kinds of wild rumors. Most parents don't take the trouble to visit the school and see what actually goes on." When the voters returned a Democratic majority to the school board, both conservatives and liberals were surprised. Members of the SGB were relieved because most of the conservative candidates had promised to turn the board into a traditional, powerless student government if they were elected.

The SGB is very much the outgrowth of the general educational philosophy, espoused by James E. Calkins, Staples's forty-seven-year-old principal. Calkins, whose office door is always open, believes that love and democracy are the keys to running a good school. When he throws his arms around a student and says he loves him, the student believes him. "You'd think in a sophisticated, or maybe pseudo-sophisticated, community like this, it would be the kiss of death to say, 'I love you' to a kid," Calkins says. "But it isn't. These kids are eager for human contact with adults. My belief is very simple: A human environment in the school is the best environment for education. Education doesn't take place in an inhuman atmosphere. I was doing my best to change a rigid, heavily departmentalized academic system. At the same time—this was in 1969—the students were subject to strong influences from the outside. This was the period of greatest turmoil on college campuses, and, believe me, we felt the repercussions every time something new blew up at a university. Old-style student councils began to seem more and more irrelevant as the kids became increasingly concerned with serious issues inside and outside the school."

Classes at Staples are conducted in a relaxed atmosphere. Students are allowed to eat and drink in classrooms (above) and during free periods may congregate in the courtyard (right).

In the spring of 1969, the old Staples student government abolished itself. "It was an outstanding accomplishment," says alumnus Sam Goodman, now a freshman at New York University. "The old student government was absolutely worthless. Most of my friends at NYU can't even imagine a school like Staples. They look back upon high school as an unpleasant and dull experience, something they had to get through."

A student-faculty committee worked throughout the spring, summer, and fall of 1969 to draw up policies that would govern the operation of the SGB. When the school board held hearings on the SGB, between 1,500 and 2,000 residents turned out. The SGB formally went into operation in January 1970, after the board of education had approved its policy guidelines.

The SGB operates under fairly simple ground rules. Student representatives are elected by students, teachers by the faculty, and administrators by the administration. Meetings are held once a week, and one addi-

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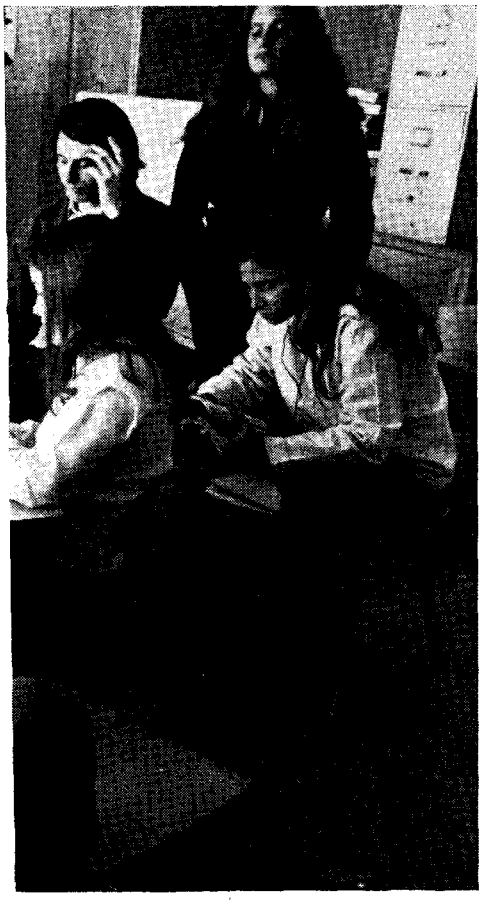
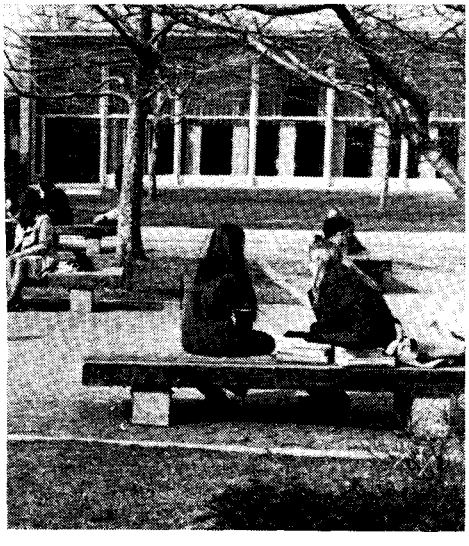
issues inside and outside the schools.





Much of SGB's work on curriculum revisions and extracurricular activities is done in committees meeting twice a week.

tional meeting a month is held in the evening, particularly to attract parents. (Committees, in which much of the SGB's work is done, meet twice a week.) A 60 per cent majority vote is required for a bill to be passed. In addition to the suspensive veto, the principal also has an absolute veto that can be appealed only to the board of education. The board would not be likely to overturn an absolute veto by the principal.

Calkins has used the absolute veto only twice since the SGB was established, and only in nonacademic matters. He has backed up the SGB on most decisions affecting the academic life of the school—decisions of far more substance and long-range significance than a vetoed bill dealing with the length of athletes' hair.

One of the most important measures instituted by the SGB is known in the school as a "pass/no record" system. A student can choose one course, usually in his senior year, for which he receives a simple "pass" mark if he does satisfactory work. If he fails, no record of the course is entered on his college transcript. The purpose is to encourage students who are worried about their high school records to take a chance on difficult but interesting courses.

Caron Keenan, a French and Latin teacher who is not a member of the governing board, described the difference that the pass/no record system has made. "You can't believe how uptight the kids here are about their high school records; they'll turn down a chance to take French four or advanced physics just because they're afraid of getting a C instead of a B, or even a B instead of an A. So they take an easier course just to be sure of getting a top grade. I have many more students in my advanced French class this year as a result of the pass/no record bill. As a teacher, I view this as a concrete accomplishment."

William Turner, an advertising executive and former president of the Staples Parent-Teacher Association, said the pass/no record bill had made many parents uneasy about the SGB. "There was a real worry that pass/no record could adversely affect university admissions," he said. "A lot of parents thought it was the opening wedge to an abolition of grades. This hasn't turned out to be the case, but it's another instance of rumors due to lack of communication. You have to remember that SGB came along at a time of great student turmoil, when parents were really worried about conflicts between generations. A parent whose kid is on dope, for example, is a worried parent, and he's not going to take kindly to something he thinks of as children running a school.

"To be honest, my first reaction to the whole idea of SGB was negative. But then I went to a meeting. When I went away, I couldn't have been more impressed. Just seeing the intelligent way they talked through the issues made me realize I had underestimated the capability of young people for self-government."

An SGB meeting is an impressive experience for anyone who is used to the inefficiency of many local governing bodies—including boards of education. The SGB chairman this year is David LaPonsee, a history teacher who is highly regarded on both an academic and a personal basis by most of his students. LaPonsee is the first faculty member to be elected chairman of the SGB. (A student headed the board during its first year-and-a-half.) Said one student on the board: "I think it's a mark of our success at cooperation that we don't feel the chairman has to be either a student or a faculty member but that we can pick the person who seems best qualified in a given year. If this were a regular student council, we'd feel we had to elect a student just to prove we had the power we really didn't have."

At the meeting I attended, the SGB was discussing several bills that were to be voted on the following week. One bill would give students an absolute right to see their high school transcripts, with the exception of specific personal comments by teachers. Faculty and students pointed out during the discussion that some counselors allow students to see the transcripts, while others do not. Vice Principal William Murphy, an administration representative on the board, said that a recent court decision in Texas required a school to show a student his college transcript.

The discussion moved to a complicated proposal dealing with academic credit for extracurricular activities. Once again, the arguments did not break down along student-faculty lines. Murphy, smiling, pointed out that Prin-

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"Just seeing how intelligently they discussed vital issues made me realize I had

cipal Calkins had once suggested that extracurricular activities not only should receive credit but should be a requirement for graduation. Talmadge Boston, who seemed to be the most conservative student member of the board, said he was against the proposal, "because it would tend to glamorize extracurricular activities more than ever. Sure, it's a learning experience to be in the Staples Players [the drama club], but everything is a learning experience. Life is a learning experience, but you don't get a reward for it. A student should choose an extracurricular activity because it's what he wants to do, not because there's a carrot involved in the form of academic credit."

Jan Stuart, a dark-haired junior of less conservative bent, took issue with Boston. "There are many courses that aren't required for graduation, but you take them for your personal satisfaction and get academic credit. Like calculus. Whether it's right or wrong, academic credit is a way of recognizing that something is a learning experience."

For both faculty and students, a major problem is the amount of time SGB takes. Faculty members are supposed to receive some release time for their work, but for most of them SGB is a labor of love that requires at least eight extra hours of work a week. Students have the same time problem. "A night when I get four hours' sleep is a good night," said one senior. "You do have a problem when you have people working on their own time at something that entails real administrative effort. If it were a regular student council, I could skip a meeting when I felt like it. I feel I'm letting people down if I do that now."

The work load of SGB representatives is increasing as the governing board becomes an accepted part of school life. Lengthy proposals for curriculum revisions come in from the school's academic departments; they must be read and approved by the SGB before they go into effect. The SGB does not always rubber-stamp such proposals. It suggested extensive revisions in a plan for a new ecology course and expects to be even more active in future curriculum changes. Last spring a student-faculty committee submitted a proposal for a special session between semesters in which faculty members would be asked to teach courses in any subject they chose and students would be free to concentrate on their particular area of interest. The session would not be limited to academic subjects; if a student wanted to study mechanics for three weeks, he could. The proposal was a document of more than 100 pages, and the SGB asked for many revisions. The committee members now hope that the proposal will be approved in time for next year's winter break. "A governing board involving students can be as bureaucratic as any kind of government," observed one senior.

When asked about weaknesses of the SGB system, most students and faculty members cited the delicately balanced political situation in the community. LaPonsee feels that it is essential to eliminate the absolute veto. "Right now, I have to say we're operating at the sufferance of a benevolent principal," he said. "In the hands of an authoritarian principal appointed by a conservative school board, the absolute veto power could make the SGB totally ineffective." On the other hand, it seems unlikely that even the most liberal school board would have approved a governing board without an absolute veto by the administration in certain instances. Also, the force of

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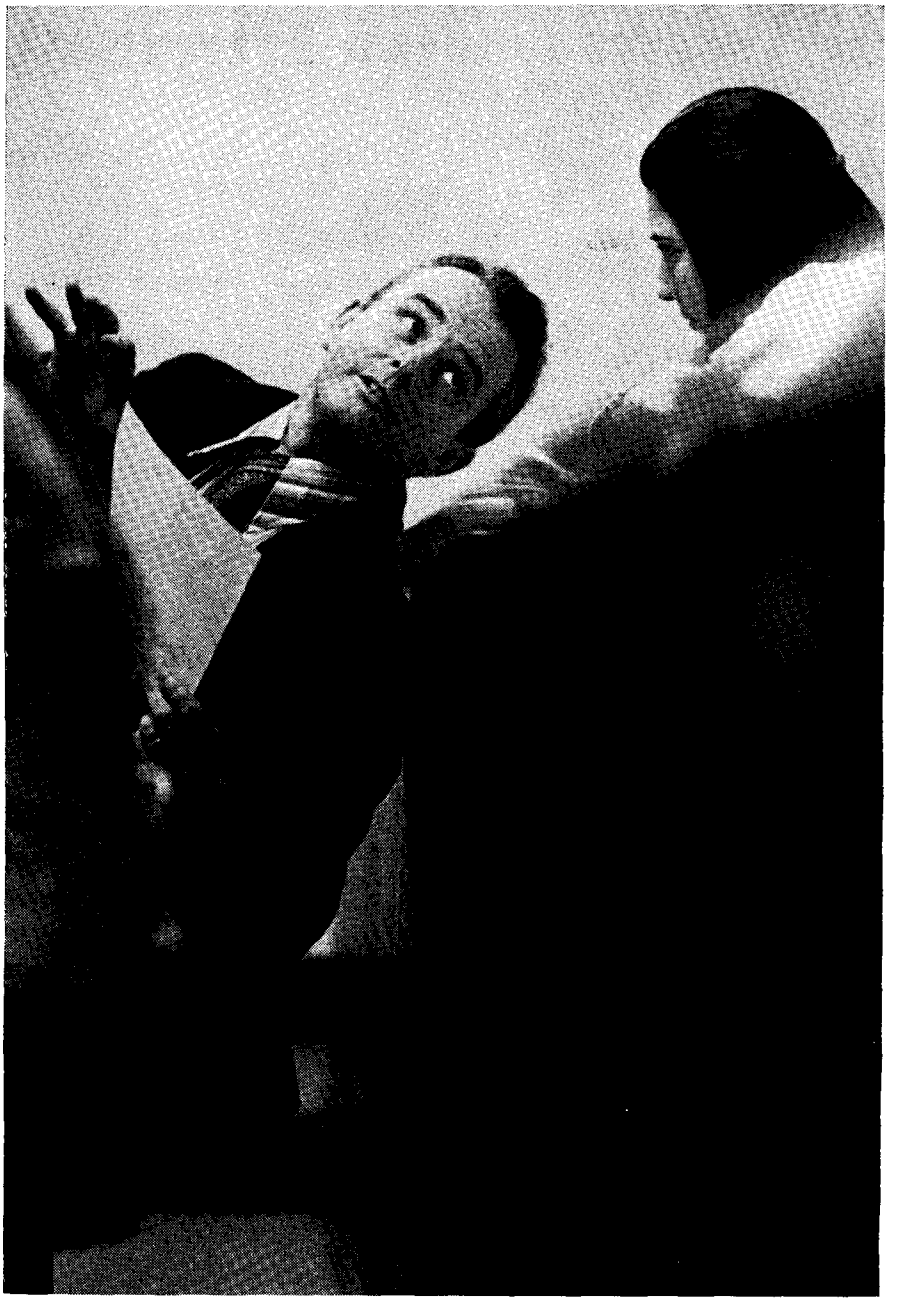
underestimated the capability of young people."



Left, SGB meeting at which conservatives and liberals are found among both faculty and students. Above, student and teacher confer over detail in bill. Principal Calkins, right, attends meeting only by invitation.

inertia may work in favor of the SGB if a liberal school board is maintained for the next few years. Once the SGB has been an accepted part of the school structure for some time, the conservatives will have to put forth a convincing case for its abolition.

The SGB also seems to have poor communication with both parents and students. But that is not always the governing board's fault. "I don't know anything about the SGB, and I'm not interested," said a bored-looking girl with long, straight, blond hair and frosted white lips in the style of five years ago. "I like everything here just the way it is." SGB members say they sometimes fail to discuss proposals with their constituents, because they do not have enough time.

Communication with parents is an even more difficult matter. One student committee is attempting to phone every parent with a child at Staples and invite him to take a guided tour of classes during the school day. However, according to Robert Lacy, chairman of the committee and member of SGB, only one out of five parents have responded to the invitation.

Many SGB members favor parent representation on the board, but some parents who are among the strongest supporters of SGB feel they would have nothing to contribute. "I don't think most parents are in touch with the day-to-day problems at the school," said James O'Leary, a banker. "And how many parents would be interested enough even to participate in an election? It's sad, but I'm afraid that's the way it is." Martin Blumenfeld, a stockbroker, disagreed. "I think a parent could bring a valuable outside point of view and prevent the board from becoming too parochial. I can't believe that with our talents and experience we don't have something to contribute. I would be willing to devote some of my time at night to working on it."

SGB representatives have been invited to discuss their system with other schools and educational organizations. Most of the students feel a governing board similar to the SGB would work in a school with students of different races and economic levels. However, they do not feel the SGB would be exportable to a school system with hostile principals' or teachers' organizations.

One former staff member from Staples is now working with the New York City Board of Education to determine the feasibility of a governing board system in New York's troubled high schools. However, a quiet survey of ninety-four high school principals showed that more than two-thirds were "strongly resistant" to the idea and that only six were "enthusiastic." The United Federation of Teachers, with its fear of interference from both students and community organizations, might also be a stumbling block. In Westport the local chapter of the National Education Association strongly supported the SGB despite initial fears that it might extend its authority into areas the teachers think belong in contract negotiations.

"The real stumbling block is the principal," says Calkins. "If the principal and the administration aren't willing to take risks, this kind of system won't work. Running a school with a governing board is much less efficient than running a traditional school. You have to consult other people before you do something. Think about that. You actually have to consult other people." □

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Day Care in Cuba:

CHILDREN ARE THE REVOLUTION

Pampered and loved, Cuban children are the prime beneficiaries of the Revolution.

In Cuba children start school in their cribs. Offering care for infants as young as forty-five days old, Cuba serves more than 50,000 children up to age five in a massive, national day care program. The centers operate year-round and provide free care, including clothing and all meals during school hours. Pampered, in the best sense of that word, Cuban children are loved, cared for, well fed—the darlings of the Revolution.

While insisting on dramatic support for day care, Cuba faces many critical problems. Shortages of essential goods make classroom materials and books scarce. The lack of a well-trained professional staff of educators, teachers, and administrators forces the Cubans to rely on less than optimum personnel. While the Batista legacy of exploitation and poverty often cripples the Revolution's attempts to move faster, those elements sown by the Castro upheaval—bureaucracy, dogmatism, parochialism—hamstring their own revolutionary goals.

Given such challenges, Cuba's commitment of resources and political leadership to education in general, and to day care programs in particular, is impressive. Lacking official figures, it is difficult to determine how much this commitment actually means in financial terms. Extrapolating the possible cost of the Cuban effort from the available data from Headstart, the financial resources that have gone into the Cuban program are staggering. In the United States the annual cost per child in Headstart is $1,000, not including capital construction. Relying on the U.S. figures as a base, the Cubans must spend more than $50-million a year to support the 50,000 children in day care. Undoubtedly, the cost of Cuba's day care operation is even higher than that if one adds medical services, uniforms, food, and infant care. Viewed as a whole, including the cost of buildings and supporting staff (psychologists, administrators, curriculum planners), Cuba spends a larger percentage of its Gross National Product on day care than almost any other country in the world. In the United States, for example, only six states provide some form of support for prekindergarten programs, and only eight states require school districts to offer kindergarten to all who want it. While the total populations of Cuba and New York City are roughly equal, the latest figures show that only 18,000 children are enrolled in day care in the city.

With the coming of the Castro Revolution, the new regime, as Stanford University political scientist Richard Fagen notes, placed its major emphasis on the children "as the prime movers and beneficiaries of the new society." Starting in 1961, the Cubans instituted a host of innovative features that allowed them to offer day care to thousands of children virtually overnight. They needed space, so they constructed dozens of new centers and converted existing structures into day care facilities called *círculos*. In the cities old mansions left vacant by those who fled the Revolution were converted into day care centers. The countryside, which had suffered the most under Batista, suddenly found its landscape dotted with modern child care facilities. For the *campesino* who fought in the mountains for the Revolution, the Revolution returned to the mountains.

Divided into separate areas for babies (with rooms for diapering, napping, and eating), toddlers, nursery school children, and kindergartners, the centers also take advantage of Cuba's Caribbean climate by using outdoor patios or nearby parks as much as possible. When large houses become day care centers, they provide spacious yards, play areas, kitchens, bathrooms, and classrooms. Even though these larger converted facilities were not built originally for day care, they often fit school needs comfortably and can meet standards set by early childhood specialists in highly developed nations. Today, a little more than a decade after the Revolution, Cuba boasts about 450 day care centers throughout the island.

With little or no formal schooling and hardly any training in early childhood education, the women who came to work in Cuban day care centers brought with them only their own experience. Out of necessity, Cuba manned its day care centers with a paraprofessional staff. There was no real choice. If the country were to embark on its ambitious day care program, it could not wait to train professionals to care for the children in a manner that would meet minimal standards in more advanced countries.

Admitting the low level of educational background, day care paraprofessionals are neither called teachers nor considered teachers. Workers in the *círculos* are called *asistentes*. Throughout the first decade of day care in Cuba, and even to this day, *asistentes* are in constant training, taking in-service courses, studying during lunch hours. These remarkably dedicated women—many of them very young—spend long and difficult hours with the children and show surprising stamina in their work and after-hour self-education.

In 1970 the *círculo* leadership concluded that better training and higher qualifications were necessary if standards were to be raised. To this end, they opened three new four-year day care training schools for young women

Marvin Leiner, associate professor of education at Queens College of the City University of New York, lived in Cuba from 1968 to 1969 and returned last summer for another visit. Robert Ubell, a New York editor, is board president of a cooperative school. This article is adapted from a forthcoming book of the same title.

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BY MARVIN LEINER AND ROBERT UBELL

Cuba's comprehensive medical services are part of all day care programs.

who have completed the eighth grade. Graduates of the schools (called *Escuelas de Educadoras*) will be *educadoras* and not *asistentes*. Yet even after this intensive training, Cuban day care workers still will have only the equivalent of a high school diploma.

Acknowledging that the educational level of the *asistentes* often is not high enough for them to grasp more sophisticated psychological theories, Consuelo Miranda, head of Cuba's training schools for day care workers, suggested ways in which psychological principles may be explained to the unschooled *asistente*:

"When the child cries, you don't let him cry. Mothers don't do this. When he cries, they go to see what is wrong. This is what you must do. If he is cold, you must cover him; if he is hot, you must move the crib to a cooler spot; if you think he is tired of the position he is in, you must move him; if he is hungry, give him food; if he is thirsty, offer him water; if you think he is frightened, carry him, hug him a little, cuddle him, hold him close to you, and say sweet things or sing, and then put him back in the crib."

Although *circulos* also employ licensed Ministry of Education teachers for kindergartners, they nevertheless recognize that educated professionals may not be essential for the best preschool educational system. As Doctora Miranda points out, women who work with children need not have impressive educational backgrounds to deal effectively with them. Unschooled paraprofessionals often do not view children with the cold-bloodedness of some educators who feel that their responsibility to children is a duty and not a pleasure. Said Doctora Miranda in Havana last summer, "A woman without so much professionalism but who offers great affection is of much more help. I'm not interested in whether or not the people who work with the children are university graduates. If you employ someone who has achieved a degree, she may turn out to lack affection and human warmth."

Doctora Miranda's faith in these devoted *asistentes* is often borne out in the classroom. Nevertheless, it is unrealistic to expect them to perform with the same skill and sensitivity as those who have gone through more rigorous training. Thus experiments are now under way to determine what kinds of curriculums are appropriate for use in the classroom by unskilled child care workers.

When Cuban day care made the unprecedented move of introducing large numbers of essentially untrained teachers in the classroom, it also moved toward improving the health of its child population. Nutritional and medical care goes far beyond what one would think is required by child care programs, and this derives largely from a belief among Cuban educators that day care must provide critical child care training not found in many homes. Nutritious and adequate food, together with proper hygienic and health standards, are central ingredients for Cuba's day care programs. New research in the United States and elsewhere indicates that poor nutrition during early childhood affects not only physical growth but mental functioning as well. For the poor, failure at school may result not only from a lack of certain significant learning experiences at home but also from the equally serious effects of nutritional and physiological poverty.

Considered the *raison d'être* of the Revolution, Cuban children receive larger supplies of milk, chicken, meat, fruits, and vegetables than their parents. Even though the rationing system severely limits food supplies and clothing for adults, it does not, for the most part, affect preschoolers.

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By encouraging group rewards and collective living, Cuba charges schools with creating a New Cuban Man.

Cuban education is politically oriented. Above, children happily display their paintings on current national issues.

With the support of the Ministry of Public Health (MINSAP), Cuban day care also delivers modern medical attention to the children. This includes complete dental care as well as preventive health care not only for the youngsters but for all day care personnel. In cooperation with dieticians, doctors prescribe and supervise the preparation of baby formulas and diets and also run educational programs for parents and school personnel.

Last summer, during a visitor's surprise stop at the Raúl Perez Círculo in Havana, two physicians happened to come by. One was an experienced pediatrician who had come to check the children. She came regularly, about twice a week, to follow up on specific health problems and also to give routine checkups. Later that same day a young doctor from MINSAP arrived to inspect the quality of the water and the sanitary conditions at the center.

Visiting *círculos* in rural and urban Cuba, one is struck by their intensive concern with cleanliness. When children arrive in the morning, their street clothes are removed, and they are dressed in communally shared uniforms that are washed daily at the center, and each child is bathed every day. Before entering an infant room all adults must put on a sterilized smock; those who feed babies must wear face masks. If cleanliness is next to godliness, then the Cubans are closer to God than the Pope is.

In the beginning parents were reluctant to trust the centers with the care of their children. If Americans think that they pamper their children, a visit to Cuba would surely show them how indulgent parents can be. Fearful that day care would Sovietize their children, Cubans initially mistrusted the ability of the centers to respond in loving, kind ways. Even today many families who feel that the *círculos* do a good job do not send their children until their youngsters are two or three years old; enrollment in the bottle-fed age group remains low. However, once Cuban families were convinced that the *círculos* provided essential services —good food, proper medical treatment, and a clean, wholesome environment— the demand for day care started to outdistance the availability of space.

Now the *círculos* report that if classroom capacity were to double, there still would not be enough room to fill all requests. The space that is available is rationed according to a priority schedule. First preference goes to children whose mothers are employed in agriculture. Children of factory workers, teachers, nurses, physicians, and industrial experts come next. Third place is given to children whose mothers work in the service economy, while office workers are last on the list. Children of mothers who do not work are assigned to whatever few spaces are left.

From the start, to encourage parents to feel kindly toward the *círculos* and to educate poor families in proper child care, the Cuban day care movement offered close family-school relations. From the point of view of the *círculos*, parent cooperation is needed to ensure that the children attend regularly, maintain adequate health and hygiene standards, and receive love and educational understanding at

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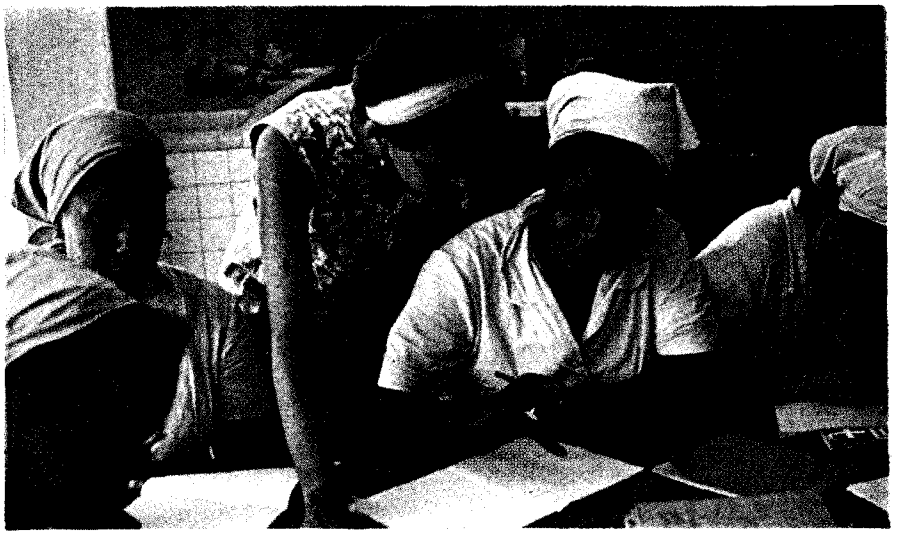
home. Monthly meetings offer parents and staff a chance to discuss diet, sanitation, medical care, and suggested child guidance methods. In addition, parents are enlisted to join maintenance teams to help in carpentry, painting, sewing, and gardening.

When the first *círculos* opened in the early Sixties, the leadership had three aims in mind: The first, and most important, was that day care would allow women to become part of the wider economic and social fabric of the nation. In addition, day care would be a first step in the long re-education of the people to mold them in the visionary image of the New Cuban Man. And, of course, the larger Cuban community would reap economic and social benefits from day care itself.

In fact, Cuban day care plays a central role in permitting women to leave the kitchen for the factory and the fields. Together with a host of other upheavals, the Cuban Revolution sought to alter the role of woman in society.

Apart from egalitarian and moral considerations, Cuba required women to join the revolutionary effort for purely pragmatic reasons. The economy, stripped of its professional classes, simultaneously had to gear itself for dramatic expansion requiring large-scale increases in its labor force. It became apparent immediately that women would be needed to augment the existing labor supply so as to fulfill the new demands for more goods and services. Women's liberation, in Cuban terms, became a banner under which Cuban women could rally to the labor market. The Revolution took care to lead the march with mass women's organizations, adult education, and day care. "Society has a duty to help women," Castro pointed out early in the Revolution. "And by doing so, society helps itself considerably, because it means more hands joining in the production of goods and services for all the people. As is well known, one of the means to make it possible for women to work is the creation of day nurseries."

The need to set up a system of day nurseries to permit women to leave their children under the care of "professional" services led the Federation of Cuban Women, the mass women's organization that the new regime had established in 1960, to initiate the Círculos Infantiles just a year later.



Sparked by the revolutionary vision of the New Cuban Man, "asistentes" study child development during the lunch hour. Collective consciousness begins in the oversized playpen—or "corral"—which permits several children to play together.

Most *círculos* are open six days a week, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Others offer more extensive schedules, permitting women to work late in the evening. Only a few allow parents to leave their children around the clock during weekdays.

For the Cubans, the other essential goal of education—and not day care alone—is the creation of the spirit of the New Cuban Man. (Ironically, with all the attention given to the needs of women, Cuba does not yet see that this slogan ignores them linguistically.) Fundamentally a humanistic, altruistic concept that combines early classical Marxism, collective consciousness, and the view that people are socially and psychologically perfectable, the *hombre nuevo* will be the man of the future under Communism. In a July 26, 1960, speech, Castro outlined the key points of Cuban Communist ideology. In part he declared:

"In a Communist society man will have succeeded in achieving just as much understanding, closeness, and brotherhood as he has on occasion achieved within the narrow circle of his own family. To live in a Communist society is to live without selfishness, to live among the people and with the people, as if every one of our fellow citizens were really our dearest brother."

To train children to practice the new ethic, the *círculos* often emphasize the group rather than the individual. Con-

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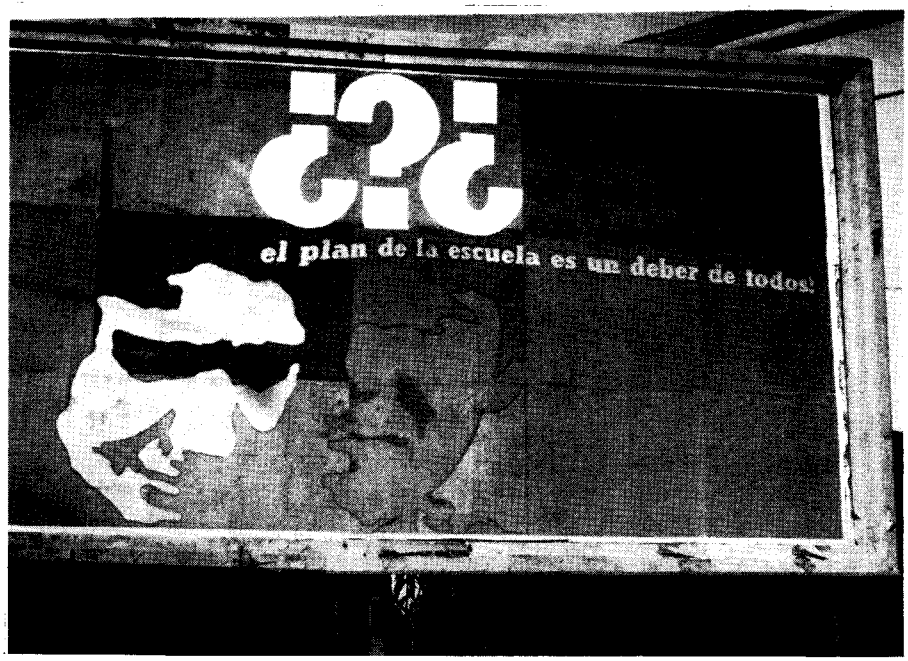

Billboards and posters promote parent and community involvement in schools.

sider, for example, the collective birthday parties where all the children born in a given month celebrate their birthdays together. (Collective birthday parties are also celebrated by young adults studying to become teachers in the Makarenko Institute.) As one day care official noted, "We feel that no child should be singled out. That means that if there is a child with outstanding qualities he should be part of the group, too. For example, we had a school that Che's children attended. Naturally, when foreigners came, they were interested in seeing them, and often the aides would show off by bringing out Che's little boy." When *círculo* officials discovered what was going on, they instructed the school to discontinue the practice immediately. "We do not wish to deform any child's personality by calling too much attention to him. We try to cultivate modesty."

Cuban schools, sparked by their revolutionary vision, are charged with responsibility for painting appropriate images of the new society in the child's mind. Believing that the school environment is instrumental in altering attitudes and developing new perspectives, Cubans trust the school setting to change prerevolutionary attitudes toward collectivism, socialism, work, and man's role in society. By encouraging collective living, group rewards, and "antiegoist" psychology, Cuban educators charge the schools with a dynamic role in the alteration of society. Much is made of "collective consciousness" in Cuba; the Marxist-Leninist philosophical basis of the Cuban system leads inevitably to an appreciation of the collective principle throughout Cuba.

Collective consciousness begins the moment the child enters the *círculo*. When a Cuban baby is placed in a playpen, he is not put into a standard U.S. model with only room enough for himself or, at most, two toddlers. The Cuban playpen—or, more appropriately, *corral*—permits at least six infants to play together in a space equal to the size of a small room. Based on Soviet or Eastern European designs, the *corral*, raised on coffee-table-high legs, offers children the chance to interact with day care workers practically face to face. Far more rationally built than the American playpen, it avoids the necessity for adults to bend to floor level to assist the children.

To aid in the formation of the *hombre nuevo* and to stimulate the acquisition of learning skills, directed learning—as opposed to *laissez-faire* or spontaneous education—is emphasized in the *círculos*. Theoretically, childhood development is seen as a ladder with each age group comprising another rung toward adulthood. Highly structured day care activities correspond to the separate steps children must take to achieve mastery in a particular skill.

Recognizing that the development of logical thought and reasoning is a primary aim of intellectual growth, the *círculos* believe that their programs must follow strict developmental schemes so that children will master skills in a step-by-step, orderly fashion. Echoing Harvard psychologist Jerome Bruner, a Cuban day care educator remarked, "We believe that the child's education can be directed, though not inflexibly or rigidly. What we mean by this is: What thing or activity can favor a given aspect of development in a child? We then provide that activity. Our education is 'directed,' therefore, in the sense of a planned end. Children can be taught virtually anything if we know how to teach it to them in a form that they readily understand and are able to assimilate."

An analysis of day care programs reveals a detailed and structured set of routines designed to develop a host of skills. As Clementina Serra, national director of Círculos Infantiles, suggests, "Programed or directed activities should not be interpreted to mean the coercive imposition of formal activities on the children. When we place a toy or a brilliant object in front of a child in the crawling area, we know beforehand what his reaction will be: He will move to reach it. This is precisely what we wish: We want the child to crawl, to practice a new activity, and he does."

For Cuba, the problem of filtering these educational goals down to the individual classroom is frustrated by the reality of the quality of its personnel. While headquarters carefully sticks pins into the educational map pointing out the necessary attack positions and the requirements of the terrain, those in the field—the day care workers—frequently not only ignore the orders from their general staff but often do not even understand the nature of the battle. Add to that the facts of everyday *círculo* life. A simple accounting of the number of hours spent during a typical day on routine activities, such as feeding, bathing, diapering, changing clothes, and playing, makes clear that there are precious few moments for even the most astute educator to concentrate on any of the ambitious plans for directed learning suggested by the leadership. I once asked an aide whether she had any difficulty following the directed learning suggestions prescribed for the *círculos*. "Oh, no problem at all," she exclaimed. "I can do everything they say to do in a few minutes!"

Given Cuba's intensive effort, it is not surprising that with only a dozen years of experience behind it, the nation has achieved the kind of international prominence usually reserved for great education powers such as the United States, Britain, and the U.S.S.R. While Cuba has much to learn from educators who have come to accept a more relaxed and open approach to young children, the rest of the world can also profit from the Cuban effort. Its basic understanding of the needs of children for proper nutrition and comprehensive medical care, its staggering support for a universal and free system offering care that begins so early in a child's life, its insistence on parental and community involvement—these and other innovative successes offer evidence of what is possible in the education of the very young. □

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A Transatlantic Shopper's Guide: Free Bikes and Bergman Flicks

Thirty-three years ago this June the Pan American flying boat *Dixie Clipper* puttered from New York to Lisbon on the first transatlantic commercial passenger flight. In the frantic summer months ahead, Pan Am, twenty-five other scheduled airlines, six U.S. supplementals, and a flock of European non-skeds will carry some 1.5 million Americans abroad. That historic flight in 1939 dragged on for almost a full day, with a refueling stop in the Azores. Today Pan Am, TWA, and TAP, the Portuguese airline, fly to Lisbon in six-and-a-half hours—about the time it took the *Dixie Clipper* to churn from the Azores to Portugal. Americans looking for places to go and airlines to fly will find the pickings more abundant than ever this summer. You may cross the ocean under the tender care of a Japan Air Lines hostess or confront the saucy chutzpah of an El Al sabra. Following is a shopping list for transatlantic travelers.

Pan Am—Despite mounting losses, the pioneer carrier will open a huge $92-million airline terminal at Kennedy Airport in June, designed to push a load of 747 passengers through government formalities in fifteen minutes. By mid-October a two-level roadway will be installed so you can drive to within seventy-six feet of your departing flight—but Dad will have to go park the car. Wide-ranging schedule is a Pan Am trademark. Nonstop flights to Europe from New York, Boston, Washington, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, San Juan, and Seattle. New service to Bergen, Norway. Restored service from San Francisco to London. Other nonstop destinations "over there"—Amsterdam, Casablanca, Frankfurt, Glasgow, Lisbon, London, Paris, Reykjavík, Rome, Santa Maria (Azores), and Shannon. Half the flights are by 747; some go out in the morning, a good way to beat jet lag.

TWA—Flies even more often than Pan Am, with 167 flights leaving each week for Europe. Though the International Air Transport Association limits range and variety of service, TWA has put on comfortable seats with added leg room and inflated back support; middle seat in tier of three opens into a table. Choice of three entrees in economy, five in first-class. Smoking section gets mature movie; nonsmokers see the family fare. One of few airlines serving Europe and West Coast nonstop. Three flights a week San Francisco-London; daily Los Angeles-London. Midsummer 22-to-45-day rate from California, $442; from East Coast, $313. Which is why charter business booms in West.

PIA—Stands for Pakistan International Airlines, at the other end of the spectrum from Pan Am and TWA. Newest line to go transatlantic, PIA will start three-flights-a-week service from Kennedy to London and onward at the beginning of April. Industry watchdogs wonder if PIA will meet the deadline, what with civil trouble still erupting at home, its managing director plucked to head the Pakistani Air Force, and the profitable service to Dacca cut off. Green-and-white 707 will have latest (10:45 p.m.) departure from JFK so passengers don't get to London before hotel beds are made up. Lights-out section will give sleepy passengers chance to snooze through midnight supper.

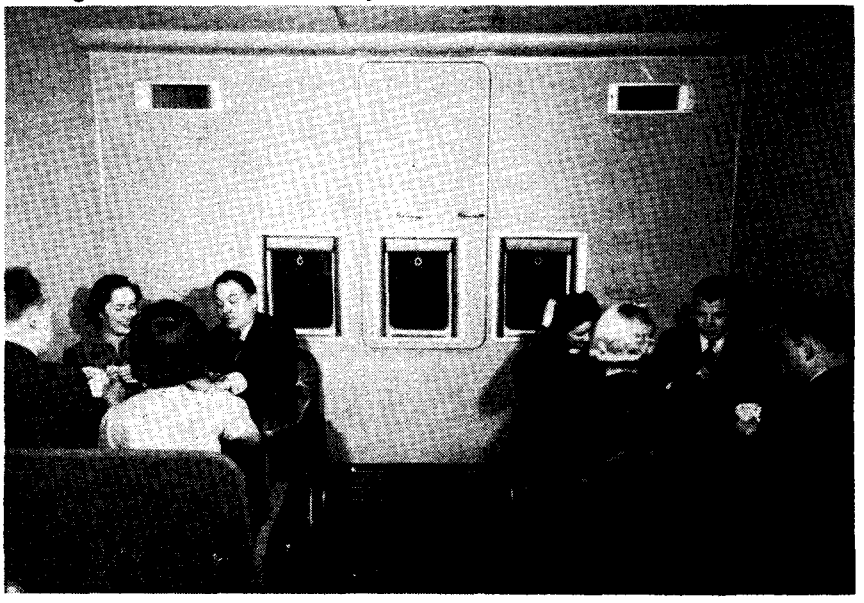
El Al—Sends twenty-seven midsummer flights a week from Kennedy to Tel Aviv; 747s are packed with 392 economy seats, only eight in first class. "Our service is essentially democratic and informal," admits an El Al official. "A flying bar mitzvah without the bar mitzvah boy," was a recent flier's impression. Nonstop New York-Tel Aviv flight (fourteen a week) lasts just over eleven hours, one of the world's longest. El Al is proud of filling 65 per cent of its seats year round and 99 per cent in July and the week before Passover.

Aer Lingus—The Irish know how to fill planes too. Some 40 per cent of the traffic is ethnic—Irish-Americans going back to the sod. After an hour in the air it feels like an airborne Irish pub. Thirty-seven flights a week from New York, Boston, Chicago, and Montreal. Two-week fly-and-drive tours (guesthouse, breakfast, and rented car) start at $300 from Boston, $403 from Chicago. Jumbo jet is divided into sections representing the ancient provinces—Ulster, Munster, Connaught, Leinster—and Tara, the former seat of Irish kings.

BOAC—Robert Morley commercials

Pan Am wishes it could always fill the 747, as it did on 1970 inaugural.

Passengers had plenty of time to play on first Pan Am crossing in 1939.



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stress British accent and atmosphere on BOAC, which is what you get. Many of its stewards have worked in stately British homes. Nonstop flights from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, and Chicago in 707, 747, or VC-10. Two-week London Super Show Tour, a BOAC invention, has proved a big hit. For $364 you get not only round-trip fare, bus transfers, hotel room with full English breakfast but also such miscellany as free use of Polaroid camera if you buy $25 worth of film, guest membership in a London casino, and $15 discount on custom-tailored suit.

Finnair—Daily DC-8 (except Sunday) from New York to Helsinki via Amsterdam and sometimes Copenhagen. Finnish hostess in leather maxi circulates and socializes through entire flight. "Our girls have been billed as 'deliciously shy'—it's a term we hear quite often in North America," says a Finnair man, no friend of feminists. U.S.-bound flights serve Finnish food such as reindeer chops.

Japan Air Lines—Only one hostess is in kimono, but all exude Japanese charm and deference. "When everyone has been served, they don't sit down and smoke a cigarette," says a well-traveled Atlantic flier. "They walk up and down the aisle to see what you need." JAL's four-flights-a-week DC-8 service from New York to London hasn't cut into bigger carriers' business, so you can get three seats to yourself, more sleep, and a wet towel when you wake up.

Alitalia—Washington nonstop will be added in May, joining New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Food may be Italian, but some of the stewardesses aren't. Well-educated, bilingual, young Italian women are hard to recruit, preferring less yeowomanly work. So Holland, England, Germany are tapped. Alitalia and other European carriers promise to keep youth fares down around $200 instead of accepting 1972 raise to $313.

National—You thought Pan Am and TWA were the only U.S. flag carriers flying the Atlantic? National will introduce 747s next month for daily round-trip between Miami and London. Southern Californians are finding it wise to connect with London through Miami and avoid JFK tangle.

Air France—Getting busier all the time, Air France will have forty-nine flights a week this summer to Europe, including nonstop 707s from Houston and Boston and nonstop 747s from Los Angeles. France's finest started flying transatlantic twenty-six years ago in June with weekly DC-4 "Ciel de Picardie" service. Food has long been the hallmark. Even in economy class you eat the best of Air France's food, prepared in its own kitchens; many other carriers use catering services.

Lufthansa—Company slogan "Führend im Service" (leading in service) was coined years ago and still applies. Personnel have learned to relax heel-clicking efficiency, however. Frankfurt caterer blends the best of German food into the menu. Economy passengers may eat favorite national dish, Kasseler Rippchen mit Sauerkraut und Erbsenpuree, Berlin's version of roast pork loin. First-class Senator service offers six entrees including sauerbraten and chicken fricassee, Berlin-style. At tea time, a keg of Dortmund beer is tapped. Like many of its rivals, Lufthansa has trouble bringing off the in-flight movie. Coming home from Germany in first-class, you pay $2.50 and get a skiing flick in German. Flights from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Los Angeles, Montreal, and Anchorage.

Swissair—Another airline that puts service first. Jumbo has a *maître de cabine*, a sort of first sergeant who keeps the hostesses moving. Swiss stewardesses are trilingual, at least. Unlike most European carriers, company is three-fourths private. Another oddity: It made money last year, $8-million. Service from New York, Boston, Chicago, and Montreal. On one of the newest package tours, you bicycle through the Alps (downhill, presumably) and get to take the bike home.

Czechoslovak Airlines—One of the newest in the transatlantic race, CSA is finishing its second year of New York-Prague service. Five flights a week planned for midsummer. CSA picking up business with ethnic and second- or third-time European travelers. Actually, it got into transatlantic derby ten years ago with Prague-Havana service. Flies Russian IL-62s.

Air India—Shares with JAL the reputation for most attentive service, according to veteran Atlantic hoppers. Flies daily New York to London and on to India. In June it will increase seat capacity 40 per cent by putting on 747s six days a week (707 on Tuesday). India being a long and expensive trip, the airline concentrates on British and Continental packages, including a London-Paris show tour.

SAS—Ingmar Bergman on the in-flight movie? *Wild Strawberries* and *The Virgin Spring* were among the Bergman offerings on transatlantic runs this winter, proving that Disney and Day aren't the only airborne idols. SAS rolls out another of its fabled exports, the flying smörgåsbord. Flights from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Seattle, Anchorage. New service this summer thrice a week from New York to Stavanger, Norway's southwest seaport.

KLM—The people that brought you Hans Brinker and the kid who shoved his finger in the dike try to make flying a child's joy. To that end, KLM buys 6,000 toy automobiles a year and gives them away in the air. Nonstop 747s from New York and Chicago to Amsterdam; one-stop service from Houston via Montreal. KLM was the first European carrier to fly transatlantic after the war, stopping at Glasgow and Gander before landing at the old Marine Air Terminal at LaGuardia. Has added Oriental cuisine to its menu, combination of Chinese and Indonesian, backed by Heineken.

Iberia—It doesn't do much ethnic business, but the Spanish carrier notes that 58 per cent of its passengers are women, often young, and perhaps in search of Spain's mystical, romantic aura. Flies to Madrid, Málaga, Las Palmas. From New York, Boston, Montreal, and San Juan. One of many lines to extend successful eight-day winter tour packages through April. Sample: New York-Madrid for $210 plus minimum of $70 in land arrangements.

TAP—Transportes Aéreos Portu-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MASQUERADE

Here are the titles of a dozen works of fiction, drama, and poetry—paraphrased by synonyms or puns or distorted in other nefarious ways. Their authors' abbreviated names are listed alphabetically. The perpetrator is Carolyn H. Breecher of Atlanta, Georgia. The masks are removed on page 82.

A. *Summer-Rise* ( )
B. *Way Down Under* ( )
C. *Intuitive Football Player on a College Team* ( )
D. *Hot Dog with Beer* ( )
E. *A Sixth of an Hour Has Elapsed* ( )
F. *Tied Up in Knots* ( )
G. *See Red in Retrospect* ( )
H. *Offspring Gets Up Too* ( )
I. *Apostle's Skillet* ( )
J. *The Road in View* ( )
K. *Zoo Cat Escaping* ( )
L. *Anticipating Nice Vowel* ( )

1. Charles D.
2. Elmer R.
3. Ernest H.
4. James B.
5. Jean G.
6. John O.
7. Mary S.
8. Maxim G.
9. Maxwell A.
10. Samuel B.
11. Victor H.
12. William S.

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gueses boasts—knock on wood—about its top safety record. In more than twenty-five years aloft: 100 per cent. "We are just small enough so the customer can always see the manager," says a TAP man. Four 747s a week from Kennedy to Lisbon, three 707s from Boston and Montreal.

Sabena—Airline with a breakaway spirit. Last summer the Belgian carrier launched cut-rate student fares—and intends to stick with them this year. If you wonder what the bicycle is doing in its Fifth Avenue window, it's yours for taking a peddling tour with Sabena. Thirteen flights a week to Brussels from New York, five from Montreal.

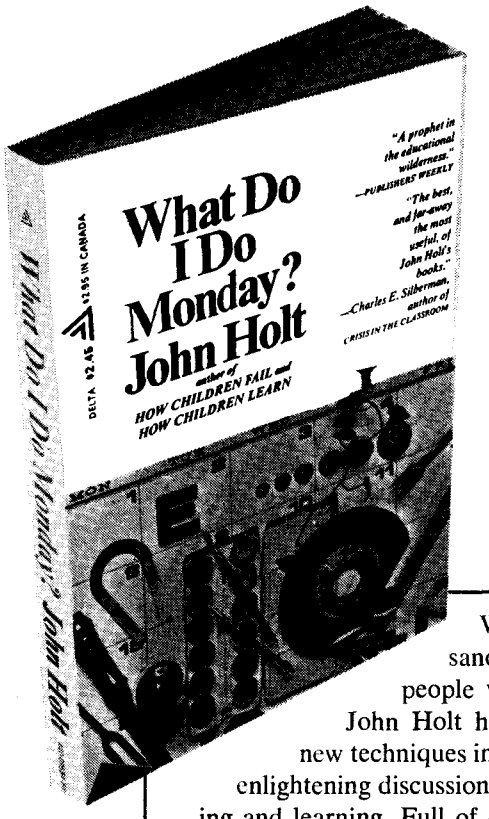
Olympic—It's fifteen years this week since Aristotle Onassis founded the Greek national airline. Olympic will mark the event with new service to Sydney—a far cry from the first DC-3 trip between Athens and Thessaloniki in 1957. Blue-and-white jets fly fourteen times a week from JFK through Paris to Athens. Also Chicago-Montreal flights.

Qantas—There's no "u" in the word, which stands for Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Services. Does most of its business on the other side of the earth but flies Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from Kennedy to Heathrow. Warms you with its peculiar brand of southern hospitality.

Air Canada and Canadian Pacific—Both carriers fly only from Canadian cities, but what a choice. Among its sixty-two flights a week to Europe, Air Canada has nonstops to London and Prestwick from prairie-locked Winnipeg. One of CP's amenities is a tape-recording service by which passengers can dictate letters, then leave the results to be typed up and mailed out by the airline.

Aeroflot—While the world waits to try the Russian TU-144, Aeroflot will continue to fly IL-62s twice a week between New York and Moscow via London ($455 for 22-45 days). Until now, you had to buy a ticket all the way to Moscow, but Aeroflot hopes to start New York-London service soon. Also has Montreal-Paris-Moscow service twice a week. It's the world's largest airline— "perhaps because we have no domestic competition," a clerk in the New York office admitted.

Icelandic—Like Aeroflot, Icelandic doesn't belong to the International Air Transport Association and thus can set its own fares and standards. Nary a first-class seat aboard the eighteen flights a week to Luxembourg via Keflavík. Will undercut two dozen IATA carriers by about $45 on 22-to-45-day excursion rate. Hopes to entice passengers to stop off in Iceland with cheap one-, two-, or three-day tours of the strange Viking land, where no one sleeps in summer. □


What Do I Do Monday? John Holt
author of HOW CHILDREN FAIL and HOW CHILDREN LEARN
"A prophet in the educational wilderness." —PUBLISHERS WEEKLY
"The best, and far-away the most useful, of John Holt's books." —Charles E. Silberman, author of CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM
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The new book by education's most respected critic

John Holt

What Do I Do Monday?

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HOW CHILDREN FAIL
A penetrating analysis of the strategies children use to meet the demands made on them, the distinction between real and apparent learning, and the way schools fail to meet the needs of children. Delta $2.25; Dell 95¢

HOW CHILDREN LEARN
Tells how to nurture your child's emotional and intellectual growth and shows the difference that flexible, informed teaching can make. Dell 95¢

THE UNDERACHIEVING SCHOOL
An eloquent critique of specific problems of American education such as the rat-race for college, the tyranny of testing, teachers who talk too much, and other vital problems. Delta $2.25

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FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1498

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1498 will be found in the next issue.

TUBO ZOUZEO'T QFPERT FVO

COIUBYHS, JWYEO URWOV

ZOUZEO'T MYVRPOT ZVUMO

KVFJCFILT.

EF VUIWOQUPIFPEK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1497

If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed.

Pascal

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We need SOAR heads!

Join the Scouts in saving our American resources. You can only do your country, your community and your company a world of good.

Sure, you're concerned about the environment. And you think it's great that the kids are doing something about it. But if you're still unhappy with the progress — this message is for you.

Last year, the Boy Scouts of America managed to remove more than a million tons of trash from the face of the earth. They delittered 200,000 miles of highways and streams . . . and 400,000 acres of parks and public places. They did it in one day — Scouting Keep America Beautiful Day — with the help of two million volunteers, including prominent individual leaders and companies, inspired by a new idea, called SOAR (Save Our American Resources). And they showed that, with a little care, we can make our trash usable again. And, with a little more care, we can have our air, water and land back to where they belong.

This year, the day is April 29, 1972. Girl Scouts of the USA and Keep America Beautiful Inc. are joining in the efforts as co-sponsors. Industry, business and labor are helping too.

But this year, the kids have a special message for you. They need more help. More minds, more thought, more bodies, more leaders in powerful companies and organizations who care enough to be involved.

This means you.

If you're an office manager, marketing director, sales executive, educator, administrator, union leader, you have the clout to involve your group in this effort. By offering a few company services or facilities on a Saturday (April 29th). Or by encouraging your employees or your students or your members to give a little, of their time or resources.

Here are a few practical ways to help the kids:

Talk about it. To clients. In speeches. At the company bowling matches.

If you're in transportation, offer the fleet and free cartage on April 29th.

If you have plants with parking lots, turn them into collection depots on April 29th.

If you're in the food service business, offer a snack to refresh the volunteers on April 29th.

Or, put this ad on your company bulletin board or reproduce it in your house organ. Have your son or daughter take it to school to the teacher. The wife to the garden club meeting.

Give what you can. In ideas, in time, in knowledge and experience, in your employees' time, in services.

Be involved. Because **you** are involved. **The quality of our environment is everyone's concern,** not just the Scouts!

Take the initiative. Become a SOAR head. Your boss will recognize it. Your customers will notice it. The kids will appreciate it. And the country and your community will show it.

For information on how to get involved write to: **Project SOAR-Scouting KAB Day Coordinator, Boy Scouts of America, No. Brunswick, N.J. 08902**

Among the companies participating in the program last year were: AFL-CIO, Alcoa Aluminum, American Can, American Public Works Association, Anheuser-Busch, Arm & Hammer, Armour & Company, Atlantic Richfield, Bethlehem Steel, Borg-Warner, Boys Clubs of America, Campfire Girls, Canada Dry, Carbonated Beverage Container Mfrs. Association, Chamber of Commerce of the U.S., Civitans, Coca-Cola, Adolph Coors, Container Corp., Continental Can, Eastman Kodak, 4-H Clubs, Future Farmers of America, Glass Container Mfrs. Association, Heekin Can, International Association of Police Chiefs, International Brotherhood of Teamsters, International Paper, Jaycees, Johnny Horizon Program (Dept. of the Interior), Jones & Laughlin, Kaiser Aluminum, Kaiser Steel, Kimberly-Clark, Kroger Co., McDonald's, Mobil Oil, National Association of Counties, National Association of Secondary Materials Industries, National Can, National Sheriffs' Association, National Soft Drink Association, National Steel, National Wildlife Federation, Outdoor Writers Association, Owens-Illinois, Pepsi-Cola, Reddy-Kilowatt, Reynolds Metals, 7-Eleven Stores, Seven-Up, Union Carbide, U.S. Conference of Mayors, U.S. Steel, Wheeling-Pittsburgh, and Youngstown Sheet & Tube.

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Nuptial Pads and a Question of Inheritance

by JOHN LEAR

THE CASE OF THE MIDWIFE TOAD

by Arthur Koestler

Random House, 187 pp., $5.95

Here is a first-class mystery story with an intellectual twist that takes it clear out of the whodunit category. The identity of the killer is known from the outset: the victim, Paul Kammerer, a Viennese biologist internationally known in the 1920s, committed suicide. The mystery lies in who did what to the midwife toad, and why—and how come the title character is a toad, when any one of several other lowly creatures would have made a better case.

I cannot escape the conclusion—Arthur Koestler being the deeply thoughtful writer he is—that this particular instance of midwifery is intended to suggest much more than the hatching of a toad's eggs. Perhaps I should be still more positive and say that I suspect Koestler of using the mystery lure to draw innocent laymen into a historical controversy that started as a strictly scientific affair but has since spread so widely that the future of the whole human species may be affected.

If my subsequent remarks here are to make sense to an unprepared reader, I must first explain that the midwife toad (*Alytes obstetricans*) gets its name from the fact that the male of a mating pair, after fertilizing the jellylike strings of his female partner's eggs, winds them around his legs and carries them about with him until the young emerge.

Like frogs, most toads mate in the water. During the mating, the male toad clasps the female round the waist and keeps her in his embrace for a considerable time, sometimes weeks in duration, until she spawns her eggs, which he then fertilizes with his sperm. To obtain a firm grip on the female's slippery body in the water, the male toad during the mating season develops on its palms and fingers swellings of a blackish color, from which small horny spines protrude. Biologists call these swellings "nuptial pads." Nuptial pads are not possessed by the midwife toad, however, because it does not require them for mating. The midwife toad mates on land, where the female's skin is comparatively dry and tough and therefore easy for the male to hold onto.

As a simple evolutionary anomaly, the midwife toad could hardly excite Arthur Koestler's curiosity. His interest in the animal arises from the earlier interest of Kammerer, who ended his life sharing Jean Baptiste Lamarck's belief that characteristics acquired by members of one generation of a species in response to the environment are inheritable by succeeding generations. Among the creatures Kammerer experimented with was the midwife toad. He required pairs of midwife toads to mate in water. As a consequence of their experience, Kammerer reported, the toads developed nuptial pads and passed these on to their offspring.

Kammerer was viciously attacked by the scientific establishment of his day. There was, Koestler says, an "astonishing disregard for the rules of fair play." No member of the establishment even tried to duplicate Kammerer's work before condemning it. Kammerer countered by exhibiting preserved specimens of his midwife toads to lecture audiences in Europe and in England. One of his most vocal antagonists, a young American researcher, cut into the supposed nuptial pads on the limb of one of Kammerer's specimens and found deposits of India ink beneath the toad's skin. Six months after the American did this,

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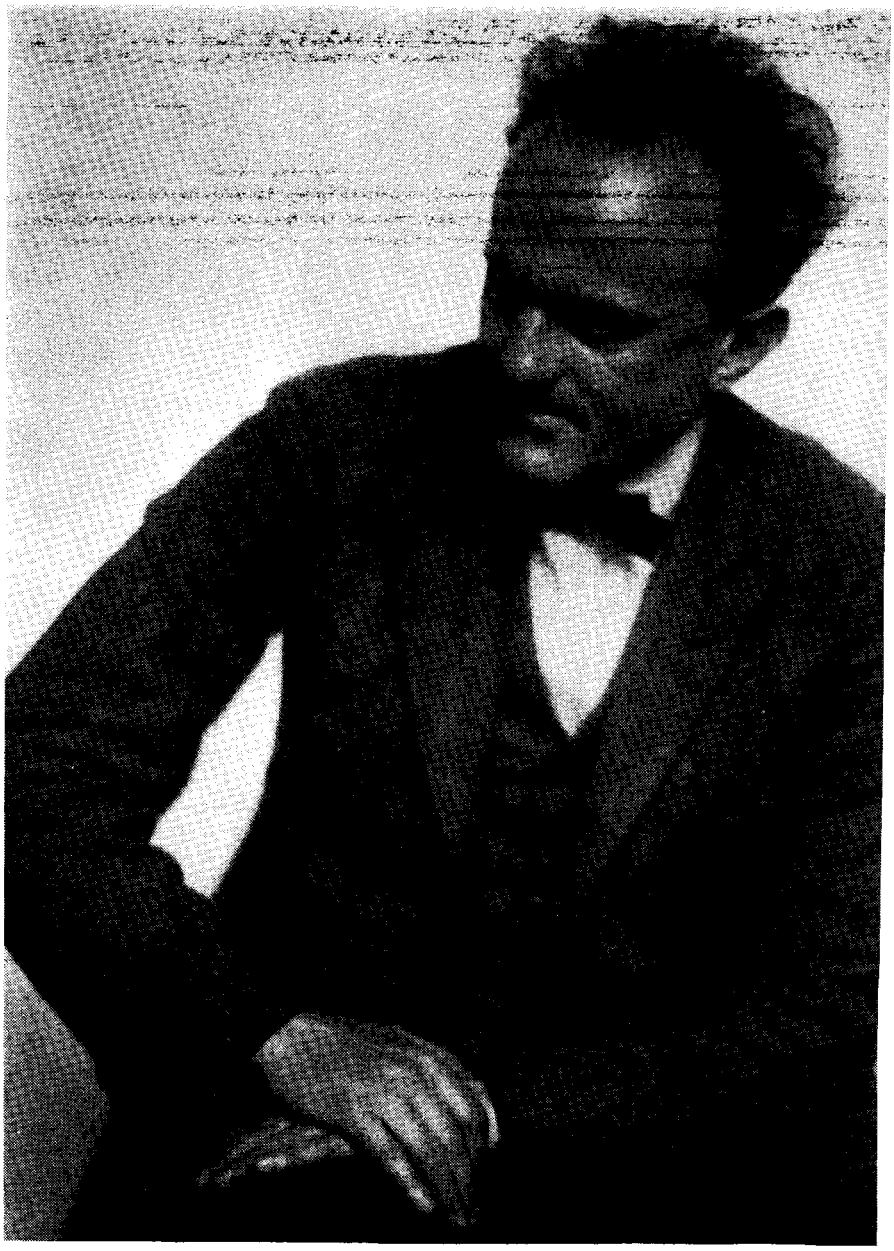
and six weeks after he published his findings in the scientific literature, a road worker in the Austrian Alps found Kammerer's body propped upright on a rock with a bullet through the head. Kammerer's right hand held a pistol.

Four notes Kammerer wrote during this crisis in his life left no one in doubt that he had killed himself. The consensus of the largely hostile scientific community was that he could not face exposure of fraudulent experiments.

Koestler was twenty years old at the time of the tragedy, which he ranks as the most sensational scientific scandal of the first half of the twentieth century. He does not accept the scientific establishment's judgment of Kammerer, but considers it tantamount to a decree by a drumhead court. Kammerer obviously could not have been happy about the young American scientist's discovery. But no one, the American included, had produced any evidence whatever to demonstrate that the India ink had been injected beneath the skin of the examined specimen either by Kammerer or with his knowledge. Furthermore, half a year had passed between the discovery and the suicide, and the brilliant Viennese biologist had another reason for taking his life.

Very much a ladies' man, living in the midst of the theatrical and artistic community of Vienna—the result as much of his own success in composing popular songs as of his successive marriages to an actress and a singer—Kammerer fell in love with five socially prominent sisters in turn. Four were ballet dancers; the fifth played violin. The eldest of these ladies was already married by the time his fancy got around to her. Meanwhile the Russian communists, who were attracted rather than repelled by the scientific controversy roiling around him, offered to ensconce Kammerer in a new laboratory under the auspices of behaviorist Pavlov's famous institute if the biologist would only move to Moscow. The spectacular Viennese accepted the offer and had begun to pack his belongings for the trip on the assumption that his new inamorata would go along. But she refused his pleadings. More than one newspaper commentator speculated afterward that it was her negative more than any sense of scientific disgrace that led to his death. Whatever the true cause of his suicide may have been, he did the deed with a sweep of bravado, firing his pistol with his right hand into his left temple. Had he first drunk himself into a stupor of false courage? Koestler's account of the affair leaves room to believe so.

Although Koestler skillfully unravels the mystery in *The Case of the Midwife Toad*, he is plainly less concerned with



determining the reason for Kammerer's self-destruction than with emphasizing the utter wickedness of Kammerer's persecution by his scientific peers. An underlying cause of the performance, Koestler holds, was Kammerer's original choice of music as a career before he turned to biological experimentation. It is Koestler's view that scientists have an innate contempt for humanitarian origins.

From the documents he spreads before us in this book, it is almost impossible to understand how the midwife toad was pushed into so large a role in the wrecking of a great man's life. To begin with, Kammerer was not, at the outset of his biological career, a Lamarckian. On the contrary, he started by believing Lamarck wrong. Only after his boyhood rapport with animals encouraged him to study lizards, frogs, and toads in the Vienna Woods did Koestler's hero wonder about the soundness of the neo-Darwinian conviction that one generation of species can inherit only those trait that the previous generation inherited Kammerer did not, in fact, consider th midwife toad as evidence of the inher tance of acquired characteristics. H pointed out numerous times that th midwife toad sprang from a long lir of toads that mated in the wate Therefore the results of his exper ments did not indicate hereditar transmission of newly acquired char teristics but rather a return to chara teristics common to past generations.

The true backbone of Kammerer work exists in 238 pages of dat crammed scientific papers publishe in 1906, 1909, and 1919. His departu from Darwinian dogma began with h observation of *Salamandra maculos forma typica*, a lizard with a black ski marked with yellow spots. He bre these animals for eleven years, son

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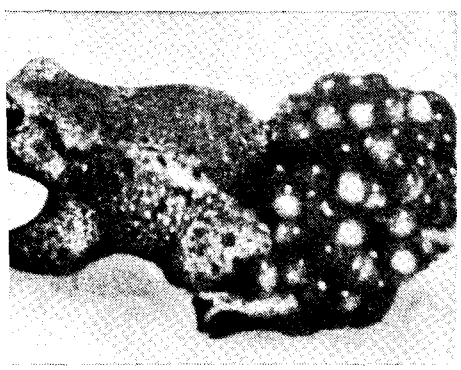

The scandal in the 1920s about Paul Kammerer (above left) and the inked palms and toes of the midwife toad (below right), said the scientific establishment, drove the Viennese biologist to blow out his brains. But, notes Arthur Koestler (above), a wife more conventional than the toad may have been the goad.

on black soil, some on yellow soil. The former group acquired wholly black skins, the latter entirely yellow skins.

These results were certainly interesting to evolutionists, but in Kammerer's own estimation his most significant experiments were done with the Ascidian sea-squirt, *Ciona intestinalis*. This little creature lives on the ocean floor, waving above it two long tentacles. Both are siphons, one pulling in sea water and the other expelling it. Kammerer cut both siphons to see what would happen. Longer siphons grew in their places. Again Kammerer cut them. Again they grew longer until they were so long as to deserve comparison with elephant's trunks. According to Kammerer's reports, the long-siphoned sea-squirts had long-siphoned descendants.

No one else had reported such a result although others before Kammerer had encouraged individual sea-squirts to grow progressively longer siphons. Despite these precedents, the elongated siphons Kammerer's experimental animals produced were challenged by his critics. The objections were so strident that the really important point of his experiments—the inheritability of the acquired characteristics—never won widespread discussion or provoked attempts to duplicate Kammerer's achievements.

A third set of experiments belongs to the main body of Kammerer's work. These involved the blind cave-dwelling newt, *Proteus*. By breeding these newts in red light, Kammerer was able to produce specimens with functional eyes.

Even to this day, Koestler points out, no serious attempt has been made by anyone to duplicate Kammerer's experiments. There has been, as Koestler aptly puts it, only a continuing "expression of the usual hostility of the gray birds in the grove of Academe against the colored bird with the too-melodious voice."

The dogmatic publicity that clouded Kammerer's work, life, and death is closely approximated today by reams of nonsense prose about the miraculous cloning possibilities inherent in DNA. I suspect that this frightening parallel is the reason why Koestler chose to publish *The Case of the Midwife Toad* now. I applaud the book and what I understand to be its underlying objective. Perhaps what Koestler has written will shame present-day biologists into trying the crucial experiments that in justice should have been attempted half a century ago. The times are ripe for a serious reconsideration of the whole question of inheritance mechanisms. □

HOWARD:
The Amazing Mr. Hughes

by Noah Dietrich and Bob Thomas

Fawcett Gold Medal Paperback,
303 pp., $1.50

Reviewed by A. E. Hotchner

■ This is the book from which Clifford Irving is purported to have lifted much of the juicy material involved in his $750,000 literary heist. Noah Dietrich, its author, was the major-domo of virtually all the Hughes undertakings from 1925, when Howard was nineteen and had just inherited his father's tool company, until 1957, when Dietrich was fired by Hughes. Because Dietrich claims to have been closer to Howard than anyone else over those thirty-two years, one expects enlightenment about the "amazing" man who has kept himself under wraps for so long. Alas, no such revelation occurs.

Actually, this memoir should be called *Noah: The Amazing Mr. Dietrich* because it primarily consists of Howard's yelps for help and detailed accounts of how Dietrich time after time came to his aid. Mr. Dietrich received literary assistance from Bob Thomas in the writing of this book. I have not read Mr. Thomas's other works dealing with Hollywood personalities (*King Cohn* and *Thalberg*) but the result here is as if Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper—were they still around—had finally buried their differences and decided to collaborate.

Still, Dietrich, who began life as a C.P.A., does provide some insight into how a fortune can proliferate despite the most strenuous efforts of its owner to deplete it. And no one, I daresay, has ever tried harder to lose a fortune than Howard Hughes. The most interesting item in Dietrich's book appears in the beginning—a tabulation of a number of Howard's major projects and how much each of them lost.

PROJECT	LOSS	LOSER
Flying Boat	$50,000,000	Hughes Tool Co.
	$22,000,000	U.S. Government
RKO	$24,000,000	stockholders
Movie production	$10,000,000	Howard Hughes
Stock market	$10,000,000	Howard Hughes
Multicolor	$ 2,000,000	Howard Hughes
Hughes-Franklin Theaters	$ 2,000,000	Howard Hughes
Hughes Steam Automobile	$ 500,000	Howard Hughes

Besides this loser's tally, which comes to more than $120-million, endless sums were spent on the care and feeding of harems of Hollywood starlets. It is generally believed that Hughes could afford these indulgences because he was such a genius at making money

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We had our own ideas about what a book club should be...

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so we started one: The Saturday Review Book Club.

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Renewal and Endeavour
Charles de Gaulle
Publisher's Price, $10.00

)08. WHO OWNS AMERICA?
Walter J. Hickel
Publisher's Price, $6.95

)17. CHANCE AND NECESSITY
Jacques Monod
Publisher's Price, $6.95

10. THE DECLINE OF THE WASP
Peter Schrag
Publisher's Price, $6.95

61. UNCOMMON SENSE
James MacGregor Burns
Publisher's Price, $6.95

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Publisher's Price, $10.00

55. IBSEN, A Biography
Michael Meyer
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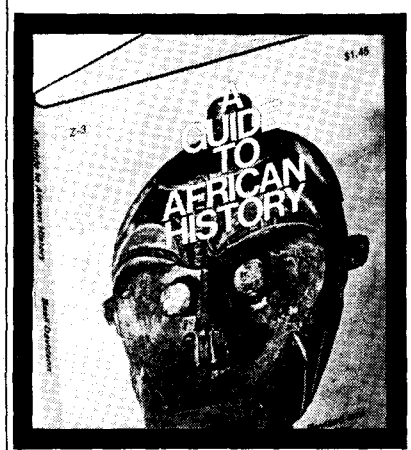

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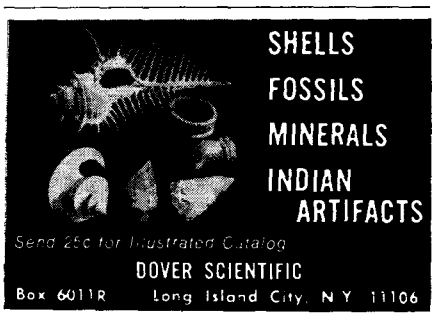

Answer to Wit Twister, page 10: asps, saps, spas, pass.

with the Hughes Tool Company. Not so, says Noah Dietrich:

"The tool company was my father's success, and it always will be," [Hughes] told me. Hence it interested him only as a source of revenue. He never evidenced the slightest interest in its operation. All he ever asked of me was: "How much is it making? How much can it make next year?"

At the end of World War II, when Hughes was experiencing ruinous losses from Hughes Aircraft, TWA, and his attempts to produce movies, he dispatched Dietrich to Austin to see if he could prod the golden goose to lay more eggs. Dietrich spent $5-million to increase Hughes Tool Company efficiency; over the following eight years, he reports, "it poured out $285-million in profits. Howard's cup runneth over. He was scarcely aware of what was going on with Hughes Tool. I never even consulted him about establishing plants in Ireland and West Germany. . . . A year or two after it had been accomplished, he said to me: 'What's this I hear about our having factories in Europe?' 'That's correct, Howard,' I said."

Hughes visited the tool company, which produces patented bits for drilling, only once during the entire thirty years covered by this book, preferring to devote most of his time to his principal interest in life—making movies. And trying to make the pretty young things who were trying to make it in the movies. The book's best insight into Hughes's personality, intelligence, and imagination is to be found in a memo Hughes wrote in connection with a motion picture called *The Outlaw*, which starred Jane Russell, whom Hughes discovered and on whom he spent a vast sum of money in his attempt to promote her into a star:

I think Russell's wardrobe as displayed in this test is Christ awful. It is unrevealing, unbecoming, and just generally terrible.

There is one exception, and that is the dress made of metallic cloth. This dress is absolutely terrific and should be used, by all means.

However, the fit of the dress around her breasts is not good and gives the impression, God forbid, that her breasts are padded or artificial. . . .

Particularly around the nipple, it looks as though some kind of stiff material underneath the dress is forming an artificial and unnatural contour.

I am not recommending that she go without a brassiere, as I know this is a very necessary piece of equipment for Russell. But I thought, if we could find a half-brassiere which will support her breasts upward and still not be noticeable under the dress or, alternatively, a very thin brassiere made of very thin material so that the natural contour of her breasts will show through the dress, it will be a great deal more effective. . . .

Now, it would be extremely valuable if the brassiere, or the dress, incorporated some kind of a point at the nipple because I know this does not ever occur naturally in the case of Jane Russell. . . .

This brassiere should hold her breasts upward but should be so thin that it takes the natural shape of her breasts instead of forming it into an unnatural shape. Then, if something could be embodied in the dress itself at the point of the nipple to give it just one realistic point there (which Russell does not have) and if this could be accomplished without putting anything into the dress which will disturb the contour except right at the point of the nipple, this would be . . . ideal. . . .

Howard eventually got Russell's nipples just the way he wanted them, but *The Outlaw*, like most of Hughes's movies, was a flop. In fact, Hughes's life, if we are to believe Dietrich, was a series of flops and SOS calls. About the only smart thing Howard ever did was to keep his hands off the Hughes Tool Company and never sell any of it.

Howard Hughes, who has incomprehensibly achieved the status of a romantic eccentric, emerges from these pages as a petty, dull, mean little rich boy. "His arteries pumped ice water," Dietrich says. "I never knew a man who was so totally devoid of emotion." Howard lived in various hotels where he was brought a steady stream of Hollywood girls by his producer friends, who used the old bait that the road to stardom starts in the producer's bed.

Dietrich tells us that Hughes is chronically constipated, terrified of germs, can't make conversation, has no sense of humor (although he loves dirty jokes), has difficulty making up his mind, never reads a book (except those with movie potential), donates to no charity, never pays more than $20,000 a year in income tax, eats the same food every night (steak, salad, peas, vanilla ice cream, and cookies), hasn't any table manners, neither drinks nor smokes, refuses to pay the creditors of his busted corporate enterprises, only gives gifts if he is seeking something in return, never listens to music (although in his early years he endlessly tootled the saxophone), is uneducated and has a vocabulary that proves it, never writes letters, and is monumentally ungrateful. Hughes once crashed a plane that he was testing—a craft that he was trying to induce the Air Force to buy—and was pulled from the flaming wreckage by a Marine sergeant who happened to be nearby. It was a heroic act, and Hughes promised the sergeant that when he left the service he would help him get started in any line of business he chose. When the Marine finished his tour of duty, the financier wouldn't even see him, much less set him up in business.

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Dietrich gives us an account of Hughes's loan to then Vice President Nixon's brother, Donald; it adds little to what Drew Pearson reported in his column long ago. Dietrich mentions the names of a lot of girls, ranging from Jean Harlow to Katharine Hepburn, but tells virtually nothing about the nature of their relationships with Howard. (An exception is his repetition of the now well-publicized scrap during which Hughes jealously slapped Ava Gardner, and she countered by knocking him cuckoo with a piece of bronze statuary.) Even his marriage to the actress Jean Peters is glossed over: "It was a strange kind of marriage. After he moved to Las Vegas, she visited him only every three or four weeks and then for only a half hour at a time. Eventually she tired of the arrangement. She divorced him in 1970."

Although James Phelan is credited with having done the legwork for this book, it is difficult to see any trace of research here. What is really astonishing is that this book has been pointed to as the source of Irving's high-priced "autobiography." Dietrich apparently had a great deal of trouble finding a publisher, and finally settled for a $5,000 advance from Fawcett. But the contract hadn't been signed when the Irving hullabaloo hit the papers last December, enabling Dietrich to up his advance to $65,000. I haven't seen the Irving manuscript, but if its best stuff comes from Dietrich's, he is the supersalesman of the century.

A. E. Hotchner is the author of *Papa Hemingway* and *Treasure*. A new book, *King of the Hill*, is scheduled for publication this fall.

D. W. GRIFFITH: His Life and Work

by Robert M. Henderson

Oxford, 326 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Jay Leyda

■ Robert Henderson's achievement is of exceptional importance. One would imagine that the biographical problems of the greatest figure in American film history should have been solved long ago, but Mr. Henderson's book is the first to struggle with a tangle of legend, deliberate misinformation, sources hidden for selfish reasons, unexplained crises, and unreliable memories. It sometimes seemed that the only solid element that lent itself to study was the Griffith films themselves, beginning with the nearly 500 movies (ten or twenty minutes each, but still a formidable quantity) that he made at the Biograph Company in his first five years as a film director.

Mr. Henderson deserves our thanks and congratulations for tackling the hardships that have discouraged would-be biographers of David Wark Griffith. He has checked memories and legends against the less disputable contemporary documents (in particular the collection of Biograph papers in the archives of the Museum of Modern Art) and ascertained the truth behind the lies and veils. Invariably the facts are more dramatic and useful than the inventions of Griffith's friends and enemies—and of Griffith himself. Ashamed of his Kentucky family and background, Griffith touched up and romanticized his past; the facts Mr. Henderson has unearthed about his subject's early years have helped him to understand much of Griffith's later work.

For example, though likely there will always be arguments about the motives and meaning of *The Birth of a Nation*, we now have an account of its place in its maker's life that we can believe. Important experiences in Griffith's pre-motion-picture life give us the hitherto missing links between what he knew and what he filmed. The artist who articulated his humanist view of life and the American scene, not in words but in the images and emotions of his films, had led the life of an often hungry hobo, an errand boy and elevator operator in a Louisville drygoods store, a helper in Flexner's bookstore, a collector and salesman for *The Baptist Recorder*, a legman for the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, a shoveler at a Tonawanda iron mine, a hop picker in California, and a road mender in New York; while, at intervals, stubbornly pursuing the uncertain but dreamily glorious career of an actor.

The details here on the years of Griffith's far-flung and often desperate stage career tell us what we've always hoped to know—the roles he played, the plays he loved, the actors he worshiped. A letter to his mother in January 1897 (written in a hotel in Grand Rapids, Michigan, shortly before his twenty-second birthday) provides Henderson with the raw material for a portrait of D. W. as a young actor:

One thing had been acquired by his first professional tour, in addition to a stage name [Lawrence Brayington!], an actor's ego. Only a dedicated actor could possibly think that he could play not only Faust, but also all the other males roles, and additionally, but for a few slight problems such as a too-prominent nose, the role of Marguerite. Lack of pay, starvation, shoes with holes, such trifles could not hold back an actor. Griffith had even learned to swagger in the hotel lobby and ask the desk clerk for nonexistent telegrams. "I'm expecting word from Mr. Belasco!"

And it was as an actor, a little too

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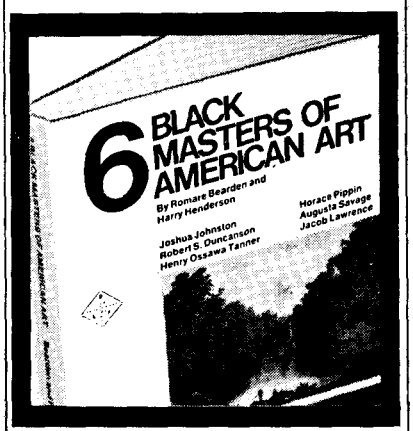

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dangerously long "at liberty," that, in 1908, Lawrence Griffith—as he now called himself—tentatively entered the film world. The Edison Company, he had heard, was buying film stories, but when he brought them an undisguised adaptation of the plot of *Tosca,* instead of taking it they offered him a day's work as an actor. He accepted the job and earned his five dollars, but "resolved never again to become involved in such a charade." Before long, however, he turned up at the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company's offices on Fourteenth Street in New York, where, although originally taken on as a writer, Griffith soon began appearing as an actor in a number of films for which he had written the scripts. Then, concealing his relationship to his young actress-wife, Linda Arvidson, he helped her to find work with Biograph, too. Shortly thereafter, the company lost its chief director, and Griffith was offered the job on a trial basis. He passed the test.

From this point on Griffith no longer played leading roles, but we can see him helping out in bit parts and crowd scenes in the increasingly successful two-reelers that he made for Biograph —three a week: tragedies, farces, everything that the nickelodeon owners and audiences might be willing to pay for. Increasingly also Griffith began to impose his own taste, wishes, dreams, needs, ideals, and morality on the stories (often written by himself) that he was assigned to direct.

Since Robert Henderson's previous work, *D. W. Griffith: The Years at Biograph* (1970), deals specifically with the formative period in Griffith's development, one might expect the Biograph chapters in this *Life and Work* to duplicate the earlier detailed account. Such is not the case. For here the biographer feels freer to describe the personal drama of these years—together with Griffith's discovery of his own powers, the restless expansion of his artistic vision that led to his departure from Biograph in 1913 as a man now primed for his three masterpieces: *The Birth of a Nation, Intolerance,* and *Broken Blossoms.*

Henderson sees them as representing the peak of Griffith's independence; he also documents the director's agonizing efforts to pay for them. For even as Griffith built these magnificent works, a web of financial dependence was being woven that would, too soon, reduce his role to that of an employee whose right of decision over his own work steadily diminished. Henderson's chronicle of the crass maneuvers that eventually enmeshed the greatest independent artist of our nation's film history constitutes an indictment of the American motion-picture industry and, on another level, a tragedy. Griffith's

D. W. Griffith directing W. C. Fields in "That Royle Girl" (1926)—"a love of artistic authority became a love of position and all kinds of authority."

compromises grew more and more voluntary; a love of artistic authority became a love of position and all kinds of authority and, finally, compromise turned into capitulation.

Presented with Henderson's evidence, it is hard to determine whether Griffith was made genuinely helpless or whether some kind of weakness contributed to his fate. The puzzle is not entirely solved by analyzing the pictures made after *Intolerance.* One can understand and even accept the propaganda motive of his wartime films: Griffith's menacing Huns are no different from those that all film studios felt obligated to parade before First World War American audiences. By the time the war ended, the newly powerful producers had begun to conspire to bring Griffith down. The endearingly sweet group of small-scale rustic dramas (not until recently regarded seriously by historians) was largely motivated by contracts that demanded an incredible quantity of new movies. It was only Adolph Zukor's blindness in refusing to accept *Broken Blossoms* that left this last true masterpiece in Griffith's own hands. From then on, he relied on spectacle and suspense to bring in the money to pay old debts—and to acquire new ones.

It is impossible not to admire the craftsmanship and scale of *Way Down East, Orphans of the Storm,* and *America,* but that other ingredient, Griffith's love for his characters, so basic in his Biograph films, now came to us rarely —in *Isn't Life Wonderful* and *Abraham Lincoln* and even, although too late, in that totally rejected last film, *The Struggle.* Glimpses of the true Griffith appear in many other screen moments before the end of his career in 1931, but they were not enough to make the "industry" trust him or to keep the audience faithful to him. (Apropos of the public's response to Griffith's films Henderson has made a valiant effort to answer the knottiest question in the film business: Why do audiences want to watch one motion picture but not another?)

This good book is partly based on the materials collected for a biography begun by Barnet Bravermann but cut short by his death. The correspondence, interviews, and plans gathered by Bravermann and deposited at the Museum of Modern Art provide Henderson with some of the most revealing and colorful reminiscences of people who worked with Griffith. The notes of Billy Bitzer, the cameraman associated with Griffith's triumphs, are full of life and humor, while the reminiscences of Bitzer's assistant, Karl Brown, provide sharp insights that round out the curious personality of the Master. When *Hearts of the World* toured American cities in 1918, Brown (and his merciless eyes) accompanied Griffith:

> Griffith's personal appearances, for curtain speeches on opening nights, were strictly the Ham What Am—phony as Belasco's collar, and as effective. His shy little timid entrance, his murmured appreciation of [the audience's] liking his little play, and his confused exit, dashing a tear away from an eye just before hitting the wings, was Standard Production Number One, which had one golden virtue: it worked. You could hear the reaction in the exit crowd: Gawd, ain't he modest, though,

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Mabel? He actually busted out bawling!

Henderson is quick to add: "Despite the possible inference of callousness in such a performance, . . . Brown also commented: 'Griffith's attitude toward the public was always one of great respect. The use of tricks to gain public attention was not in any way necessarily rooted in contempt, any more than the stage management of a political campaign by a sincere statesman reflects contempt upon a people he is anxious to serve. . . .'"

Griffith hid his private life so successfully that the frustrated journalists of his time felt free to speculate and sensationalize. Nothing they invented for his domestic life is as sad and piteous as Henderson's reconstructed reality. Eventually D. W. had to reveal at Biograph that Linda Arvidson was his wife, and it was not entirely coincidental that thereafter her roles decreased in number and importance. They parted bitterly in 1911, with Linda refusing a divorce and threatening unspecified exposures (connecting her husband with his youngest and prettiest leading ladies) in order to collect regularly a sizable chunk of his income —even after he was earning nothing. They became lifelong antagonists, meeting rarely and only for financial adjustments (always upward). It is curious to realize that the Griffith biography on which we have been so long dependent was written (with the help of an unidentified ghost) by this selfish and greedy wife. You find yourself cheering when D. W. finds a way in 1936 (!) to divorce Linda and to marry two days later a young and more considerate actress, Evelyn Baldwin.

In 1947 Griffith moved out of the "small cramped stucco house in Beverly Hills in the less fashionable section of the city"—a house that he and Evelyn had recently bought and that he hated from the start—and into the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel. He was drinking too much and had started to quarrel with her. Shortly after he moved into the hotel, Evelyn filed for divorce.

On July 22, 1948, Griffith was struck by a massive cerebral hemorrhage. He managed to leave his room and reach the hotel lobby looking for help. . . . He remained in a coma throughout the night and died the next morning. . . . Griffith's body was flown to Kentucky and buried in the family plot at the Mount Tabor cemetery.

Now he was as dead as the film industry had pretended he was since the debacle of *The Struggle*.

Jay Leyda works at Canada's York University, where he is conducting a seminar on the Biograph films of D. W. Griffith.

CITIZEN NADER

by Charles McCarry

Saturday Review Press, 335 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Eisner

■ ". . . if technology is a church, as many of Nader's enemies and perhaps he himself believes, then Ralph Nader is its first saint." So concludes Charles McCarry in his highly readable, perceptive, and balanced work about one of the important figures of our time.

McCarry, chief speech writer for Henry Cabot Lodge in his 1960 campaign as Republican Vice Presidential candidate and a prolific contributor to popular periodicals, has researched his subject well. By more penetrating means than those contrived by the detectives hired by General Motors to investigate Nader's "women, his boys, . . . drinking, dope . . . all facets of his life," McCarry has checked up on Nader's private life. There is apparently no dirt to report. The portrait that emerges here is one of, if not a saint, at least an unblemished missionary, singularly able, dedicated, dogged, uncompromising, and selfless. Nader takes no time for a wife and family, reportedly works twenty hours a day, and lives on $5,000 a year. He is the conscience of the people; armed only with his own furious energy and rectitude, he acts as the American tribune against industrial giants and the government of the United States.

As Nader's influence has grown, his concerns have multiplied—the unsafe behemoths of our highways, the uninspected meat on our tables, the pollution of air and water, the general irresponsibility of corporate power, the corruption of unions, the inequities of our tax structure, and the ineffectiveness of government protection of the public interest. In the broadest sense, Nader's targets are the basic manifestations of the corporate state, run by an "elite that he believes have all but ruined human existence." And, McCarry adds, "Satan was no more real to Cotton Mather than this elite to Ralph Nader. The idea that government and industry are handmaidens in conspiracy and corruption illuminates every sentence he utters."

The son of Lebanese immigrants of Greek Orthodox religious background, Ralph Nader was reared in a closely knit family whose "intense patriotism included a reflexive anger over the injustices of society." An earnest *magna cum laude* student at Princeton, Nader "opted out" at Harvard Law School, where he spent much of his time as a muckraking editor of the *Record*, the student newspaper. "He wrote signed articles on subjects ranging from the mistreatment of migrant workers to Boston's blue laws," and he "took control of the *Record* with the expansive idea of turning it into a national journal that would forge ahead of what then passed for radical opinion."

It soon became clear that Nader was a tough man to tangle with. General Motors discovered this early when Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed*, an attack on the culpable venality of automobile manufacturers who put profits above safety, turned into a national best seller, and Nader himself, as attempts to discredit him boomeranged, was launched as something of a folk hero. Not only his corporate foes learned to be wary of Nader. He could be impatient with and sharply critical of presumed allies—Senators Abraham Ribicoff and Edmund Muskie, among others. Charles McCarry suggests that this tendency to goad to the point of goring is due to Nader's disregard for the constraints of the political process. "Nader's rhetoric describes abuses and demands their abolition. He leaves out, and has always left out, any discussion of the political means for accomplishing his objectives." And notes McCarry, "Nothing can reconcile Nader to the time lag between the expression of his outrage and the obliteration of its cause. He is never satisfied: the auto safety law was not enough; the humiliation of General Motors is not complete; the newly aggressive Federal Trade Commission does not go far enough. He is contemptuous of reformers who become so identified with their own reforms as to defend them even after they have turned into abuses."

Nader employs the written word with considerable effect. To McCarry, "this has something to do with his eccentric use of language. A Nader sentence is like the footprints of a rhinoceros on a glacier: unmistakable in its meaning but very queer in its choice of ground." He fires letters to those he would influence, or pressure, frequently releasing their content to the press before they can possibly be received by the addressee. He has built such a reputation for personal integrity and substantial accuracy that answers to his charges and attacks seem unduly defensive, self-serving, and self-defeating.

Initially Ralph Nader's work was financed for the most part from receipts in settlement of his invasion of privacy suit against GM (he was awarded $280,000) and lecture fees of up to $2,500 (they total an estimated $200,000 per year). By now he has developed something of an empire. Behind, or controlled by, or associated with, or stimulated by Nader are the Center for Auto Safety, the Center for

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Study of Responsive Law, the remarkable young people of Nader's Raiders, the burgeoning Public Interest Research Groups, and such byproducts as the Project for Corporate Responsibility, nicknamed "Campaign GM" which had the crusader's blessing but was never a Nader operation.

McCarry depicts Nader as loyal to friends, sensitive to human suffering, yet so dedicated to principles and causes that at times he appears to scorn mere flesh and blood. Willing to give everything of himself, he is insensitive, even callous or reckless when it comes to making demands on others. We are given a dramatic picture of Nader's role in "Jock" Yablonski's ill-fated fight to replace W. A. (Tony) Boyle as the leader of the United Mine Workers; Nader encouraged Yablonski to go ahead against frightful odds in a struggle that cost him his life, yet he could not, or would not, offer the aid that Yablonski needed.

Zealous missionaries can cause grief. Is there in Nader, as McCarry makes us feel, a zeal that, for all the good it may accomplish, could also hurt? *"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"*, McCarry quotes from Juvenal. Who will watch the watchman? Nader, it is charged by certain of his adversaries, has no electoral constituency and has not been voted into office, yet he wields great power by his ability to use the media and inform or arouse public opinion. If the idea "that government and industry are handmaidens in conspiracy and corruption illuminates almost every sentence he utters," Nader would appear something of an extremist; and, even when radical prescriptions are in order, one well may be worried by extremists. Or is Nader really doing no more than attempting to balance the huge power of business enterprise, private wealth, and individual avarice that have used the media to tell us what to buy, how to live, and indeed how we should be governed?

The news has been full of a story about a giant corporation charged with pledging $400,000 for the 1972 convention of the party in power because the man nominated to be our highest law enforcement officer allegedly settled an antitrust case very much in favor of that corporation. And there was food for thought, too, in a *New York Times* editorial (March 20) that commented: "Other businessmen doing business with the federal government and fearful of Nixon administration retaliation . . . stressed to the Muskie fund-raisers that they would give little or nothing if their names were published." Perhaps, after all, ". . . if technology is a church . . . Ralph Nader is its . . . saint."

Robert Eisner is a professor of economics at Northwestern University.

THE OTHER WOMAN

by Colette
translated from the French
by Margaret Crosland

Bobbs-Merrill, 140 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Nancy Ryan

■ There is a famous photograph of Colette taken during her sixties and reproduced in *Paris Match* and *Life* after her death in 1954. It has been cut out and framed by women's liberationists of various persuasions in America. For, while in France Colette is a legend because of her famous style (the sensuousness and perfect pitch of which are untranslatable into English), in the United States it is her spirit of irreverence and her perceptive analysis of love and marriage, youth and old age that make her as cogent today as she was fifty years ago when she wrote the nineteen short stories and one brief novella that comprise *The Other Woman*. Perhaps the soft edge of narcissism adds to Colette's appeal in a country where there is a particularly heightened sense of "self." One sees it in her face in the photograph, still that of a young girl: vulnerable, sensuous, amused, and tolerant. The soft hair is a nimbus around her finely shaped head, her cheeks are gently rounded, lightly brushed with color as in a blush, and, like the forehead, unlined. Her perfect, bow-shaped lips are closed and painted a carmine that seems natural to them. The total effect is natural. But the eyes! The eyes are those of an aging Medusa, with their short lashes and crescent brows, low, as if to protect the eyes from themselves. The irises are points of light. It is the light they cast that matters.

Colette measures light out in proportion to what is needed for a proper exposure. In *The Judge*, a servant looks with open disapproval at the new hairdo of his aging mistress. Colette comments: "She felt the cold in two recently exposed places—her forehead and her ears. . . ." Most of her characters are in similar danger in the stories included from *La Femme Cachée* (published in book form in 1924, they originally appeared in magazines and

Colette—"solitude, intoxicating freedom, and the absence of any corset."

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newspapers). The women she describes in them are, in short, imprisoned by the same world that nurtured Colette who, after marrying into it, finally fought her way free through divorce, a term as an actress (which could explain the slightly melodramatic, scenic quality of *The Landscape* and *The Murderer*), and a career as a writer. It is a world of arranged marriages and country houses, of salons, balls, casinos, illicit drives in that new invention the automobile, and conversation revolving around a new hat, the cut of a gown, the latest makeup, lover, or diet. It is a world of surfaces: the face, the object, a texture, a gesture—details and nuances that concerned Colette.

In *The Hand* a young woman, newly wed, lies across the arm of her sleeping husband. He is wealthy and beautiful. He can fly an airplane. The wife is scrupulous in describing his physical appeal, but such fairness cannot scant the sense of heaviness she feels, the burden of possession. She would like to reach up and put the light out but she is afraid to wake him. She tries to make herself lighter, but he moves under her, reminding her of an animal. Light from a blue crystal globe falls on his hand. She finds it too manish! There are ridges on his nails. His thumb stiffens. In horror, she wonders how she could ever have kissed that hand. It appears to respond to her disgust. It stretches, opens, then closes on the bedsheet. Rigor mortis has set in! (It usually does in Colette's vision of marriage.) The hand disappears, the arm frees itself and encircles her. As expected, he protects her. Her sense of unease is put off. In one sentence Colette then takes us to the next morning: to hot chocolate (the details she gives of life in upper-class France during this period constitute a social document) and the husband asking, "Do you want this piece of toast, darling? I'm doing it for you." Here is the ultimate appropriation, the flesh of daily life impounding itself shamelessly. She recoils, then conceals her fear, for concealment is self-preservation. "Beginning her life of duplicity, resignation, base and subtle diplomacy, she leaned over and humbly kissed the monstrous hand."

Colette's anatomy of marriage as an institution is exhaustive. In *Secrets* the mother of a just engaged girl thinks: "But I could never talk to her about the fringe of the towels, nor about the thumbnail running over the lip a hundred times, nor . . . oh, that'll do! She'll hide things from me . . . little, terrible things, the mold that grows on married life . . . the rubbish that a man's character throws away at the boundary of childishness and madness." She deplores the roles both men and women are obliged to play in order to organize that "prison called life together."

Colette divorced her first husband, Willy, in 1906, returned to the theater for a time, married again in 1910 and divorced again in 1924, then, in 1935, married Maurice Goudeket, whom she described as "my best friend." She loved both men and women. It was the institution of marriage she went after, with its inevitable partition of feminine and masculine, its collusions and concealments, the wounds it inflicts, its "small deaths." In a letter to her fictionalized friend, Valentine ("My friend Valentine," this collection's concluding novella, was published posthumously in France), Colette states her feelings openly: "Admit it, my dear Valentine, it's not possible that your state of marriage hasn't revealed itself to you—for an hour, for a moment—in all its preposterous vulgarity! And who can say that your husband too hasn't suffered from it in his own modest way."

When Colette wrote these stories she was living alone: "Solitude, intoxicating freedom, and absence of any corset have made me, as you see, a preacher of the worst type." But the beauty of Colette's work is that she never preaches. She shows. There are no existential crises, no rifled consciousnesses, and if she was familiar with the works of Freud she would appear to have found his discoveries inappropriate to her methods. The world she both caressed and devastated depended on conceiving the heart as a muscle resolutely responding to the senses. That these stories still make one wince suggests she found at least a portion of the truth.

Nancy Ryan is an American poet who lived in Paris for several years and now resides in Tangier.

THE ASSASSINS

by Elia Kazan

Stein & Day, 311 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by William Kennedy

■ Those who have long admired Elia Kazan as a film and theater director, and who recall that at one time he was an actor, may be tempted to regard Elia Kazan the novelist as a dilettante seeking recognition in all art forms and media, and to wonder whether he will turn up next as a New Journalist.

His first two novels, *America, America* and *The Arrangement*, had about them the quality of a man recording deeply personal experiences. His third novel, *The Assassins* ("A" is his talismantic title letter), is something else:

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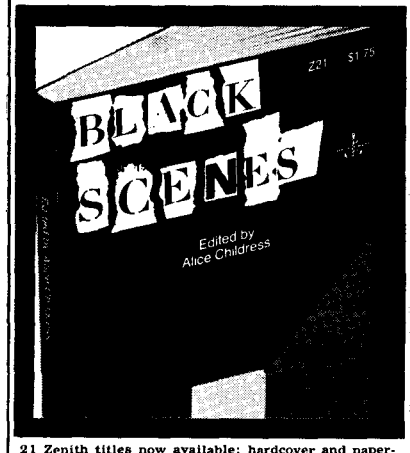

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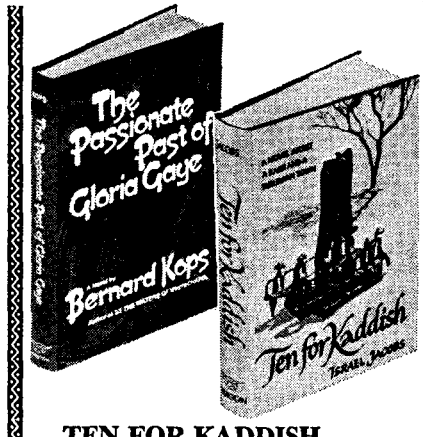

TEN FOR KADDISH

By Israel Jacobs. "A more authentic novel about the contemporary Jew ensnared in the American milieu than the works of Roth, Bellow, and Malamud." — MAX S. DIMONT. $6.95

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By Bernard Kops. The author of *By the Waters of Whitechapel* — "an important writer" (Saturday Review) — tells the extraordinary story of a woman unable to cope with the insanity of reality. $6.95

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a social statement on war between the established American culture and *counterculture*, a panoramic narrative so topical that some of it is already dated. Set in New Mexico, it is a tale without a hero, but full of weaklings, victims, and villains—so many villains that either side can take comfort in the fact that, corrupt and evil as they themselves obviously are, the opposition is even more depraved. Kazan also villainizes the well-meaning mugwump, the man of good will who, seeing validity in the arguments of the opposed parties, refuses to commit himself to either, and thereby presents an obstacle to both.

Kazan's plot gets under way when a Mexican-American Air Force sergeant, a man so gung ho that he hates to leave the air base, murders two young men. One is a swaggering, bearded freak, a drug dealer who had turned the sergeant's daughter on, then taken her flower, and finally enticed her to leave home; the second is a black youth, a member of the dealer's small hippie-type family. The killings become an issue that separates straights and freaks into warring camps.

Kazan dollies the reader in and out of the lives of dozens of people and their moral positions, some of which are reflected in his choice of names: Air Force Colonel Dowd (after napalm's manufacturer, Dow); the sergeant's daughter Juana (wanna); Don Wheeler, the town's top establishment legal wheel; Alan Kidd, the mugwump Air Force lieutenant who had trouble becoming a man, and so on.

Sergeant Flores's trial is the central event, the celebration of a community's joy in finding in the counterculture a single focus for all of its prejudices. Don Wheeler counsels his protégé, who will defend the sergeant, not to let the prosecuting attorney try Flores but to seize the offensive himself and "try the hippies. Step by step, paint a picture of what these perverted, addicted young savages did to this decent, responsible, concerned man who's devoted his whole life to defending our country. The same thing these bastards are doing to every decent head of family."

In the course of *The Assassins* we see the murdered drug dealer become a martyr in the eyes of the underground, the trial a sequel to that of the Chicago Seven. We go to a spectacular hippie funeral, a scene that Kazan has constructed as if it were for the screenplay instead of the novel. We trip with the dealer's closest friend, a scrawny "head" who is as close as Kazan comes to creating a hero and who hopes to be the instrument of justice. We dine at the Air Force officers' club with pilots, patriots, and a bitchy wife. We watch the memorable moment when the martyr's mother, a crackpot alcoholic slut, confronts the hippies who want to bury her son their own way.

In his ability to penetrate so many diverse social situations, to understand the mythology of the affluent bigot as well as that of the penniless acid freak, Kazan proves himself a supremely sophisticated writer. Yet *The Assassins* falls short of being a serious literary work. Although Kazan is capable of creating realistic characters with a few strokes, too many here have been brushed in only to service the plot. Psychological development is almost exclusively lateral. The language, though generally competent, is devoid of poetry or even idiosyncratic style.

And then there is Kazan's position toward the problems he poses in this novel. Clearly antimilitarist and anti-establishment, he is equally disenchanted with the drug culture and revolutionaries. He indicts the military for turning men into killers but blames the counterculture for doing precisely the same thing.

Which seem to make Elia Kazan very like a mugwump.

William Kennedy is the author of ***The Ink Truck****, a novel.*

DOWNSTREAM

by Paul Brodeur

Atheneum, 206 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert E. Lynch

■ Hoping to follow up on the success of his recent novel, *The Stunt Man*, Paul Brodeur has assembled thirteen stories in this volume. Eleven of them have appeared in various magazines over the past fifteen years; two are printed here for the first time. Despite the extended period over which these stories were written, the collection exhibits a notable consistency both of form and of subject. Most of the narratives are told through a point-of-view character who does not change, though his name does, from story to story. And in most of them the subject is death, or impending death, and the effect it has on a man determined to make rational sense out of life.

Brodeur makes a mistake in printing "The Spoiler" first, for his excellent story, which has appeared in *The New Yorker* and a few anthologies as well, is clearly the best of the lot. The reader is impelled into identifying with a man on a skiing vacation with his wife and infant son. The narrator's first child has been killed accidentally a year before, and he feels an overwhelming need to protect the second and at the same time fears the psychological dangers of such a solicitude, both for the boy and for himself. He is confronted by a group of young men whose reckless behavior seems to threaten his son's safety, but the question of whether they really are a menace or simply representatives of a simpler, more carefree way of life that he can no longer share is left for the engrossed reader to decide.

The remaining stories are not only less equivocal than "The Spoiler" but, by and large, less interesting as well. The plots of some are just too familiar, their resolutions too sentimental to be effective: children learning about nature from an elderly rustic, an ex-GI recalling an idyllic European romance, two alienated and hostile people deciding whether to marry. Nor are the images Brodeur relies on especially original—old age, death, the prospect of afterlife being symbolized respectively by snowfall, a journey over water, an evergreen tree. The question they bring to mind is similarly familiar: where is the line that distinguishes literary convention from cliché?

Nevertheless, Brodeur's clear, crisp prose makes each story as readable as his two widely praised novels, *The Sick Fox* and *The Stunt Man*. Two of the stories reprinted in *Downstream*, in fact, found their way with little modification into those books. Thus although one of the two new stories, "Angel of Death," is among the best in the collection, readers already acquainted with Brodeur's work will come upon little fresh material. But those who are not will find much to admire in the sheer narrative skill exhibited in these stories.

Robert E. Lynch, who teaches courses in Modern Fiction at Newark College of Engineering, has contributed a number of articles on present-day authors to a forthcoming critical reference work, ***Contemporary Novelists****.*

IN THE MIDST OF WARS:
An American's Mission to Southeast Asia

by Edward Geary Lansdale

Harper & Row, 386 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Jonathan Mirsky

■ With the exception of the Pentagon Papers, Edward Geary Lansdale's memoir could have been the most valuable eyewitness account of the internationalizing of the Indochinese war. Lansdale, a "legendary figure" even in his own book, furnished the model for the Ugly American who, from 1950 through 1953, "helped" Magsaysay put down the Huk revolution in the Philippines. He then proceeded to Vietnam

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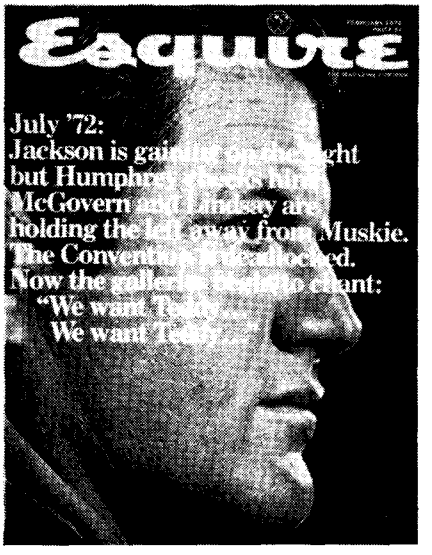

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where, between 1954 and 1956, he stuck close to Ngo Dinh Diem during Diem's first shaky years when Washington couldn't make up its mind whom to tap as the American alternative to Ho Chi Minh. Lansdale's support insured Diem as the final choice for Our Man in Saigon. While the book's time span is, therefore, relatively brief, the period it covers in the Philippines and Vietnam is genuinely important.

There is only one difficulty with *In the Midst of Wars*: from the cover to the final page it is permeated with lies. That Harper & Row finds it possible to foist such a package of untruths on the public—and for $12.50!—several months after the emergence of the Pentagon Papers, and *years* after the publication of other authoritative studies, exhibits contempt for a public trying to understand the realities of our engagement in Vietnam.

The lie on the jacket describes Lansdale merely as an OSS veteran who spent the years after World War II as a "career officer in the U.S. Air Force." In the text Lansdale never offers any explicit evidence to the contrary. Indeed, on page 378—the last of the text—he states that at the very time Diem was being murdered in Saigon, "I had been retired from the Air Force."

For all I know Lansdale drew his pay from the Air Force and, as the photographs in his book attest, he certainly wore its uniform. This is irrelevant. Lansdale was for years a senior operative of the Central Intelligence Agency; on page 244 of the Department of Defense edition of the Pentagon Papers, Lansdale, two other men, and Allen Dulles are identified as representing the CIA at a meeting of the President's Special Committee on Indochina held on January 29, 1954.

Why is this important? Because if there is one word Lansdale uses repeatedly it is "help"—and he uses it personally, simulating a Lone Ranger-like urge to offer *spontaneous* assistance. Thus, the first day he ever saw Diem, ". . . the thought occurred to me that perhaps he needed help. . . . I voiced this to Ambassador Heath. . . . Heath told me to go ahead." The informal atmosphere continues when Lansdale, upon actually meeting Diem, immortalizes him as "the alert and eldest of the seven dwarfs deciding what to do about Snow White."

Further desires to serve inform Lansdale's concern for the "masses of people living in North Vietnam who would want to . . . move out before the communists took over." These unfortunates, too, required "help." Splitting his "small team" of Americans in two, Lansdale saw to it that "One half, under Major Conein, engaged in refugee work in the North."

"Major" Lucien Conein, who was to play the major role the CIA had in the murder of Diem in 1963, is identified in the secret CIA report included by the *Times* and Beacon editions of the Pentagon Papers (see *SR*, Jan. 1, 1972) as an agent "assigned to MAAG [Military Assistance Advisory Group] for cover purposes." The secret report refers to Conein's refugee "help" as one of his "cover duties." His real job: "responsibility for developing a paramilitary organization in the North, to be in position when the Vietminh took over . . . the group was to be trained and supported by the U.S. as patriotic Vietnamese." Conein's "helpful" teams also attempted to sabotage Hanoi's largest printing establishment and wreck the local bus company. At the beginning of 1955, still in Hanoi, the CIA's Conein infiltrated more agents into the North. They "became normal citizens, carrying out everyday civil pursuits, on the surface." Aggression *from* the North, anyone?

Lansdale expresses particular pleasure with the refugee movement to the South. These people "ought to be provided with a way of making a fresh start in the free South. . . . [Vietnam] was going to need the vigorous participation of every citizen to make a success of the noncommunist part of the new nation before the proposed plebiscite was held in 1956." Lansdale modestly claims that he "passed along" ideas on how to wage psychological warfare to "some nationalists." The Pentagon Papers, however, reveal that the CIA "engineered a black psywar strike in Hanoi: leaflets signed by the Vietminh instructing Tonkinese on how to behave for the Vietminh takeover of the Hanoi region in early October [1954] including items about property, money reform, and a three-day holiday of workers upon takeover. The day following the distribution of these leaflets, refugee registration tripled."

The refugees—Catholics, many of whom had collaborated with the French—were settled in the South, in communities that, according to Lansdale, were designed to "sandwich" Northerners and Southerners "in a cultural melting pot that hopefully would give each equal opportunity."

Robert Scigliano, who at this time was advising the CIA-infiltrated Michigan State University team on how to "help" Diem, saw more than a melting pot:

> Northerners, practically all of whom are refugees, [have] preempted many of the choice posts in the Diem government. . . . [The] Diem regime has assumed the aspect of a carpet bag government in its disproportion of Northerners and Centralists . . . and in its Catholicism. . . . The Southern people do not seem to share the anticommunist vehemence of their Northern and Central compatriots, by whom they are sometimes referred to as unreliable in the communist struggle. . . . [While] priests in the refugee villages hold no formal government posts they are generally the real rulers of their villages and serve as contacts with district and provincial officials.

Graham Greene, a devout Catholic, observed in 1955 after a visit to Vietnam, "It is Catholicism which has helped to ruin the government of Mr. Diem, for his genuine piety has been exploited by his American advisers until the Church is in danger of sharing the unpopularity of the United States."

Wherever one turns in Lansdale the accounts are likely to be lies. He reports how Filipinos, old comrades from the anti-Huk wars, decided to "help" the struggling Free South. The spontaneity of this pan-Asian gesture warms the heart—until one learns from Lansdale's own secret report to President Kennedy that here, too, the CIA had stage-managed the whole business. The Eastern Construction Company turns out to be a CIA-controlled "mechanism to permit the deployment of Filipino personnel in other Asian countries for unconventional operations. . . . Philippine Armed Forces and other governmental personnel were 'sheep-dipped' and sent abroad."

Elsewhere Lansdale makes much of Diem's success against the various sects, Cao Dai, Hoa Hao, and Binh Xuyen. (At every step Diem was advised by Lansdale who, at one pathetic moment, even holds the weeping Chief of State in his arms.) Everything depends on timing, daring, and honesty in the face of venality. Therefore Lansdale ridicules a Frenchman who dares accuse him of bribing the sects. Actually, in the literature on this subject, the only argument about bribes has been about their magnitude. Bernard Fall estimated that American bagmen disbursed more than $12-million. John Osborne, in *Life*, May 13, 1957, also put the amount in the millions, while Joseph Alsop, in the *New York Herald Tribune* of April 1, 1955, cautiously guessed in the hundreds of thousands.

Although at the end of *In the Midst of Wars* Lansdale says that he regrets Diem's "brutal murder," he makes no mention of the CIA's central role in the affair. And he immediately lies again by claiming: "I had been shunted from Washington work on Vietnamese problems in 1961 and had been busy with other duties." Unfortunately for Lansdale and Harper & Row, the Pentagon Papers reveal him, in 1961, as very busy indeed with precisely such problems—briefing his superiors on CIA activities in Vietnam, Laos, and Thailand. The CIA being the kind of or-

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ganization it is, perhaps there was for Lansdale no "need to know" that his old subordinate, now "Colonel" Conein —at the behest of Lodge, Bundy, Rusk, and John Kennedy—had been instrumental in the coup that brought Diem to a bloody end in the back of a truck.

But why should Lansdale have the last word? The Defense Department's analysts knew that Diem's shortcomings were more profound than the kind of stubbornness which made him so exasperatingly lovable to Major General Lansdale.

As far as most Cochinchinese peasants were concerned, Diem was linked to Bao Dai, and to the corrupt, French-dominated government he headed. Studies of peasant attitudes conducted in recent years have demonstrated that, for many, the struggle which began in 1945 against colonialism continued uninterrupted throughout Diem's regime: in 1954, the foes of nationalists were transformed from France and Bao Dai, to Diem and the U.S.—My-Diem, American-Diem, became the universal term of Vietcong opprobrium—but the issues at stake never changed.

Jonathan Mirsky is director of the East Asia Center at Dartmouth College.

COVER-UP

by Seymour M. Hersh

Random House, 305 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Arthur Prager

■ My Lai 4 is a part of American history now, like Yorktown or Appomattox or the shores of Tripoli. The names of Calley and Medina and the rest have become folk legend. The stench that polluted the reputation of the Americal Division has spread as far as West Point, with its sadly eroded honor system, its commandant deposed and forced to divest himself of an unmerited general's star and Distinguished Service Medal. Take your medicine, the cadet honor code says. Don't hide behind others. If you have erred, own up. Report yourself. *No excuse, Sir!* Until graduation day, that is. After that, it's every man for himself.

A harsh indictment? Perhaps, but Seymour Hersh provides plenty of evidence to substantiate it. He shows us the amazing picture of two generals accusing each other of being responsible for the most heinous episode in 200 years of United States military involvement, and a third general clouding the issue by conveniently losing all the pertinent documents in between expeditions of "gook hunting" (taking potshots at unarmed Vietnamese civilians from the safety of a helicopter).

Mr. Hersh won his Pulitzer Prize for reporting the My Lai massacre in 1969. In this sequel he gives a day-by-day, event-by-event analysis of the massive and largely successful attempt by the Army to shield the officers and men involved. *Cover-Up* is a book that no one who has ever held a position of military anthority or taken any pride in our country's armed forces will be able to read without a shudder of revulsion. An American atrocity? Senior officers who are venal, cowardly, untruthful, and careless of the lives of the men under their command? Combat commanders who allow their troops to rape, torture, and kill indiscriminately? Ridiculous. Anyway, our boys just don't act that way. (And if they do, for God's sake keep it out of the papers.)

My Lai 4 happened shortly after a group of jumpy, combat-fatigued GIs saw one of their buddies blown up by a mine. Something snapped and they launched into a veritable Old Testament orgy of revenge, carrying fire and sword into a Vietnamese hamlet, destroying virtually everything that lived. Public outrage triggered an investigation, but few of the men involved in this war crime were brought to trial. An officer who murdered more than a hundred people was given a life sentence, which was quickly reduced to twenty years. The rest, due to "insufficient evidence," were let off with relatively light administrative punishments.

The March 16, 1968, massacre at My Lai received wide press coverage, but what about My Khe 4, in which a hundred civilians were butchered on the same day? Has anyone but Mr. Hersh ever heard of it? A small notice appeared on page 24 of the Washington *Post*, but no newsman found it important enough to follow up. Hersh interviewed a number of participants.

"We were out there . . . having a good time [recalled one]. It was sort of like being in a shooting gallery." He told of a machine gunner who, with a blaze of bullets, methodically tore one woman in half at the waist. And he told of a tiny infant, barely of crawling age, who became the object of a marksmanship contest. A rifleman had taken careful aim at the infant with a .45-calibre pistol. . . . He missed. "We all laughed. Then he got up three or four feet closer and missed again. We laughed. Then he got right up on top of him and plugged him."

Mrs. Nguyen Dhi Bay, a My Khe survivor, told Army Criminal Investigation Division personnel that she had hidden in a bunker, where she was discovered by GIs. Two of the soldiers raped her. One of them tied a heavy

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rope around her neck and sent her into huts and bunkers as a human mine detector.

The importance of the My Khe incident is that although three prestigious groups—the investigating panel headed by Lieutenant General Peers, the Department of the Army, and high Pentagon officials—had complete, detailed evidence of what had occurred, none of the My Khe killers was prosecuted. Indeed, all three of these groups did everything possible to prevent the American public from finding out about the slaughter that took place at My Khe.

Evidence presented to the Peers panel revealed that cover-ups (such as those resulting from My Lai and My Khe, false reports, altered or "misplaced" documents, and doctored body counts representing civilian and even animal dead as Vietcong were by no means unusual. Rather, they were matters of routine, means commonly employed to dramatize lackluster "combat" engagements or to win medals or promotions for favored or ambitious officers.

By the end of 1969 all but two of the reports and documents dealing with My Lai 4 and its aftermath—all of which should have been on file at brigade and division headquarters—had magically vanished. The sole recommendation made by the final Peers report after a 250-page review of the atrocities at My Lai 4 and My Khe 4 was that "consideration [should] be given to the modification of applicable policies, directives, and training standards in order to correct the apparent deficiencies noted . . . above." The deficiencies to be corrected were lack of a procedure for reporting war crimes when superior officers were involved in them, insufficient training in the provisions of the Geneva Convention, and a permissive attitude toward "mistreatment" of Vietnamese.

Fortunately, eyewitnesses don't disappear as easily as pieces of paper, and Mr. Hersh has done a masterful job of investigative reporting, raking back into the light a number of facts the American public would rather forget.

Arthur Prager, a former regular Air Force officer and U.S. Embassy attaché in the Far East, is the author of *Rascals at Large.*

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

A9, Anderson, *Winterset*; B8, Gorki, *Lower Depths*; C 11, Hugo, *Hunchback of Notre Dame*; D7, Shelley, *Frankenstein*; E 12, Shakespeare, *Tempest*; F 1, Dickens, *Oliver Twist*; G6, Osborne, *Look Back in Anger*; H3, Hemingway, *Sun Also Rises*; I 4, Barrie, *Peter Pan*; J2, Rice, *Street Scene*; K5, Giraudoux, *Tiger at the Gates*; L 10, Beckett, *Waiting for Godot.*

DEATH AND THE MINES: Rebellion and Murder in the United Mine Workers

by Brit Hume

Grossman, 280 pp., $7.95

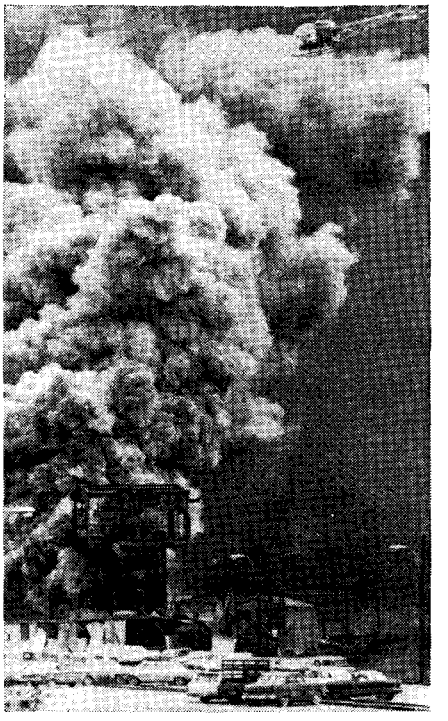
Reviewed by Thomas Goldwasser

■ Brit Hume begins his brilliant account of the perils of mining (and of how little the United Mine Workers has done to protect its dues-paying members from those perils) by focusing on the disaster that struck the Consolidation Coal Company's Number 9 mine in Farmington, West Virginia, on November 20, 1968: as a result of a series of underground explosions seventy-eight men died.

One of the miners to come out alive at Farmington was twenty-six-year-old Jerry Davis. A West Virginian who had started to work in the mines at nineteen, Davis had witnessed a flagrant violation of safety regulations months before the blasts ripped through Number 9. He had seen a foreman lighting a match in a working area, where, Hume writes, "the danger of gas accumulation is greatest." Davis reported the incident to his local's safety committee; Hume describes how the miner was rewarded for his vigilance:

> When a hearing was held, the foreman denied the violation. Davis was called a liar and a troublemaker. Nothing came of the complaint, but Davis soon found that it was not forgotten. He was taken off his regular job and assigned to what miners call the "labor gang." This involves unskilled work and is usually reserved for inexperienced men. Davis's job was to stand alone in remote passageways to monitor conveyor belts carrying coal to central loading points. Most mines operate on the "buddy" system, where every man has a companion worker who looks out for him. But Davis worked alone . . . and this bothered him more than the drudgery of the job itself. . . . Finally, after more than a year, he was given work as a roof bolter . . . in the far southwest corner of the mine, miles from any other working area. The spot was extremely gassy and the roof leaked so much it was like working in the rain.

The night before the Farmington disaster occurred, "excessive accumulations of flammable gas" had shut down work in Number 9 for several hours. On November 20 at five A.M. a deafening blast was heard above ground and debris erupted from the Number 9 shaft. Three hours later a second explosion shook the mine. A third blast, at ten that night, "sent flames hundreds of feet into the night sky." That afternoon, West Virginia's Governor, Hulett Smith, appeared on the scene and reminded the kin of men dead or trapped



Farmington, W. Va., where on November 20, 1968, seventy-eight men perished in Consolidated Coal Company's Number 9 mine—more than just "technically gassy."

nearly 600 feet underground of a fact they knew only too well. "We must remember," said Governor Smith, "that this is a hazardous business and what has occurred here is one of the hazards of mining." The following day, W. A. (Tony) Boyle, the president of the United Mine Workers, remarked in a similarly bland vein: "As long as we mine coal, there is always this inherent danger," and he added that Consolidation was "one of the best companies to work with as far as cooperation and safety are concerned." William Poundstone, a Consolidation executive vice president, at first claimed that the mine had been "safe" prior to the explosion, then modified his position to say that it was "technically gassy." One of the miners interviewed by Hume told a different story. He said the Number 9 was "filled with gas" and that "something was bound to happen."

Brit Hume is a reporter who works as an investigator for columnist Jack Anderson. In *Death and the Mines* Hume not only delineates clearly and forcefully the vicissitudes of the miner but also documents the internal workings of the United Mine Workers hierarchy that have led it to adopt a do-nothing attitude toward the men it supposedly represents. Just three weeks before the Farmington explosion, Mr. Hume reminds us, a federal jury in Lexington, Kentucky, had found that over the past eighteen years the UMW had conspired with Consolidation and other mining companies to create a

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monopoly in the industry. (The jury awarded more than $7-million to a small company that had been almost forced to shut down as a result of union contracts tailored to the needs of the big companies.) This was the second time in three years, Hume writes, that "the UMW had been found guilty of antitrust conspiracy with the major coal operators."

Collaborating with management instead of working for the miners, the union chiefs were lining their pockets in a wide variety of ways. Nepotism was rampant, and the dues paid by the rank and file provided a nearly inexhaustible slush fund. Top officials received full-salary pensions; retired miners received only about $1,350 a year. At the time of the Farmington disaster the union's central safety committee consisted of only one man; UMW leaders had better uses for their money than taking vigorous steps to assure the well-being of the men who mined coal. At its rigged convention held in Denver three months before Number 9 mine blew up, the UMW chiefs spent $338,000 for transporting its delegates, $200,000 to bring in name bands, and nearly $100,000 for gifts handed out to the delegates.

It was at the UMW's 1968 convention that, belatedly responding to Ralph Nader's trenchant attacks on the union for ignoring the issue, the hierarchy finally faced up to the fact that thousands of miners were suffering from black lung disease. Hume describes the grass-roots "Stop Black Lung Murder" campaign carried out in West Virginia, and his account of the combined efforts of miners, doctors, and volunteers to do something about this long-neglected problem is a must for those who want to put together a coalition to influence the government. At the same time, students of American legislative behavior will learn a great deal from Hume's chronicle of how so-called liberal Senators conduct themselves when confronted by the attempts of powerful coal industry lobbies to thwart mine-safety legislation.

The book's final section is given over to a detailed account of Joseph Yablonski's campaign to replace Boyle as UMW's president—and of the murder of Yablonski, his wife, and his daughter less than a month after the bitterly contested 1969 election, which Yablonski lost. "Jock" Yablonski had repeatedly admonished the government to do something about the corruption and potential violence within his union. His death would seem to indicate that reforming the UMW is as hazardous a profession as is that of the men he sought to lead.

Thomas Goldwasser is a Washington-based free-lance writer on American political and social affairs.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 85)

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BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow. 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

ARIZONA RANCH CAMP. Challenging opportunities for boys and girls 7-17 in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental and ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival on 40,000 acre ranch. Extensive southwestern travel. Optional academic work. Nationwide enrollment. A.C.A. accredited. 43rd year. Also winter school. Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch, Box SR, Mayer, Arizona 86333.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318.

CAMP BLUE HERON. Port Loring, Ontario. 3 and 6 week sessions in ecological studies, canoe tripping and fun. Stresses informality and individualized programs. Coed, ages 8-14. Limited to 30 campers. International staff. 4200 Harris Hill Road, Williamsville, N.Y. 14221. Telephone 716-633-6193 or 513-275-6976.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. Adventurers' Camp for Boys. A great wilderness experience for some boy in your life! All land and water activities. Flexible program stresses individual needs. Lance Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

FINE ARTS CAMP—Coed, age 12 and up. University of Georgia college credit available. June 11th-July 2nd, Jekyll Island, Georgia. For information: Musemont, Columbus College, Columbus, Georgia 31907.

CAMPS

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP. North Rumford, Maine 04278. Farm/wilderness living. Coed 14-18. Creative thinking through literature, history.

HIGH/SCOPE—International, multiethnic, coed, 12-17. Alternative education through camping. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197. 313-482-4169.

SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS CAMP—An exciting and meaningful camping experience. Valuable outdoor skills taught. In Idaho's spectacular White Cloud mountains. Boys 10-16. July 8th-29th, August 5th-26th. Box 153, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353.

THEATRE SUMMER: Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

BRITAIN'S BEST SUMMER CAMPS include continental tours. Ages 8-18. 5-9 weeks. From $895 including airfare. British International Camps, 310 Madison Avenue, New York City, 10017. 212-535-6952.

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Also Camp Tahoe for Overweight Boys. Phone 212-947-7749.

CHALLENGE WILDERNESS CAMP—Rugged program of canoe and mountain trips, woodscraft, survival, Red Cross swimming. P. W. Blodgett, Bradford, Vermont 05033.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

CARIBBEAN HIDEAWAY ISLAND—Luxury housekeeping apartments, beach, pool. Blue Horizons Hotel, Box 41, Grenada, W.I.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM — Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA—Completely furnished, air conditioned 1-bedroom garden apartment overlooking Caribbean. $150 week through April 15th, $75 week through December 15th. Box 113, Gwynedd, Pennsylvania 19436. 215-MI 6-3391.

VERMONT'S FAMOUS FAMILY RESORT on Lake Champlain. Complete Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 133, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

SAN FRANCISCO'S alfa inn—Family oriented Motel-Apartments. Spacious living. Reasonable rates. Write for Brochure. 2505 Lombard Street, 94123.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

(Continued on page 88)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 87)

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal or weekly rental, $75 day. Also for summer months, $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Call Janie Coleman, 208-726-5321.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

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HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

CAMDEN, MAINE—A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic since 1902. A historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P., M.A.P. Write Box SR, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

PARADISE ADVENTURE—Take 2 weeks in July or August with a fortunate few, to learn and enjoy scuba diving, sailing, water skiing, cruising the fabulous Grenadines and much, much more. Luxurious hotel and yacht accommodations, all facilities, instruction and activities included in price. Airmail for details: PARADISE ADVENTURE, Box 444, Dept. R, St. Georges, Grenada, W.I.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

RAINBOW BEND FISHING CLUB for all ages seeking simplicity in natural surroundings. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida Keys, 33052. 305-743-6740.

CARIBBEAN SEA — Idyllic beach. Superb fishing. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

SMALL PARADISE for senior citizens!! Tranquillity, secluded luxury. Beach, gardens, pool, superb food, special diets. Low rates, week, month. Silverman, Acapulco Health & Rest Home, Apartado 328, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . serene island, quiet, fourteen-guest inn, June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

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WYOMING WILDERNESS—Small, secluded guest ranch south of Jackson Hole. Quiet, relaxed, personable. Family rates. Box Y Ranch, Box 1172B, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

SLOW DOWN, to catch up with adventure. Take a great adventure cruise into the Wilderness north of Manitoba, Canada. The new luxury liner M.S. Lord Selkirk cruises a prairie ocean—Lake Winnipeg (9,398 sq. miles) every week during June through October. Five day, all inclusive, luxury cruises start at only $135 per person. Free color Brochure. Write Venture Manitoba Tours, Dept. SR1, P.O. Box 1701, Winnipeg, R3C 2Z6 Canada.

THE CLAREMONT IS PREPARED for the cool Maine evenings, with 13 functioning fireplaces, 12 cords maple logs, and one TV set. Claremont Hotel & Cottages, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. 207-244-6636 (before May 1st: 207-846-5387).

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DEAD INDIAN RANCH offering backpacking into the North Absaroka Wilderness and the Beartooth Primitive Area. Mrs. Paul Ritterbrown, Sunlight Stage, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

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RELAX, HIKE, RIDE, contemplate in the open wilderness. Develop new insights for teachers, professional and business executives and students. Attend open-ended interdisciplinary seminars from one week to all summer in mountains west of Boulder, Colorado. If you are a family, separate arrangements for children. A day camp for young children and Lazy A Ranch, (resident camp) for boys and girls 9-18 (A.C.A. accredited). Details, write or call "The Mountain Institute for Man," winter-spring address: 201 East Chestnut, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Phone 312-337-2305.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 25th-July 22nd. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

SUMMER WORKSHOP: Mime, Opera, Acting. June 18th-July 29th. $490. Write Valley Studio, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

STUDY IN ASPEN, July 24th-July 29th. Guitar in elementary classroom; Choral materials/Performance Techniques for School and Church; Rock Music in Teaching. Two hours graduate credit. Write Aspen Workshops, Colorado University, 970 Aurora, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

GUADALAJARA: Crafts, Spanish, travel — all ages. Academic credit courses, K-12. Five-week study program; weekend trips; six days in Mexico City. Family residence. Winter prep school program, K-12 NAIS, Advanced Placement, 100% U.S. college acceptance. Butler Institute, Vallarta y Atenas 123, Guadalajara, Mexico.

JOIN TIME-TESTED language-travel Programs, based in Vienna or Strasbourg. 13th consecutive German, 6th French Summer Schools. June 15th-August 31st. Write: College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

COLLEGE CREDIT. Italian Study tour $875. June 12th-July 13th. College Humanities Consortium, Hampton, Virginia 23368.

MEXICO: PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS. Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Cuernavaca, Oaxaca. Write: Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

LIVE! STUDY! TRAVEL ABROAD! Pre-College/College. Accredited universities in Europe. Study language, literature, art, music, drama. A Great Summer . . . Low Student Rates. Continental Study Projects, Inc., 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

YUCATAN—other Mexico. Anthropological trip. Educational. Small group students 14-18. 7th year. Box 4486, Stockton, California 95204.

AIMS-International—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, programs of language study or comparative cultures and lifestyles. Chaperoned; Academic Credit. Write: Registrar, AIMS-International, 1053 31st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

ROME, ITALY. Diversified curriculum. Outstanding faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. Classes June 12th-July 19th. $760. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

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FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE. July and August Program, Art, Art History and Music—SUNY graduate/undergraduate credits. $850 plus $22.35 per credit. For information, contact: Professor I. L. Zupnick, Dept. of Art & Art History, State University of New York at Binghamton, Binghamton, New York 13901.

COURSES AT OXFORD—3-6 weeks for adults and college students. Archaeology, Theatre, Art, History, Literature, English Houses and Furniture, $650-$990 inclusive. Association for Cultural Exchange, 539 West 112th, NYC, 10025. Tel: 212-666-1605.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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INTERNATIONAL STUDIES FOR EDUCATORS. Summer 1972. Graduate and undergraduate credit programs in Europe, U.S.S.R., England, Israel, New Zealand and Africa covering elementary and secondary subjects. Information: Dr. Frank Klassen, American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, One Dupont Circle, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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LONDON THEATRE NOW! "Leisure-Learning," modern vacations for people who want to learn as they play. Includes excellent university lecturers, outstanding plays, modern college accommodations, excursions. 2 weeks only $235! Symposium Seminars Abroad, 714 Park Towne West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

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STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

STUDY IN GERMANY at Marquette University's residential center in Hildesheim. Travel throughout Germany on two excursions. Earn 9 college credits. June 8th to August 22nd, 1972. Write for detailed brochure: Marquette University, Summer Sessions, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53233.

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LIBERAL ARTS IN ROME. Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year, '72-'73. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8444.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1982

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Wilfrid ____: British character actor, comedian (comp.)	8 66 96 101 123 145 164 180 17
B. Am. actor, director, producer (full name)	24 39 51 76 95 60 83 110 129 153 10
C. Am. critic and author ("To the Finland Station")	21 40 65 81 103 119
D. Give, confer upon; furnish, supply	94 159 182 11 53 115
E. Course, way	125 149 179 1 31
F. Talent; dot	134 160 23 62 109
G. One of the "Information Please" stars	113 135 155 169 5 19
H. *"Ere this / I should have fatted all the region kites / With this slave's ____,"* says Hamlet	29 64 98 156 174
I. Cornel Wilde played him in "A Song to Remember"	36 48 111 151 172 68
J. Grouch, bear	79 112 131 152 170 45 127
K. Caruso sang here (2 wds.)	138 14 38 77 92 106
L. He created the role of Pieter Stuyvesant in "Knickerbocker Holiday"	107 116 139 147 35 55
M. WORD I'S "Black Key", "Revolutionary", and "Butterfly", *for instance*	61 82 121 163 177 41
N. Emmy winner for Best Direction, 1964-65, 1967-68, and 1969-70 (full name)	117 178 12 26 70 120 69 89 154 7
O. Foreign, strange	50 86 143 3 105
P. Bright, lustrous	157 166 47 85 27
Q. "The law," said Mr. Bumble, "is a ass—a ____." ("Oliver Twist")	181 171 9 54 44
R. Muse, ruminate (3 wds.)	72 100 133 30 52 37 87 168 142 20
S. Literary; stilted; pedantic	140 15 104 73 43 59 132
T. Tender, compassionate; sorrowful	6 57 78 42 74 161 184
U. Alistair Cooke was the *host of this '50's TV show*	97 102 136 67 176 25 150
V. He played "Batman" (full name)	18 158 56 148 88 4 144 34
W. Max Shulman character played by Dwayne Hickman (first name)	28 124 173 137 114
X. Short; laconic	128 183 13 91
Y. Address for Pansy Nussbaum and Titus Moody (2 wds.)	146 33 93 80 162 46 71 126 141 108 175
Z. Protect; place under cover	90 2 49 32 58 63 122
Z¹. Curtain behind the proscenium, to hide the wings from the audience	99 130 75 16 22 167 165 118 34

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

							1 E	2 Z	3 O		4 V	5 G	6 T	7 N	8 A	
9 Q	10 B		11 D	12 N	13 X		14 K	15 S	16 Z¹	17 A		18 V	19 G	20 R		21 C
22 Z¹		23 F	24 B	25 U	26 N	27 P		28 W	29 H		30 R	31 E	32 Z	33 Y		34 V
35 L		36 I	37 R	38 K	39 B	40 C	41 M	42 T		43 S	44 Q		45 J	46 Y		47 P
48 I	49 Z		50 O	51 B	52 R	53 D	54 Q	55 L	56 V	57 T	58 Z	59 S		60 B	61 M	62 F
63 Z		64 H	65 C	66 A	67 U	68 I	69 N		70 N	71 Y	72 R	73 S		74 T	75 Z¹	76 B
77 K		78 T	79 J	80 Y		81 C	82 M	83 B	84 Z¹	85 P	86 O	87 R		88 V	89 N	90 Z
91 X	92 K	93 Y	94 D	95 B	96 A		97 U	98 H		99 Z¹	100 R	101 A		102 U	103 C	104 S
105 O		106 K	107 L	108 Y	109 F		110 B	111 I	112 J	113 G	114 W	115 D		116 L	117 N	118 Z¹
119 C		120 N	121 M	122 Z		123 A	124 W	125 E	126 Y	127 J		128 X	129 B	130 Z¹	131 J	132 S
133 R	134 F		135 G	136 U		137 W	138 K	139 L		140 S	141 Y	142 R	143 O	144 V	145 A	
146 Y	147 L	148 V	149 E	150 U	151 I	152 J	153 B	154 N	155 G		156 H	157 P	158 V		159 D	160 F
161 T	162 Y	163 M		164 A	165 Z¹		166 P	167 Z¹	168 R	169 G	170 J	171 Q	172 I	173 W	174 H	175 Y
	176 U	177 M	178 N	179 E	180 A	181 Q	182 D	183 X	184 T							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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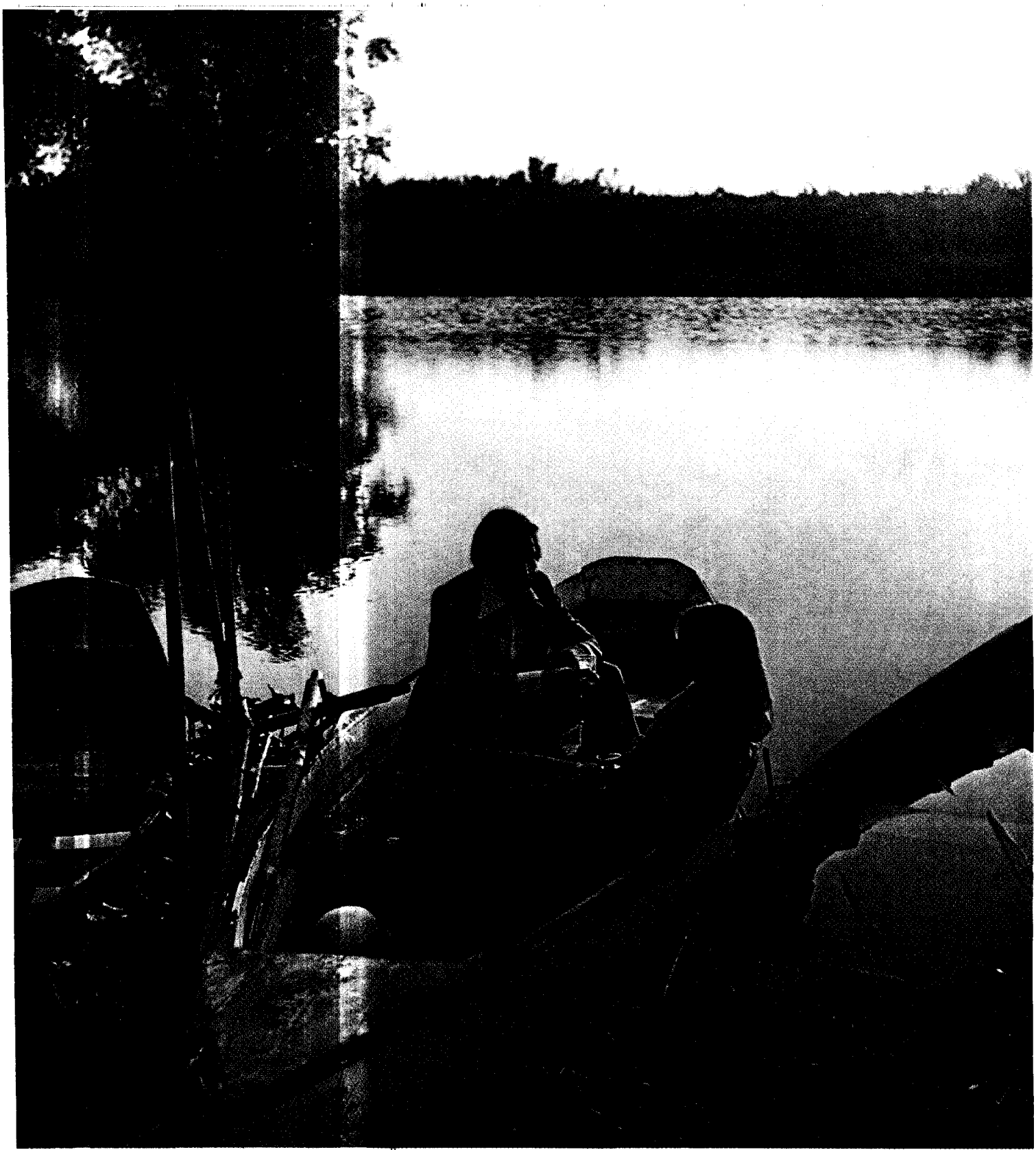

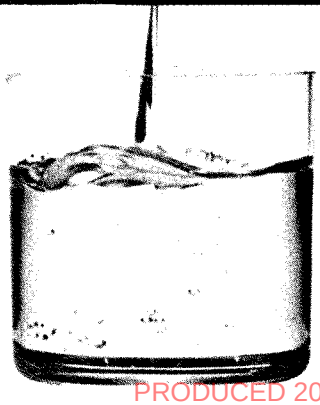

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THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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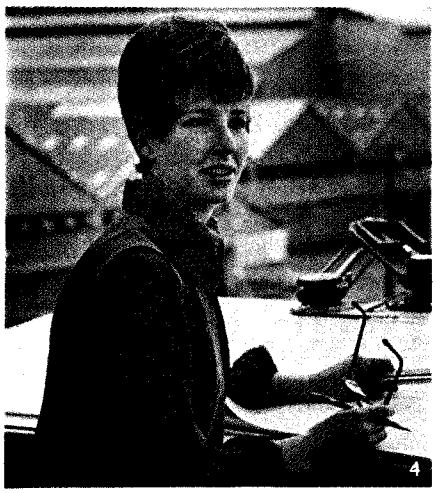
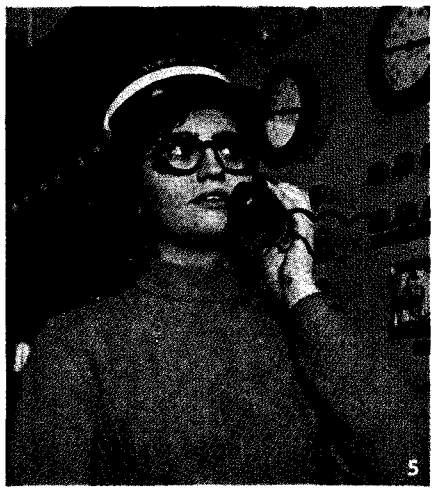
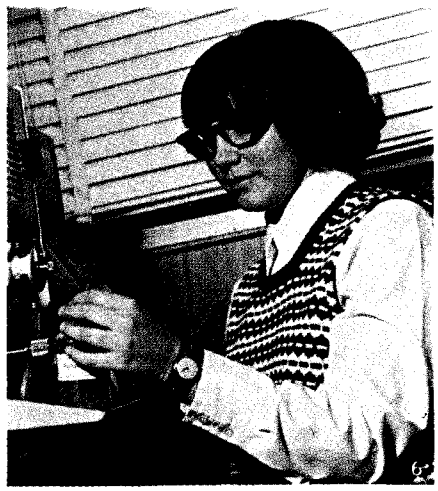
What's her line?







If you pick just one of these women as a steelworker, you're partly right. All six are employed in various Bethlehem Steel operations across the country.

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BETHLEHEM STEEL

BETHLEHEM STEEL

1. DOLLY SHEPHERD *Tractor Operator, Sparrows Point, Md*	2. MARY WARMKESSEL *TV Camera Operator, Bethlehem, Pa.*	3. LENA HILL *Welder, San Francisco, Calif.*
4. KAREN HOYER *Engineering Detailer, Seattle, Wash.*	5. BARBARA BACHMAN *Fuel Engineer, Lackawanna, N.Y.*	6. CAROLYN NANCE *Water Analyst, Burns Harbor, Ind.*

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